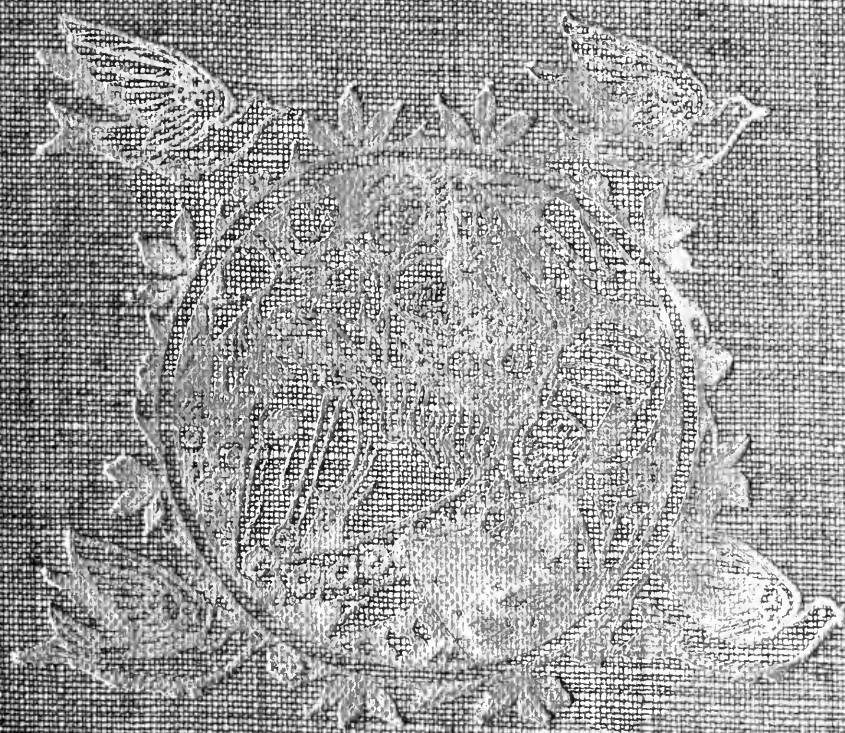


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SAINT GEORGE

A NATIONAL REVIEW DEALING WITH LITERATURE,
ART, EDUCATION, AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS IN A
BROAD AND PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT.

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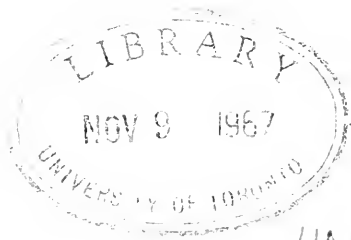
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January, 1909.

THE KAISER AND GREAT BRITAIN

BY PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD

THE famous conversation with the Kaiser, published two months ago in the *Daily Telegraph*, may now presumably be regarded as a closed incident. The press, on both sides of the North Sea, has spoken its mind; a great debate in the Reichstag has, in Germany at least, done much to clear the air; and the great Culprit himself, magnanimously overlooking his Chancellor's plain-speaking (somewhat as Falstaff "forgave" his hostess for reminding him of his debt), stands forth none the less, in the eyes of Europe, effectively rebuked. Invasion does not appear to be imminent in either country; and the brigade of boys which the proprietors of a weekly contemporary are understood to have organized to intercept the Kaiser's airship, has resumed its ordinary duties.

But the susceptibilities which the incident so fiercely excited are still sore; and if it has done something to place the relations between the Kaiser and his own people on a sounder and more constitutional basis, it is very doubtful whether it has not

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introduced fresh elements of irritation between the two peoples themselves. For this result, however, one of the two peoples is more peculiarly responsible—the one to which the published “conversation” was immediately addressed. By its amazing reception of this public confidence the larger part of the English press perversely complicated a very simple situation, and gave, one must be permitted to say, as glaring an illustration as has been given in our time of that disease of international obtuseness from which no nation, however vast and manifold its international relations, is altogether exempt, but which sometimes visits the island-empire on which the sun never sets with a virulence that is the despair of its best friends.

“You English are mad—mad as March-hares!” One surmises that not a few dispassionate English readers, recalling these now famous words, will, after this interval, privately admit that it looked like it. The Kaiser’s trouble with his own people is that he is too openly partial to England. He has at times committed grave indiscretions in order to do us a good turn, or to demonstrate his good will. At other times he has been, in his people’s eyes, for no better purpose, culpably discreet. The plan of campaign against the Boers, sent to Windsor for Lord Roberts’s benefit, was a breach of diplomatic convention Quixotic in its extravagance, if it were not that Quixote’s plan of campaign would have been against Lord Roberts, and sent to the Boers. His refusal, on the other hand, to receive the Boer delegates was, for his own people, an exasperating example of “correctness” under circumstances when, if ever, the higher justice involved and warranted the suspension of the lower. All this, however, has availed little to break down the cynical scepticism with which his attitude towards England is regarded by an influential section of the English public and press. His “deep plots pall,” and yet his “indiscretions” do not “serve him well,” but are taken for peculiarly insidious manifestations of the deep plot. In the “conversa-

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tion" here in question he expressed his mind about this with very natural if imprudent warmth. The whole talk is the impulsive outburst of a man who heartily admires England, but who cannot restrain his soreness at its cynical repulse of his friendship, and openly-expressed disbelief in his friendly professions. Yet it was received and commented on as the invective of an enemy at heart—a prolonged and serious menace thinly disguised in amicable phrase. But he said: "This is an insult which I resent"? Well, crafty enemies do not publish their resentment so frankly; and resentment at the repulse of proffered good will is apt to vary in intensity with the good will repelled. Is this temper really dangerous? Some of our contemporaries published columns of alarmed speculation on the consequences that were to be feared if some "firebrand statesman," some Palmerston or Chamberlain, happening to be in power, should find it difficult to restrain himself from "answering back." Surely the statesman who thought of retorting upon such resentment in such a fashion would have to be some schoolboy fresh from the crude pugnacities of the playground, not a Prime Minister of England. The really dangerous temperament in these matters is that curious mixture of excessive alarm with excessive bellicosity, often found in old ladies, both in private life and—in the press.

But the whole object of the conversation was obviously, another class of critic explains, to embroil us with France. The Kaiser's allusion to French proposals of intervention in the Boer war was the most regrettable, as it was the most amazingly imprudent, item in the whole revelation. It in no way affected the cordiality of our relations with France, nor was there any reason why it should, be the allegation as true as it might. For it related to a time some years before the conclusion of the *entente*. But the attitude of exemplary calm, preserved with such admirable ease by the English press, rested for the most part on a thoroughly cynical foundation: the

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assumption that the friendship of England with France and her friendship with Germany are incompatible, if not contradictory, relationships, which can only ostensibly be indulged by us at the same time. They are rival mistresses jealously competing for our favour, or say—since the happy conclusion of the *entente*—the mistress and the lawful wife; and the Kaiser's allusion to France was Cleopatra's envenomed missile vainly levelled at the breast of the pure and innocent Octavia. And the object of their rivalry, being no Antony, but an English husband, naturally stands up for the lawful wife. But it is not with such relationships as these that we have to do. Great and complex civilized societies are drawn together or drawn apart by other and more impersonal and uncontrollable laws than those which determine the coquetries of lovers, or even the fidelities of husbands and wives. "The only result of the interview," said the *Spectator*, interpreting the situation no doubt quite justly, "will be to bring France . . . and Britain nearer together." Very good. But why need that bring England and Germany further apart? Granted that France has an unsettled difference with Germany in regard to certain events of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, is this political fact, like the "dram of eale," to spread its malign influence through the whole substance of our civilization too? Have England and Germany no common heritage in the civilization of Europe, and no message of supreme significance for each other, that they must stand at arm's length because one of them has, and the other has not, wiped out old scores with a third party? No event of the twentieth century is of happier augury than the new reconciliation with France. It will be deeply regrettable, and will also show how far "reconciliation" may be from intimate understanding, if our friendship with the nation which since 1870 has assimilated with the most consummate skill what Germany could teach her, should render us even less accessible than we are to an influence of which we have yet

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greater need. It is not, in fact, the animus so much as the sheer unintelligence of the newspaper campaign which makes it so depressing to the serious onlooker, carried on as it so largely is by persons who know little of German civilization or of the German people, and whose opinions are apt to be vehement in proportion to their little knowledge.

EDUCATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT

BY FRANK J. ADKINS

THE need for immediate action in such a matter as the Unemployed question is so evident, and the rate at which one subject after another focuses the public attention is so rapid, that there seems to be but small chance of problems of this description ever receiving the amount of attention needed for their solution. The sooner the matter is patched up for the moment the sooner the public and the Government, its representative, are free to turn to other questions. The demand for immediate action is satisfied, and the problem thus shelved is forgotten in the presence of more immediately urgent questions.

This constant shifting of the focus is doubtless a necessity where the Government for the time being and the general public are concerned ; and it is useless to quarrel with necessity even when it takes the form of a necessary evil. But there are other bodies and groups whose interests are more specialized —Government departments and voluntary organizations which are constantly face to face with sets of allied problems the solution of which is their chief business ; and we should expect from these sources a more thoroughgoing examination of the difficulties and a less superficial order of remedy ready for application whenever opportunity served than may be obtainable in the rough-and-tumble of everyday legislation.

That we feel the need for a deliberately matured policy as regards unemployment is evidenced by the fact that this question is often coupled with the reform of the Poor Law. The labours of a Government Department and of many voluntary bodies are, that is to say, to be brought to bear sooner or later

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upon a problem which is in the meanwhile to be botched up in the usual way.

Systematic action even to this extent is welcome, but unemployment is a question which spreads into regions and spheres of public activity quite beyond the scope and range of the machinery for dealing with poverty ; and, therefore, other departments and societies ought to feel roused to the significance of the problem from their own particular point of view. The greater the variety of specialized activity that can be brought to bear upon any given problem the sooner and the more satisfactorily will the problem be solved, and the more intimate will become the connexion between the specialized departments concerned ; an intimacy which in itself is worth a great deal to the nation, as well as to the efficiency of each department.

There is thus good reason for considering unemployment from the standpoint of education ; for although whatever may be done to improve our educational machinery may not have an immediate effect, although the effects of changes may not be seen for years, yet when they begin to be felt they should result in a real change in the nature of the problem.

Ever since we made education compulsory we have been content to give to the children in our primary schools only such a travesty of a liberal education as is possible under elementary school conditions : to children, that is to say, herded together in seventies and eighties, and leaving at thirteen or fourteen ; taught in far too many cases by unqualified teachers in unsuitable schools. Yet we spend many millions a year upon this system, and the fact that it is so expensive ought surely to suggest to those in authority that it ought to be made as effective as possible.

Where so much money is being spent already, the expenditure of a yet further sum might result in the real economy of a considerably increased return upon the whole amount ; and if

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it were only possible to turn the unemployed upon the improvement of school buildings, playgrounds, and recreation fields, an ideal form of employment, as well as a really profitable expenditure of public money, would be provided.

But this expenditure would prove profitable only if the training given within the walls of the schools were of the sort the pupils really needed in their after life ; and it is from this point of view that our elementary education most needs remodelling. Although the elementary school is the sieve through which the nation of the future is passed, the only means we have of moulding and directing it as a whole, yet we are still working upon the assumption—our inheritance from the Renaissance—that education must be literary, and that every individual is capable of literary development.

We aim at turning out “scholars” within the limits of the conditions under which we are working. As a result, we attempt far too much. We “teach,” i.e. peptonise far too extensively ; we are forced by the comprehensiveness of our curriculum into substituting information giving for education.

In the schools of the later Roman Empire, summaries, condensations, pilule or snippet learning were the dominant feature, and these abbreviations proved themselves to be nothing but chaff ; the husks which, though filling, are neither nourishing nor strengthening.

That there are minds in our elementary schools—as in all other schools—capable of literary development goes of course without saying ; but now that all the grades of education are linked together by the Acts of 1902 and 1903, these exceptional minds can be catered for by the scholarship system, and drafted off into the secondary schools. Children so endowed and selected will always be in a minority—perhaps in a smaller minority than we at present realize ; and the elementary schools once freed from them can then with greater effectiveness turn to the training of the majority ; of the great mass

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of those whose minds are not readily responsive to literary treatment.

They may of course become so later : nothing is more uncertain and variable than the rates and periods of development among children ; but while they are at day school they do not respond to a course of book and paper work, which therefore merely gives them an unintelligent smattering of useless information and next to no training at all.

If the present curriculum is not what they require—and the presence of such numbers of quite young men in the ranks of the unemployed emphasizes the unsuitability of their earlier training—we must attempt to remodel our school course on more practically useful lines, even at some expense.

In so doing it will be as well to avoid the mistake which is the antithesis of the mistake we have been making hitherto. If our primary schools now fail in being too literary, it is quite possible that they might fail equally if they became too technical.

There are two objections to teaching a boy a trade while he is still attending an elementary school. In the first place, it is not easy to say with certainty what a boy is fitted for at the early age at which he leaves the day school ; and to bind him definitely at thirteen or fourteen to an occupation for life is a somewhat serious matter. And, secondly, if we undertake to teach a boy a trade, the boy has a right to expect that trade to yield a living for himself and—later—for his wife and family. The “right to work” would be clearer still if the out-of-work could charge the public authority with having brought him up to an overcrowded occupation. In selecting boys to learn the different trades of a district the local education authority would be obliged to keep a keen eye on the proportion of boys entering each trade course if it wished to avoid the disaster of increasing the possibilities of dislocation and consequent unemployment in its efforts to diminish the evil ; for premature

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specialization results in a grooviness and lack of adaptability which are among the chief causes of unemployment.

The present-day worker needs not only the skill to engage in a given trade, but also the agility to jump out of one trade and into another should the need to do so arise, as well as the farsightedness and determination to make the jump before it is too late; the carefully trained apprentice is not likely to have these qualities strongly developed.

Yet they are qualities of a high order, and worth developing for their own sake as well as for their practical usefulness. Nor should it prove impossible to put a boy in the way of developing characteristics like these while he is still in the elementary school. But if we are to make the training of the mental and moral powers our first consideration, we shall have to introduce very considerable changes in the scope and method of our elementary school teaching.

The line we should find it wise to adopt is indicated by certain experimental schools of recent origin. In the out-of-door schools held recently near London, Bradford, and Newcastle, the studies differed considerably from those of the ordinary school. The line between work and recreation was less strongly marked: paper played a less and material a greater part in the general training; out-of-door occupations and sports were an integral portion of the scheme of work, and the children had a greater variety of duties and responsibilities thrust upon them. The best type of Industrial school also is conducted on very practical lines—lines which would be as strengthening to the normal boy as they have proved to the—frequently over-boisterous—boys who constitute the Industrial school. These two types of schools may, it is to be hoped, exercise a modifying influence on the ordinary day school similar to the influence brought to bear by the Kindergarten upon infant school methods.

At a recent conference of the Apprenticeship and Skilled

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Employment Association, Lord Henry Bentinck pointed out that in spite of the unpromising material from which the Industrial schools are recruited, yet the percentage of unemployment among ex-industrial schoolboys was only four.

The manual training schools in the United States, and the experiment in so-called motor education now being tried in certain London schools, are further evidence of the extent to which a new conception of education is felt to be necessary ; an education based on learning by doing.

To make room for hand-work subjects, for games and for all the many non-literary interests and social duties which are gathering round the elementary school of to-day, many of the subjects which now overload our time-table must be dropped, since it is hard to say exactly what knowledge each individual will need in after life, and also what constitutes common knowledge. The time taken up in merely learning matter which most likely will never be used in after life—how many people use more arithmetic than simple addition and subtraction of abstract numbers and of money, for example?—is too valuable to be spent on a merely receptive exercise. Provided the amount of information to be gained be small enough, it can be so dealt with as to serve as a training to mind and will alike ; but because this method of education is slow and does not lead to the accumulation of a mass of easily tested knowledge, it has not hitherto received the encouragement it deserves from our educational authorities who like to see, what they are pleased to call, value for their money. If, however, teachers were first trained to educate on these lines and then left free to do so by their employers, we ought soon to have a different type of boy and girl turned out by our educational machine. The value of education is to be measured rather by the amount of training it gives to the faculties than by the amount of knowledge it leaves behind it ; and any subject, however utilitarian, can be so handled as to yield a real

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training to the faculties, while at the same time the resulting residuum of knowledge is of real value.

Instead of the over-taught, over-directed, over-obedient, over-passive child of to-day, who looks on the world with the kindly hesitancy that is born of continued dependence on the support of another, and who must be "interested" in his work at all costs, we ought soon to have among us a generation whose dominant note could be vigour, hardness, persistence. At present our schools are too soft, our children too coddled, with the result that when the children go out into the world they are chilled and repelled by its hardness and lack of consideration, discouraged by its expectation of effectiveness. But intensive education, the seeking out and wrestling with the difficulties of a subject, the individual search for new methods of attack, the deliberate reduction of the help given by the teacher to the necessary minimum, the determination on the part of authorities to allow only so much ground to be covered as can be thoroughly assimilated and in a sense exhausted, together with the simultaneous training in individual strenuousness and effective co-operation which is the moral basis of all combined games, and backed up by well organized holiday camps by the sea: such a course ought to produce a new type of elementary schoolboy: alert, resourceful, determined, vigorous, aggressive; not hesitating to take the initiative for fear he was wrong or presumptuous, self-reliant and plucky in defeat; a spiritual and—within his limits—an intellectual athlete; possessed of the rudiments of self-mastery and self-direction; able to concentrate and persist; and at the same time possessing sufficient handiness, adventurousness, and all-round adaptability to feel at home in novel situations. The Infant School pupil is adventurous and daring to a degree; the "elder scholar" more than correspondingly passive and hesitating when left to himself in school.

It is not too much to ask of our elementary schools that

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they should give us in return for the millions they cost us, not so many thousand children a year more or less satisfactorily packed with facts, but the same number of young Britons whose faculties and energies have been roused into activity by the most strenuous training we know how to give them. A training of this description can certainly be given to the normal boy since he is in the Stoic stage of his development. The higher virtues blossom later ; it is a mistake to expect altruism in children of elementary school age. If we can give them plenty of healthy exercise for their activities, we are doing almost all we can for them at this stage. The training of faculty is of course already the acknowledged end of the elementary school ; but for a variety of reasons this training is not so effective as it might be made. In the industrial struggle it is the moral fibre which tells even more than the technical training ; and if general intellectual effectiveness be added to moral grit, unemployment will have lost some at least of its terrors : *laborare est orare*.

A satisfactory day school course will induce a certain proportion of those who pass through it to go on with their training in evening schools ; and if a greater connexion between employers and the day school were to be established—a state of affairs which the latest Scotch Education Act seeks to bring about—the importance of the evening school would soon become apparent to many who are still blind to its value. If employers made a practice of applying to schools for the boys they needed, many a boy would be saved from a bad spell of drift, and the employer would be saved from the deterioration which such a spell must always work in a boy fresh from school.*

* The following circular used to be distributed by the Education Authority of a northern town every May in connexion with its Central school :—

In July next several boys attending the School of Science attached to this School will be ready to take situations ; and as the course through

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The habit of intellectual activity would not be broken if the boy went straight from school to a definite work, and it would hardly need a word from the employer to induce the boy to join an evening class conducted very likely by one of his former day school teachers.

which they have passed differs from that of the ordinary elementary school in the amount of time and attention given to Laboratory work, Geometry, Mathematics, and Manual Training, these boys should prove useful in situations in which a certain amount of manipulative skill and accuracy is of value in beginners.

The scientific instruction they have received consists of Theoretical and Practical Chemistry—the latter including in the highest class the analysis of salts and alloys, quantitative work, and the preparation of compounds ; Physics, theoretical and practical ; Geometry, of which the elementary course is sufficient for the plain straightforward work of a drawing office, while in the advanced stage a course sufficient for all the ordinary requirements of a draughtsman is taken ; Mathematics, including Euclid, Algebra, and Trigonometry ; and Manual Training, in which the boys make wooden models from their own isometric drawings.

A course of Freehand drawing also forms part of the scheme of instruction, and some of the boys have shown aptitude in the simpler forms of design.

It should be stated that, though the course is educational and not technical in its aim, yet the boys who have passed through it have incidentally gained scientific knowledge, and have become accustomed to the handling and fitting-up of apparatus and to the use of the chemical balance.

They have also been trained to make accurate observations and to write clear accounts, illustrated by sketches and diagrams of the apparatus used, of the experiments they have performed.

A knowledge of Shorthand and some acquaintance with French may also be mentioned as possibly useful parts of the boys' intellectual equipment. They are usually about fourteen or fifteen years of age when they leave school.

Any further information will be gladly supplied by the Head Master.

The Association of Head Masters of Higher Grade Schools (now renamed Head Masters of Municipal Secondary Schools) recommended the above circular to its members as likely to prove useful.

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In London teachers are being provided with circulars to be sent to the parents of boys about to leave. These circulars point out the necessity for definite work and not casual employment, and give information as to the directions in which definite work is to be sought. If the school became a boy-labour bureau, much of the present-day drifting and many of the unsatisfactory employments now so common among boys would doubtless disappear. Employers who wished to engage boys on terms unfair to the boys might find a difficulty eventually in picking up the boys they require.

Once a member of an evening school, the boy's chances in life are considerably increased ; for there he can choose among a variety of technical and business courses, and so widen his knowledge of other means of livelihood. To a boy so attached dismissal from a temporary place is less serious than it is for the ordinary errand or shop boy ; the evening work not only keeps him intellectually fit and morally self-respecting, he is also likely to hear of other posts, and to qualify for other lines through the school's agency. It will probably be generally agreed that it would be better for the evening school to make its way by its intrinsic value and attractiveness rather than by compulsion. The evening school is the corollary to the day schools, but it need not therefore be made compulsory, however deplorable the wastage at the age of fourteen may be at present. To make it compulsory would be to spoil it for the students who now attend voluntarily, since the "pressed" students might need to be dealt with by methods which, once introduced, would have to be applied to all, willing and unwilling, alike. And there is evidence that the evening schools are already drawing in voluntary students with accelerating rapidity. Thus in Rotherham, of the boys who left day school last year one-fifth joined evening classes. This year one-third joined ; while for the girls, the corresponding figures are one-tenth and one-fifth. Eighty per cent of the girls who leave remain at home, and

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these ought certainly to enter upon evening domestic courses, which could be taken by the married women teachers whom local authorities are now turning out of the day schools.

There is not the same objection to specific instruction in wage-earning subjects in the evening school as there is in the day school, since evening school students are already placed and distributed among the various occupations, and therefore the local authority may well give them the instruction each student has found necessary for his work.

But it must not be thought that the evening schools are filled merely with students of bread-and-butter subjects. Once the habit of evening study has been acquired, the more humane courses of the syllabus attract the students and classes in literature, history and pure science flourish. Voluntary societies, rambling clubs, literary and Shakespeare societies often spring up spontaneously in these schools, and in a very real sense the evening school, especially on its non-utilitarian side, may be said to be the flower of the elementary school system, since it represents the proportion of the children who have been given a desire to carry on their education. In these societies, and indeed in the ordinary literary work of the evening school, interest is keenest and sometimes feeling strongest on social questions. On one occasion a discussion grew so warm that an elderly Scot in the class called out impatiently, "This isn't Hyde Park!"

Thus, even from the point of view of effective literary training—the aim apparently of our present-day school system—a change which would give the elementary school children more attack, and so render them more economically effective, ought to be welcomed; for a regularly occupied, self-supporting worker who has kept up his habit of learning is more likely to prove an efficient citizen, and is even more likely to take an interest in the higher activities, than is one whose earlier education, however literary, however full of "civics"

EDUCATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT

and the like, has yet left him deficient in "go." Moreover the time given in a "motor" school to literature and art is likely to be more productive of good results in these subjects than the same time spent in school under present conditions; for the children would be fresher and more alive and the teacher freer in his methods. Thus there is no "degradation of the people's schools" in the suggestion that their point of view should be reconsidered. They would train for life all the more effectively by developing the vitality of their pupils. That is all.

The Kindergarten has not degraded the fine literary ideals of the Infant School; and Elementary School children are only a few years older than infants.

LOCAL OPTION IN NEW ZEALAND

BY EDITH SEARLE GROSSMANN

THE New Zealand experiment of Local Option, though it has been strangely ignored by other countries, has been at least as remarkable as the experiments made in the United States. In this reform the Dominion has been as enterprising as in regard to woman suffrage, old age pensions, land and labour legislation, and not one of these has been the cause of such a fierce and prolonged warfare. The enthusiasm of the Anti-Liquor or Prohibition party, as they are called, has roused up the trade to bitter opposition, and the two organised camps divide the country. Slander and caricature, rowdiness and threats, and Press misrepresentations have been employed against the prohibition fanatics, and, contrary to the usual colonial custom, women have not been spared any more than men. They have taken a large share in the fight—perhaps, indeed, the heaviest share. The trade has fought tooth and claw against its own extinction, otherwise the Dominion would by this time have presented throughout its length and breadth the spectacle of a country without a single licensed bar. At the last general poll much the larger part of the country voted in favour of No-license, but by the present law a bare majority is not sufficient to carry No-license. Consequently, in the larger number of districts the country has been for three years ruled by the will of a minority of voters.

The whole situation is entirely different in New Zealand and in the kingdom. New Zealand has been for fifteen years under a régime of Local Option, and the most active fighting has been taken out of the sphere of national politics and become local.

LOCAL OPTION IN NEW ZEALAND

By the law of 1895, supplementing that of 1893, the country is divided into licensing districts. In each of these a poll is taken every three years—(1) for continuance of the existing number of licenses, (2) for reduction, (3) for the refusal of all licenses. This has given rise to the popular battle cry of "Strike out the top line," i.e. the vote for continuance. Either continuance or reduction may be carried in the usual way by a majority of the votes recorded, but by an extraordinary clause, in order to carry No-license, three-fifths of the total number of votes recorded must be in favour of it. The Prohibitionists have, as a whole, fought hard for the substitution of the bare majority in place of this clause, though a small section amongst them has made up its mind to be contented with things as they are, since the law also makes the three-fifths majority necessary in order to restore a régime of license when it has been once taken away. This is not really a fair compensation, as the Prohibitionists have not so much cause to fear that licenses will be restored as the liquor party have to fear that No-license will be carried by the bare majority vote. The Prohibitionists have now a double object—to agitate locally in each district so that the three-fifths majority may be secured for their side, and, in the second place, to get the law changed. A private member's Bill was to have been introduced in favour of the bare majority this year.

No attempt has been made to prevent any man from importing liquor for his own use, and for this reason Mr. Reeves ("State Experiments in Australia, New Zealand") objects to the use of the term Prohibition as applied to districts where all bars are closed. No compensation is given to brewers, publicans, or shareholders, but though this may have reduced the incomes of some wealthy families, I have never heard of any family being brought to poverty and ruin in consequence, and I doubt if a genuine case could be found.

The all-important question is the working of Local Option.

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By the usual majority vote, forty-two out of sixty-eight districts would now have No-license, but as it is there are only six—Clutha, the first experiment, three of the larger towns, Invercargill, Oamaru, and Ashburton, one suburb of Auckland, and one country district. Not one place has gone back to the sale of liquor after having given it up; but owing to the fact that the boundaries of the licensing districts were changed, there are one or two places in which liquor was formerly prohibited and in which it can now be sold. In many districts, though all the hotels have not been closed, their number has been reduced.

But, everyone asks, does Prohibition really prohibit? The liquor agents say emphatically, "No," but are they impartial judges? It is true that Prohibitionists are also, in one sense, partizans, but they are actuated by disinterested convictions of right and wrong, and they are not biased by the interests of their own pockets. It is a rather suspicious circumstance that when the Liquor party want to prove the failure of Prohibition they go to America for evidence, instead of referring to the non-licensed districts in the colony itself. But what most of all refutes their own arguments is their bitter and persistent opposition to the No-license campaign. One fact is quite certain, if the brewers really believed that they could sell as much liquor when the hotels were closed as before, they would not raise a clamour about their own approaching spoliation and ruin.

Until the experiment includes the whole of New Zealand it must remain an imperfect one, and the larger the scale on which it is made the less liable it is to be interfered with from outside. Of course, it is not possible to isolate a district here and there, and liquor can always be imported into places where there is no hotel. Before going into the evidences of success, it may be as well to say that I do not formally belong to the Prohibition party. My own convictions are those of one who was brought

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up with totally different views, and who has been forced to see the dehumanising effects of drink on men and women, the impossibility of preventing excess under the present system, and the benefit of removing temptation from the morally weak. There is no reasonable doubt that drunkenness and crime decrease when the public bars are closed. This fact was plainly admitted by one of the colonial newspapers which has waged a long war with the prohibitionists. In a recent letter a temperance worker says she questioned the wives of men who were formerly notorious drunkards in Ashburton, and was told that their husbands might still get a little drink now and then, but they no longer came home drunk. This exactly fits in with what I saw while staying in a lonely No-license district. The up-country hotel in the colony is generally the scene of constant brawls and rowdyism and the source of most of the tragedies and vices in the neighbourhood, but here, during two months, I did not see a single person the worse for drink, though I do not doubt that people sometimes sold a glass of whisky or beer surreptitiously. The Liquor Party's pious dread of illegality and deception is highly entertaining, since everyone knows that there are daily and nightly breaches of the law in licensed places. The daughter of a wealthy hotel-keeper told me it was impossible to prevent this, and that the police would be "down" on any publican who did keep the regulation hours and turn out prohibited and drunken persons. Policemen are themselves amongst the offenders.

Decrease of drunkenness brings other benefits. In Ashburton, e.g., there has been much more money put into the Savings Bank than before. In Invercargill crime has decreased in a remarkable manner. At every session since No-license was carried, the presiding Justice of the Supreme Court has complimented the district on this fact. In 1907 Mr. Justice Williams observed, "There has been practically a total absence of crime during the last three months." On the other hand,

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in the licensed town of Christchurch, last Christmas, when commenting on a heartrending case of a man who killed his mate in a drunken brawl, the coroner said, "I must say that this is one of the many cases arising directly or indirectly through drink. Fully 50 per cent of the cases that come before me are more or less connected with drink. After thinking the matter over I am sometimes almost persuaded to become a Prohibitionist."

Public opinion in New Zealand inclines more and more to temperance; drunkenness, which was in the early days treated with humorous indulgence, is now stigmatised even by the trade. Though the revenue may have diminished, general prosperity has not been affected.

In Invercargill the general rates have increased by three-sixteenths of a penny in the pound; the valuations of property have increased; all the buildings formerly used as hotels are now in use for other purposes, and many are paying higher rents than before.

The parliamentary elections are to take place this October or November, and the licensing poll is taken at the same time. Prohibitionists are bracing themselves up for a victorious campaign. In the House of Representatives they have a section in their favour; there are five temperance members in the Upper House and two are cabinet ministers. The present Premier is more friendly (or less antagonistic) to the cause than the late Mr. Seddon, very likely owing to the change of public feeling towards Prohibition. Perhaps before many years have passed, the Dominion may provide another extraordinary object-lesson to the rest of the Empire.

Since the above article was written, the Local Option vote has been taken at the November elections in New Zealand. Seven new districts have voted for prohibition and ten for reduction of the existing number of licenses. All the former No-license districts have again voted for prohibition, with

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increased majorities in all cases except one. So that at present thirteen out of sixty-five districts in the Dominion have chosen to put themselves under a régime of No-license, and that not by the vote of the usual bare majority but by three-fifths of the total number of votes recorded, and not through any sudden desire for change, but after having had some sixteen years of experimentation under their own eyes. These proofs of success are much more conclusive than if one sweeping law had been made and applied to the whole colony.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCHOOL MISSION

BY THE REV. CECIL GRANT, M.A.,
Head Master of St. George's School, Harpenden.

WHETHER we speak of it as a division between rich and poor or between educated and uneducated, or between washed and unwashed or between classes and masses, there is, in fact, an unchristian barrier between man and man. This barrier is doubtless partly caused by the social condition of the poor, but it is also largely a cause of that condition. The failure, for example, of the miner or the mill-hand earning good wages to spend those wages upon the things that make for dignity of life, is directly due to the iron gate that shuts off communication between class and class. And this failure is a more serious evil than the limitations for which sheer poverty is answerable.

In any case, the real burden upon our conscience is not that certain human beings lead squalid lives (we trouble very little about the lives led by Chinamen), but that professing the second great Christian commandment, we are so little successful in obeying it.

Now, in our uneasiness we have tried various plans to quiet our conscience. We began, for example, by offering our poorer brethren the franchise. It has not been a success. We tried free education. Unfortunately, the method adopted has made it a questionable boon. We have tried sheer giving, hoping to quiet our conscience by a cheque for the nearest hospital—for anything that presented itself. Happily, conscience is incorruptible. We have been trying Christian Socialism. It is swamped,

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for the moment, by the rising flood of political socialism. But we had a happier inspiration when we resolved to teach the boys of our public schools that the working-man, the working-boy (the adjective in this case is fairly distinguishing), is in real truth a brother, for whose welfare they cannot avoid responsibility. It was an inspiration, because whilst the grown man can learn or unlearn desperately little, the boy is capable of anything, and because in this matter of classes the boy (as I know by sure and certain experience) has no atom of natural snobbery. True, it requires so little effort to turn a boy into a snob, and so many people all round him are prepared to make the effort, that I shall not be surprised to hear that many have thought snobbery to be inborn in boys. But such is by no manner of means the case.

I say, then, that the idea which underlay School Missions was an inspiration, and I will go further and assert that much true work done in the service of humanity has resulted from the movement. Whatever it has or has not done towards improving the condition of East End life, it has done in its time not a little towards improving the condition of public school life. But a good many mistakes were made (naturally enough) at the start, and our public schools are tending (I think characteristically) to add the mistakes to their traditions but to lose the true enthusiasm, which at first brought abundant harvests even with faulty methods of urbiculture.

The first and worst of these mistakes has been made "on the premises" of the public schools. Almost from the start much too much emphasis was laid upon "giving," and you find now the mission that has degenerated into "getting the 'governor' to fork out a quid" on the last day of the holidays, and just possibly taking some toll of the quid, as it passed through. I have known such things to happen.

Now giving of money is the service least useful, either to the giver or the receiver. When it does not entail real self-denial,

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it is worse than useless. Even in the case of our boys and girls who have given out of their poverty, and without being asked to give, I have yet found far less blessing from money-gifts than from the flowers they have planted or picked in the meadows, the things they have made in the carpenter's shop, the dolls they have dressed, the cricket matches they have played, the babies they have nursed.

Then there is the headmaster's address or the missionary's address, pointing out to the boys of Rugchester that as they are the chosen and *élite* of all England, *noblesse oblige*, that they should provide soup kitchens for the interesting but benighted denizens of the East End, a place they might even find it instructive to visit some day or other in lieu of the Zoo, whilst it is darkly hinted that later on one of them might even experience a mysterious call to go and work amongst them as Father Damian did amongst the lepers.

This is doubtless to put things at their worst, but I fear that it cannot be denied that the result of the School Mission in only too many cases has been rather to accentuate than to diminish the unchristian barrier between the son of the self-made man at Rugchester and the slum-child of Whitechapel, though their grandfathers perhaps lived and toiled in the same mean street or on the same open road.

But the mistakes in the public school have been assisted in their growth by mistakes at the other end in the use made of the money subscribed. First it has been too frequently emptied straight into the bottomless ocean of an East End parish's need, so that nothing of what happened to it could be traced, the donor being left with a comfortable idea that owing to his munificence there would be plenty of coal or coke in that part of the world about Christmas-time. Secondly, it has either been given to the vicar of a parish to distribute, or the school has itself found a parson's salary and started a mission church, so that the idea has been perpetuated that the people really

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responsible for social work amongst the poor are the clergy, and that all the laity have to do is to answer their appeals for help with generosity, varying according to convenience. And the result of it all is that though it is more than half a century since—as an observant Frenchman said—Arnold bridged over the gulf between rich and poor, the Public Schools are still—the Public Schools ; and the East End is still—the East End.

Now it is much easier to find fault than to suggest remedies. What are the practical proposals which I have to put before you ?

Well, after all, it is a practical proposal that we should take steps to awaken in our public and secondary schools a fresh and more lively interest in the real problem—that we should get those schools which have a mission to ask themselves whether it is quite on satisfactory lines ; that we should encourage the several hundred schools which have as yet no mission to make now a start, and, profiting by past errors, a good and wise start. We might say to the secondary schools, Have missionaries by all means—they are badly wanted—but let their mission-field be the secondary schools, and their mission to preach in and out of season that for the rich to live thus divorced from the life of the great mass of their fellow-countrymen is to live in a state of sin. Or rather let them not use violent words by which boys and girls would be frightened and repelled, but dwell simply and untiringly on just the facts—on the one side the life and teaching of Jesus Christ, on the other the life of London, West and East.

If you ask me whether I have myself no more detailed policy to suggest, I confess at once that I have such a policy cut-and-dried, and that I am going to push it for all that it is worth and to seek all the help for it that I can get. But I am far from presuming to hope to carry you with me at once into such detail as that, and for the moment I will content myself with indicating broadly the lines upon which I should wish to work.

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First I wish to get as many other schools as possible to join with my school in our efforts (I shall not, by the way, use the word mission, as it has become associated with patronage). There are important reasons for wanting other schools to join. What we want to do—as I think—is to find or produce experts to tell us what our duty is. Now it is clear that one such expert might impart his discoveries to a great number of schools. So long as the idea was merely to send a missionary to convert the East End, each separate school could send one for itself; but the new idea is to find missionaries to convert ourselves, to bring to bear upon the united conscience of our secondary schools all the light and leading we can obtain as to what should be the signs and fruits of our repentance.

I should describe it as a society for learning (*a*) by the help of what expert advice is available, and (*b*) by means of independent experience how we may best fulfil our duty towards our neighbours.

For this purpose the more we can combine the better. There is no reason why the larger or wealthier schools, which have already put their hands to certain work, should not join such an association as I have indicated without giving up their existing enterprises.

But another reason for getting as many schools as possible to join us will be frankly the desire to have at disposal a much larger income than one school can raise. If we want to get real help from real experts, we must be prepared to pay for it. I should like to be able to say to Canon Barnett: "Find us the best man in England to devote himself to leading us out of darkness into light; and let him gather others round him to help him in this urgent task. We will pay them what you think proper." Now it is obvious that one school, subscribing £100 a year, cannot do this; but 200 schools, subscribing £20,000 a year, could do it handsomely.

But, of course, I do not mean that the one and only thing

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necessary is to sit and be lectured by experts. Of one thing I am entirely sure ; it is that the very core and essence of one's duty towards one's neighbour is personal service. The problem might be restated in these terms. What is the true way to serve ? The answer to the question I do not pretend to have at my tongue's end, but I am very sure that it does not consist in a day's slumming, or even a month at Oxford House, though this may be invaluable as an experience. I have no doubt that it consists mainly in purging one's natural life and daily work and habitual outlook of the *idola specus*, the fallacies of one's own small corner, but even this can only be done by experiment, and experiment is costly. It is only by wasting a large sum of money on roundabout methods that a community can discover that the really valuable life can be lived without expense. So here is another reason for as many schools as possible joining forces. But however large an income we may have at our disposal, I hope that we shall not attempt to run a parish or a district with it. It is an excellent thing to associate one's efforts with a locality and a name. My own school owes more to the word Limehouse than to any other names in the language save God and St. George; and will (I hope) make ever more and more of the connexion. But it is not the duty of a school or of two hundred schools to be either rector or municipal council or pauperising agency. What we could do, if we combined, with much profit to our own morals and possibly some to the whole body politic, would be to conduct certain careful experiments—one at a time to begin with—which, if successful, might influence municipal or public policy—if unsuccessful, might at least save the nation from making a similar false step on a much larger scale.

I will take one illustration of the kind of experiment I mean. As you read "practical" difficulties will rush to your minds. But I hope that you will remember that excellent definition that practical difficulties are such as disappear in practice.

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Well, there can be no doubt, I suppose, however violently we believe in parental responsibility, that some of the children, even in the slum districts, would be better at a boarding-school. Again, there can be no doubt that what most helps a public-school boy to put off the snobbery which his relatives have carefully wrapt round him is to be brought into personal contact on level terms with boys and girls of a very different social standing. One of my experiments, then, will be to persuade certain parents living in a badly overcrowded area to entrust their children to a school home, planted as near as I can get it to my own school gates, paying me what their children's food and clothing was previously costing them. There I should provide for them an education very different (I confess with fear and trembling) from the ordinary elementary pattern. Knowing that there is no suspicion of red tape about the L.C.C. Education Committee or the Board of Education, I should confidently appeal to them for the ordinary grants.

But it is out of school that I should revel in experiments. The children should share my boys' and girls' playing-fields, share their hobbies, share their farming and gardening, share their walks and nature studies, their pets and pigs and poultry. Above all, they should share in the school chapel. I have provided against fifty of the practical difficulties your penetration immediately suggests to you, but I will spare you a recital of them.

I do not expect you to agree with me that this experiment will end by solving the problem of overcrowding, but I could ask you to be inclined to admit that it might, wisely handled, be of benefit to my own boys and girls. For, with my closing words, I come back to my original point. The really urgent problem confronts the West End, not the East. There is many a hooligan sleeping under a bridge with an easier conscience than yours or mine.

NOBLER CARES

“Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares.”

BY GEORGE HARE LEONARD

Sometime Warden of the Broad Plain House, Bristol.

THE title I have taken for this paper is borrowed, of course, from the familiar poem in which Wordsworth complains of the petty chatter of men and women—perhaps he is thinking of his country neighbours—who have nothing better to do, it would appear, than mind other people's business and season their firesides with “personal talk.”

For himself, he has no taste for gossip—

Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire ;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

Not that Wordsworth was lacking in interests—who had less cause than he to sit in *barren* silence, listening to the flapping of the flame? He found his pleasure everywhere—in wilderness and wood, “blank ocean and mere sky.” Outside his cottage at Town-end stretched the waters of the lake—beyond lay the mountains that he loved. Within the delightful room, which you may still see at Grasmere—“half kitchen and half parlour”—he had, in his small library, what was to him the substantial world of books. In them he met with men of the past ages, who gave him—

Nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight by heavenly lays.

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Here he found "personal themes" enough. He mentions two, you remember, pre-eminently dear—

The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

For him—may we not *almost* say?—Shakespeare unlocked his heart; for him Spenser opened the gates of Faëry.

Who shall tell what we owe to those, who first, in the spring-time of life, lead us into the paths of literature, whither men turn from petty anxieties and sordid interests to find nobler loves and nobler cares? And there are, of course, other paths, full of the spirit of wise delight, into which we are more or less consciously drawn perhaps for the first time in our College days.

Here in Oxford¹ life is sweet. It is full of interests. Here the smaller gossip of the village and country town, one may suppose, is rarely heard. You are so rich! You have this wonderful city dreaming amidst its spires. The very stones speak to you. There is no spot without its tradition. Your halls, your college rooms, your streets and lanes, your gardens, your shady walks, and shadowy streams, are all so full of gay and solemn memories. Everywhere you are haunted by splendid ghosts.

And the present claims you so insistently.

Here the river of life flows at the flood. You have your work, your sports, your clubs, your philanthropies, your books, your pictures—your *friends*. Yes, here you have friends whom you are making now for good or ill; friends who are moulding your life, whose lives you are moulding; friends whom you will keep—some of them, please God, till your dying day. You are much richer than you know. Oxford, and all that Oxford means, is yours. And, indeed, the world is yours. In the vacations you are making famous foreign cities, alpine

¹ This paper was first read to the Livingstone Society in Oxford.

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snows, and the sea your own—and, here at home, broad moors, and quiet villages and happy English homes. You have a goodly heritage.

“Joy, pleasure, beauty, kindness, glory, love,
Sleep, day, life, light,
Peace, melody; my sight
My ears and heart did fill and freely move,
All that I saw, did me delight.
The universe was then a world of treasure,
To me a universal world of pleasure.”¹

You can still take those sounding, rediscovered lines for your own. These things are yours. You—some of you—can follow the old poet who moves so dimly in the seventeenth century, in that large prose of his, which seems more wonderful even than his poetry. It is not too audacious for you. “The skies,” he says, “were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine.” “Was mine,” —*is ours*, if we will have it so. If you—remembering your birth, your education, your environment here—if you, with all your chances, do not enter into your heritage, it is your own fault. And to some extent, no doubt, all of you do claim your heritage. You know you are very rich. You do not want for interests, and high interests, and yet even here—I am not thinking of the bad side of Oxford life—even here amongst so much that is incontestably, honourable, pure, lovely, and of good report, a call may come—does come—to nobler loves and nobler cares.

There was a man once—a young man—whom, it is said, that Jesus loved. The phrase may well arrest the attention of even a casual reader. There is something irresistibly attractive for all time in the shadowy figure of the man, rich in character, rich, one must suppose, in the indefinable thing we call “charm,” a man “with great possessions”—such as many of you have

¹ Thomas Traherne, of Brasenose College, *Poetical Works*, page 9.

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here. Some think he made "the great refusal." Others believe that he went away sorrowful only to return with all his wealth because—because he could not stay away. We may guess; we can never know. You remember how he came, with his character, his good record, a man who had fallen into no vicious course, who could accuse himself of no fault, who had done the things—so it could but appear—that he ought to have done, who honoured his father and mother, and loved his neighbours, but who yet found it in his heart to ask—wistfully—"What lack I yet?" He had a dim struggling sense of nobler cares beyond any he had ever known. "What lack I yet?" Jesus showed him his heart. Shall I emphasise the fact that He pointed to the poor?—at least He called him to a life of service, following One who came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

You have had men in Oxford—where more?—who have borne the burden of the nobler cares. Men not indifferent to the claims of learning, to the demands of academic affairs and University society, to all the calls of all the little splendid world you live in here. Some of them parted with their heritage—or seemed to part with it—and gave themselves to the poor—"the poor," in whatever class, or from whatever continent, they heard their cry. They, at all events, did not make the great refusal.

But, for my part, I do not press for any literal imitation of Christ—the spirit is all. He may be closely followed, I know, in the academic walk—in the laboratory, in the library, in the museum, in the daily round of University duty, in its common—or uncommon—tasks. Yet you will not forget that many from this place, not belonging to any one school, not formed, by any means, on one pattern, have spent and been spent in the direct service of man. They were not able to rest until they had "devoted themselves"—I borrow from the words you use as your motto—"to the alleviation of human misery." When

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they reach Heaven, you know there will be great words for them to hear, and a great welcome to receive.

And I venture to ask—diffidently, and feeling how little right I have to ask the question—but still, remembering these things, I do venture to ask—“Is the supply being kept up—will it be kept up in the days to come?” Will men—rich, as we have been thinking of riches here—take their part in bearing the great burdens, and accept the nobler cares?

Do you remember the anxiety of the little American tradesman—some of you will remember him from Charles Lamb, who loved him—who, as a mere boy, began to wonder whether the men of his own day cared as much about righteousness as men had done in days gone by? Some of you will remember how John Woolman, the tailor, wrote: “From what I had read and heard, I believed there had been in past ages, people who walked in uprightness before God in a degree exceeding any that I knew or heard of now living; and the apprehension of there being less steadiness and firmness amongst people in the present age often troubled me when I was a child.”

That simple entry may well burn itself into the hearts and minds of thoughtful men in Oxford to-day. Do men care here for the great things as they did?

I have come to you from Bristol, the city where I was born, and where I have made my home. Canon Barnett—one of your own Oxford men—was preaching to us the other day in our Cathedral. He told us we were a “pleasant people” in our western city. He pointed out that we had much to enjoy, and, indeed, ours is a delightful country. Where will you find a situation more beautiful than ours at Clifton, with the high downs, white with the hawthorns in June, and the Avon below, running through the great gorge down to the shining Severn Sea? He reminded us that we had money—a fair share of it—and the things money can buy; and many interests—interests good, and wholesome, and right; but then, with great plainness

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of speech, he said he thought we did not care as we should, for the general welfare of the city.

He gave us statistics, a long string of bald facts, but they had a painful eloquence of their own. He told us about the little children who died in the poorer parts of Bristol, who would not die if the conditions of life were changed ; of the death-rate for people of all ages where men were crowded together, as they need not be crowded together if better regulations were made ; of boys and girls whose education at school—such as it is—was cut short because of the poverty of their parents. He told us of the number of our citizens—one in thirty—who received poor law relief, apart from the untold multitudes who are “relieved” by our many charities. He told us of our miserable courts, of the families who lived in single rooms, of the back streets in our closest neighbourhoods, only cleansed twice a week. He told us how many public-houses we had ; how much disorder which could be traced to certain well-defined districts. You will not want the bare figures—it is so difficult to grasp and remember them—but as we listened, at the time, they came home to us : even the slowest of us might gather that there was much amiss.

Then he went on to speak of the only Bristol that strangers know, the Bristol seen from the railway as they travel into the West. Its dreariness is a matter of daily comment. Near the station you see the crowded dingy-coloured houses, the old narrow courts, the new monotonous streets of Bedminster with no tree or other sign of beauty. No wonder people drank—so he went on—it was the shortest way out of such surroundings. No wonder that the women idled and gossipped—how could they hope to keep a dainty home? No wonder the children died, left to play in the dirt.

He spoke of the crowds on Sunday evenings, swarming the streets with unemployed heads—a worse evil than unemployed hands. There they are at this moment, as we sit here, as sheep

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without a shepherd. Then he asked whether we were disturbed by the thought of the morrow, and the sin and suffering in our streets—whether we were moved with compassion because homes, which might have been happy, were darkened by death, disease, and poverty—whether we were roused to indignation because the children grew up in ignorance and vice. He asked whether there was even a small minority who urged, with any passion, for reasonable reforms.

The sermon was very well reported in our press, but it met with little comment. I do not think it provoked any correspondence in the papers; I do not know that it was made a matter of general conversation. And yet the questions were, and are worth asking. Do we care? Do we press for reforms with any passion?

Whatever may be true about us in Bristol, no one would deny that you are a “pleasant” people here in Oxford, but you live, even more than we do in our pleasant suburbs, “housed in a dream at distance from the kind.” I know that what I am saying is perhaps less true of those whom I am addressing than of almost any other body of men I might speak to here, but I think you will accept the general truth of my statement.

The atmosphere of Oxford is *artificial*. That is what makes it, for all its charm, a dangerous place to live in long.

Where in the world have there been such enthusiasms? Where has the flame of love to God and man burned more brightly? But sometimes—have you not seen it?—that flame flickers and burns low.

I have spoken of Wordsworth’s love of Nature. Once he tells us—

The sounding Cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite.

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That time with all its "dizzy raptures" passed. But with Wordsworth that feverish passion was replaced by a feeling soberer, but not less strong. Abbey and river, when he came back to them after seven years, found him consecrated still, Nature's High Priest—"unwearied in that service." But the old phrase was not now strong enough. Back into our Bristol streets he came, from that second visit to the Wye, with the familiar lines, not yet committed to paper, still running in his head :—

Unwearied in that service?—rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love.

We in Bristol like to remember that those great verses were written down, and afterwards printed, in our city, for Wordsworth's spring-time was with us in the West—in Bristol streets and Somersetshire lanes, or roaming on "smooth Quantock's airy ridge," where the air has a "blessing" in it, and each minute has a way of seeming sweeter than the one before.

Many men, I suppose, get something of that *passion* for nature in their University days. Suddenly, in a new way, they feel the Spring. They hear something new in the song of the thrush and see something new in the opening leaves and flowers. The skies are *theirs*, with the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. They have done with liking; they have fallen in love with Nature. I remember how this new thing came to me when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge. I remember the idle, profitable mornings when I left my books and went out into the light of things. I can see now the sluggish stream by the wilderness of St. John's, the little water-rat on the bank, looking at me, holding his breakfast in his paws—a dandelion, from which one yellow mouthful had been bitten gracefully away. I can hear now the murmur of the wood-pigeons above, where the white clouds seemed to be moving between the branches of the elms—branches too lightly laden with little

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leaves to shut out the shifting glories of the April sky. You can imagine how Nature linked to her fair works "the human soul that through me ran," for you too have felt these things in your own gardens, here under your own trees, and by your own superior streams ; but—shall I tell you ?—those "thrills of pleasure" are apt to grow languid, or to vanish quite away. With the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches—even, perhaps, as we are counting riches now—in the manifold struggles and engagements of life, we find we are left cold. Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

And some men get the passion for man—the enthusiasm for humanity, and when the wild ecstasy of early days is lost, as I think it must be lost—I am not sure, for some souls are always young,—it leaves them wearied, and is replaced by no deeper zeal or holier love. I think it is right to warn you, that you may easily lose this first great love, and the danger is intensified as we root ourselves, as so many must, in pleasant places out of sight of the habitations of the poor. For "out of sight" becomes "out of mind."

There are brilliant men in Oxford who have made great positions for themselves, and who have done good service here. I do not disparage their work. Their country needs it—the world needs it. But *some* of these men know, in their best moments, that they have really failed. They have given themselves to "their work," as they call it, but it is not the work God asked of them once. They have shown something of that devotion to their studies which Browning has depicted in his *Grammarian*. We respect it. They will be masters, in their time, as "famous" as that primitive conqueror of the parts of speech, but there was a day when as "disciples" they might have been sent out endued "with power" ; and now they pray but languidly—if they pray at all—that the kingdom may come.

I have quoted one of the Canons attached to the Cathedral Church in my own city. I will quote another. Just before he

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died, Canon Ainger, writing to one, well known to some of you here, said, "I have tried to lay stress upon the things that matter."¹ In a way, you may think, he had given himself to Literature; he was a wit, a sayer of good things, essentially a "man of letters," but he *did* care—and it is a great phrase—for "the things that matter." Browning's Grammarian, that narrowly splendid son of the Renaissance, gave up his whole life—for so it was if you face it squarely—for the things which, after all, do not matter very much. He lost touch with reality. "This man decided not to Live but Know." He did not live.

But we are sent here to live. We feel—do we not?—that we must come into touch with life, with the life of men, and it is not very easy in this place.

There they are somewhere—"neighbours" in the great sense of the word—who want us, but we do not know them: we do not even know *how* to know them. Waves of enthusiasm come, but they pass away. There are men in every University who have not known the time of their visitation. They had their chance once. They did not take it. Now sometimes, perhaps, in awful moments, they know it. God has given them, what they allowed to become their "heart's desire," and sent—so runs the terrible, inevitable law—"leanness into their soul."²

Some day—it must be—they will stand before the throne, and Christ will say—"I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in: naked, and ye clothed Me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not." The old words will serve. They mean for us, amongst other things, "You took no interest in the unemployed and the unemployable; you did not study the Temperance problem; you did not sit on any of the innumerable Committees, and take your

¹ Letter to the Rev. H. Arnold Thomas, quoted in the *Life*, p. 344.

² Psalm cvi. 15.

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share in administering charity at once humanely and wisely. You did not care to count any humble people amongst your friends. In a word, you did not 'do good' to the poor and helpless, as good may be done in these modern days. 'I was an hungered and ye gave Me no meat'—so the words will come—so they must come—and I suppose it will be scarcely worth while to stammer out 'when saw we *Thee* an hungered or athirst?' " We shall know too well.

I hope I am making myself understood. I hope I am not censorious nor narrow-minded. I do not wish to be. You will hardly guess how humbly I say these things, speaking first to myself with great searching of heart, and only in the second place to you. I most sincerely believe that God calls many to the service of Science, of Art, of Literature, of Affairs. The whole of learning's "crabbed text" has to be mastered, the world of beauty unfolded, the mysteries of science solved. Men are still wanted to serve God "in the State." To these high duties the time of most of us, no doubt, must be loyally, and religiously, given. We are "called" to these things—if, indeed, we *are* called! But I believe also in a vocation—certainly no less clear—to the direct service of our fellow-men. I think such calls come to many University men in their College days—to some, indeed,—why not?—to devote all their time, all they have, and are—and *may be*—to the nobler cares. It is theirs to leave the "fields of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away,"¹ for the world itself, where the harvest is so great, and where the labourers are still so few. It is theirs to leave great services, which may be honourably performed by honourable men, for nobler loves and nobler cares.

"Oh, Erasmus come and help us!" wrote Albrecht Dürer, himself called for the most part to serve God as an etcher on

¹ See the fine Preface, rarely read, to *The Traveller*, dedicated to the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, by his brother.

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copper, when the report of Luther's death—a false report as it happened—brought dismay into the hearts of those who had begun the life-and-death struggle with Rome. But Erasmus—the “University man” shall we call him?—never came. Shall we blame him, knowing what he was, his fastidious ways, his dislike of violence, and his belief no doubt, that he had his own peculiar work to do?

In some moods it is not easy to get away from the thought that he might have done something more than he did to serve his generation, if he had been less fastidious, and had more of the stuff of the martyrs in him. It does seem as if overmuch—

He shunned the common stain and smutch,
From soilure of ignoble touch
Too grandly free

—too fastidiously free. But if not Erasmus, some leader—some thinker—was wanted, and, to us, that ancient appeal,¹ with all its pathos, comes echoing down the ages. It is not easy to judge the old scholar at Basle, to whom the world indubitably owes so many things that made for freedom and righteousness. Probably opinion will always be divided about him. But we can judge of ourselves. Are we obedient to the heavenly vision?—or does One still look and find none to help, and wonder that there is none to uphold?

The calls for social service are many in our day, but we cannot help seeing that they are not being properly responded to by educated men. Men are not moved by the feudal motto—*Noblesse oblige*—as they were in times gone by. It was a tradition that an English gentleman was always at the disposal of his country, ready, when wanted, to take up public duty at

¹ “Oh! Erasmus of Rotterdam, where art thou? See what the unjust tyranny of earthly power, the power of darkness, can do. Hear, thou Knight of Christ! Ride forth by the side of the Lord Christ, defend the truth, gain the martyr's crown!”—Albrecht Dürer's *Tagebuch der Reise in die Neiderlande*, quoted in the *History of the Reformation*, T. M. Lyndsay.

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home and abroad, but men are not so ready now—not so ready, at all events, for hum-drum service in the city or the town, which may indeed prove tedious and vexatious, and bring them into troublesome contact with men of a commoner clay. I know, of course, how many University men, at no small cost to themselves, serve the City of Oxford in Municipal and other affairs, but throughout the country, in the cities and towns, where most of you will make your homes, it is not so. There the old spirit does not spread fast enough for national and local needs. How few men of education and position come forward to serve on Town Councils, or Boards of Guardians, or on Charity Committees! How difficult it is to get younger men who will take up responsible work at a Settlement, or even attend with fair regularity at a Boys' Club.

And why is there this difficulty? Is it not that partly, no doubt, from want of knowledge, men do not care, as they ought to care, about these things? That is an anxiety which may well fill the hearts of Oxford men to-day, as a similar anxiety weighed down the heart of the obscure Quaker tradesman in the American colony long ago.

Where is the "enthusiasm of humanity" which moved men a quarter of a century ago? That Cambridge phrase¹ I suppose is stale by now. Is the thing stale? Are we so taken up with our own affairs that we cannot recognize the sacred duty of minding other people's business? Doing good work, are we indifferent to the better work,—the nobler cares? Cannot men be moved with compassion as the close followers of Christ were moved?

Were Christ once back in the world, He would be free with us we know; He would not pass us by in our pleasant places, but His heart—do we not instinctively feel it?—would be amongst the poor and wretched in their misery—and sin. "I

¹ Originated, I suppose by Sir J. R. Seeley, *Ecce Homo*, Chapter cxiv. *the Enthusiasm of Humanity*.

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come," He would say again, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

Well, are we ambitious to go with Him on His search? Or do we shrink a little at the idea of being, as He was, men of sorrows and acquainted with grief? I believe that most of us need to be made acquainted in some way with grief. I am not pressing this point. His commandments are not grievous. At the heart of Christ was joy; the Christian note is joy; but I believe the roots of the highest kind of joy are struck deep in sorrow. Ignorance is bliss, no doubt, but it is a poor kind of felicity, and in the end, if we will see it, it is folly *not* to be wise. Suffering may come—must come with knowledge, for though with Fox, we may see at last "an Infinite Ocean of Light and Love" which flows over "the Ocean of Darkness," the Ocean of Darkness is there.

Ought we not to be haunted by that darkness? You remember how the young Anthony Ashley Cooper sickened when he saw the squalid misery of a pauper's funeral in his school days at Harrow, and determined, at what cost we may dimly guess, to fight the battle of the poor.¹ You know how one, who belonged to this College, came under the shadow. You remember how Matthew Arnold, in the beautiful conventions of pastoral elegy,² has told us how the trouble of the world bore down that sensitive spirit.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.

¹ "When he was fourteen years old, he consciously and definitely gave his life to the service of his fellow-men. . . . At eighty-five, he exclaimed, in view of his approaching end, I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it."
The Life of Lord Shaftesbury.

² *Thyrsis, a monody on the death of Arthur Hugh Clough.*

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Some life of men unblest,
He knew, which made him droop, and filled his head.
He went ; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground.
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

He knew as well as any one the charm and beauty of the cultured life drawn here in symbol as a "shepherd's holiday," but—

The music of his rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy country tone ;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention tost, of men who groan.
There was the shadow on the fields.

"Irish poor men's miseries"—it was the time of the Irish famine—and "English poor men's hardships" filled his head and made him droop.

But, to-night, it is not from Harrow or from Oxford that I would illustrate what I have to say. May I tell you of one still held in honour in my native city—a woman—a student—who was haunted by the life of men unblest, and in the end gave up many things that she might be "useful," as she puts it in her plain way, "to her fellow creatures"? Mary Carpenter was, as I have said, essentially a *student*. We smile a little perhaps—at her enthusiasm for "Conchology"—I don't think we teach "Conchology" quite in the same way now—but you see her strong leanings towards science in this old-fashioned interest in shells. She carefully read and analysed Lyell's *Geology*. She attended lectures at the Institution in Park Street, on Chemistry. She was fond of History, though "not very well acquainted with it." She especially desired to make progress in Algebra and Geometry. "She understands Greek," wrote one of her pupils later (1833), Latin, Italian, French, and every other language for anything I know to the contrary." She was interested in Natural History, she devoured Poetry, she studied

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the old masters on exhibition at the Bristol Institution. She painted in water colours and had studied the principles of Music ; and if her practising, as she tells us, was neglected, we cannot perhaps greatly wonder. She had many friends. She was rich, as you are in your different ways, but she had room in her heart for the poor. At twenty-four she was Superintendent of a Sunday School, and this brought her—as unhappily it does not bring every one who teaches in such a school—into the homes of the poor. I call them “homes,” but the sight of their dens in Lewin’s Mead and the new, first hand knowledge of their environment there, stirred her, as nothing had stirred her yet, into a sense of their bitter need.

The critical days of Mary Carpenter’s life were the days of the Bristol Riots of 1831 when hell was let loose in our streets. Old men remember those dreadful days still. My father, a little boy of six, in his country home at Brislington, dimly recalls the news of confusion and horror brought in from the city. You will let me give you Charles Kingsley’s description of that unforgettable Sunday, for he—a schoolboy then of thirteen—came in from Redland to see the fire in Queen Square, and the blaze of the Bishop’s Palace, from Brandon Hill. It was a great day in his life as it was in Mary Carpenter’s.

A lovely morning had closed in rain, he tells us, and the whole heavy vault of heaven was lit up by the flames, till a great dome—as it were of red hot iron—hung above the guilty city, and Dundry Tower, high on the distant hill, stood out an awful splendid rose against the night. The boy stood watching it until the thought of all the wickedness and ignorance of the drunken, desperate men below, made him, he said, “a Liberal.” You may ignore the political term—what he *meant* was a Reformer—a man determined, somehow, to help his fellow-men and improve their miserable condition. That riot—that burning city—was for him the outward and visible sign that

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the Kingdom of God had not yet come—and His will was not being done on earth.

Well, Mary Carpenter saw it too, that memorable day, and the contrast between the lovely October morning with the peaceful worship in Lewin's Mead Meeting, and the wet and horrible evening, which followed with its display of savage hate, and drunkenness, and hideous death under the red sky, made an impression on her sensitive spirit that nothing could efface. What could she do? She, who had so many noble cares, could consecrate her life to nobler cares. And she did so consecrate her life. Not all at once, for the thing came slowly—it was none the worse for that—but in the next year you get this written in her diary, and, later on, other similar entries follow. They are worth reading though the language sounds stiff and old-fashioned in our modern ears.

On January 1st, 1832, commenting on the condition of public affairs, she writes, "I feel deeply moved that I can do no more towards alleviating the distress of the poor, but I hope that I shall be enabled to do so"; and again, on Wednesday, March 21st, "I wish on this day appointed for public humiliation before God"—it was the Fast Day, when England was visited for the first time by the Cholera—"to record my earnest desire to become more useful to my fellow creatures, and my prayer to our Heavenly Father, to guide me by His light into the way of discovering the means, and of rightly employing them. The first and most obvious way, is by myself giving to others such an example as may lead them to glorify their Father in heaven; and I must do this by simply and humbly, but zealously and constantly, working the work of Him who placed us here. I must be careful never to neglect any certain duties for others which only appear to me useful and desirable; but when the hand of Providence does point out any way of doing good more extensively, I must engage in it with thankfulness and ardour, but with humility, caring not at all for my own

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comfort or labour. These things I have written to be a witness against me, if ever I should forget what ought to be the object of all my active exertions in this life."¹

Do people write these things in their diaries to-day, and turn to them now and again lest they forget? That too is a question worth asking. Mary Carpenter wrote them down. She did not talk about them, but she waited for "the hand of Providence to point," and she was content to wait. *She did not forget.* From time to time she renewed her vows—sometimes with hesitation—sometimes with a consciousness of her own powers. When she read of any noble doing, she felt anew the desire to serve in larger ways. She knew it was possible some great duty might be reserved for her. She was 'rich'—but she was ready to become poor. Thankfulness with her was more than a pious emotion. It made her long to give.

There is one story in her life which I like to remember, though it is one of the simplest stories in the world. One day, going through the narrow streets with Dr. Tuckerman, an American, now worn out with ten years of the "Ministry at Large,"² she saw a miserable, ragged boy, dart out of a dark entry. He crossed their path and was gone. "That child," said her companion, "should be followed to his home and seen after." Those plain words sank into her mind. Thirty-six years after she recalled them as one of the quickening moments of her life. She felt that a "duty was being neglected," and that *someone should do it.* She wanted to do it, and at last her chance came, as chances do come to those who know what they want.

The whole story of that austere and beautiful life, spent in "seeing after" boys in her native city, working out great schemes for them everywhere, and caring, indeed, for the

¹ *Life and Work of Mary Carpenter*, page 29.

² *Ibid.*, p. 45. Dr. Tuckerman had been called to the "Ministry of the Poor" in Boston, in 1823.

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welfare of all men and women, the wide world over, is too long, of course, for me to tell here, but it is summed up in noble words, in the monument raised to her memory in our Cathedral. There her old school-fellow and friend, Dr. Martineau, reminds us that she was—

Foremost among the Founders
Of reformatory and industrial schools
In this city and realm.
Neither the claims of private duty
Nor the tastes of a cultured mind
Could withdraw her compassionate eye
From the uncared-for children of the streets.
Loving them while yet unlovely,
She so formed them to the fair and good
As to inspire others to her faith and hope,
And thus led the way to a national system
Of moral rescue and preventive discipline.
Taking also to heart the grievous lot
Of oriental women.
In the last decade of her life
She four times went to India,
And awakened an active interest
In their education, and training for serious duties.
No human ill escaped her pity, or cast down her trust :
With true self-sacrifice she followed in the train of Christ,
To seek and to save that which was lost
And bring it home to the Father in Heaven.

That is but one illustration, dear to me because of its association with my own home, and useful, because it shows so well the weaning of a noble soul, from noble interests to nobler cares. Others, like Mary Carpenter, have gone their daily round, "not neglecting certain duties" but simply and humbly waiting for the hand of Providence to open the larger doors. The "tastes of a cultured mind" may easily engross the attention, and make men blind to the sorrows of the world—they have done so often!—but these—"saints" shall I call them?—let no human ill escape their pity.

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And to-day men and women are still moved with compassion when they see the multitude "scattered," and needing the shepherd's care. But, the shepherd-souls are few. What of to-morrow?

To-morrow is in your hands.

This is your time of feeling strongly. I suppose some of you are full of high resolves. Mary Carpenter wrote down her thoughts and kept them as a memorial, lest in time to come she should forget. May I venture to warn you that you may forget? Others before you, who did not feed the sacred fires, have forgotten, and now—sometimes it may be, in awful moments they know it—

They dwell in God's contempt apart
With ghastly smooth life dead at heart.

But you, remembering Jesus Christ, will not be content to be followers of the smooth life. Some of you, perhaps, will sell all that you have and go and follow Him. I do not mean necessarily, of course, that you will do this in any literal fashion, but you will find out for yourselves how, in modern ways, you can be obedient to that Heavenly Voice. In our time so much more is possible than a mere giving away of our substance to the poor. We are called upon to anticipate and to avert, as far as may be, the troubles and poverties of men. We are aware, at last, how many sorrows can be prevented by law and improved social arrangements. Who will see that these laws are made? Who will end, or mend, our present social system and bring it into accord with the mind of Christ? The men and women who give themselves, their time, and thought—the best they have—to great social reforms follow in His train as surely as those who, in the early days, left all and went after Him in the way. And we too, who may not be called in this great way, we will remember that Christ comes to us still—in disguise. After all the poor are always with us—the poor in

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purse—yes, and the poor in mind and body as well as in estate—the poor in character, the unattractive, the mean, the base. May we not penetrate the thin disguise? All our work will be a little easier if we can—if, in the eyes of all those who seem to claim our help, we recognize, indeed, the eyes of Christ. When we will—making time for them in the midst of our busy lives—we too may serve Him, “doing them good” in wise, and modern loving ways.

BANKS AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

HOW many people know or realize that our vast system of banking and finance rests upon the credit not of a few rich people, but on the honour of the working classes. Every Bank of England note, every cheque, every credit instrument of any sort, every sovereign even, passes at its face value because the receiver has confidence that goods and services will be forthcoming to the extent of its value, if and when they are called for. The supplies of London come in daily with a regularity that makes them appear part of the order of Nature. But let the country-folk cease to send in supplies, and let the workers who unship and move into the towns the foreign supplies, cease to do so for, say, a week, what would happen? The pressure of buyers would raise prices to famine level. It might take a £100 note to buy a loaf of bread. That would mean the credit corresponding to that note would be diminished 6000 per cent., taking the loaf at 4d. In acutest crises of famine the whole credit of the Bank of England might not purchase a 4-lb. loaf. Credit is worthless on a desert island, because there is no working class on the regularity of whose production the creditor can create a mortgage. Credit is a system for mortgaging the honour of the working classes for the benefit of the legal owners of credit instruments.

Banking is supposed to be one of the high mysteries of a complex craft, only intelligible to exceptionally intelligent people, of exceptional training. The truth is that the principles of banking are simpler and (stripped of technicalities) easier to understand than any other business. This is so because banking is the most generalized, and therefore the freest from specialized requirements, of all practical pursuits. Its character

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of mystery rests upon the high wall of protection which admits only the richest men to its inner sanctum. The magnitude, costliness, and decorative luxury of bank buildings is part of the whole complex apparatus of mystification.

Some two generations ago the peasants of some German villages were initiated into the mysteries of banking by a priest called Raiffeisen. The mysteries turned out to be such as any half-dozen semi-illiterate peasants could acquire and practise with expertness in a few weeks. The result is that throughout large parts of Germany there are now Raiffeisen Banks. These join together in one or more central banks for the purpose of obtaining money in Berlin on the joint credit of their members. That credit is so good that the rate of interest charged by the Reichsbank is invariably the lowest of the day.

A generation or so later a knowledge of this high mystery of banking spread to the peasants and the small townfolk of Northern Italy. There, as in Germany, the extension of banking facilities to classes, which in other countries are outside the sacred circle, has been without doubt one of the potent factors in making Germany and Northern Italy two of the most progressive peoples in the past generation.

Less than twenty years ago Horace Plunkett started on a Raiffeisen mission amongst the Irish peasants. Out of his success in planting these village banks amongst the peasantry there is now coming about that regeneration in Ireland which a century and more of political effort and organization failed to initiate.

Mr. Devine's admirable and lucid little book¹ tells the story of the corresponding effort to introduce the movement into England. Of all people, Mr. Devine was and is the best qualified to tell the story. For more than ten years he has himself been the cutting edge of the movement—the practical man who

¹ *Co-operative Banks*, by H. C. Devine.

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knows what to do, where and when to do it, and never failing to make the attempt, no matter how formidable the obstacles, how depressing the want of encouragement and support.

Mr. Devine's book has the merit of the best propagandist literature. It not only tells what has been done, but in specific detail what remains to be done and how to do it. By a careful study of the book, any group of working-men in town or village may acquire sufficient knowledge to begin operations, and with a little experience and continued reference to, and study of, the book may safely launch a real credit bank, if they can amongst themselves, or with the help of a few richer friends, get together a little capital which, to start with, need not be more than £50 or £100. Indeed, in the case of a village bank, it is possible to start a credit society without cash capital at all, once the simple mystery of co-operative credit is revealed.

In addition to its practical use as a manual for town and village co-operative credit societies, Mr. Devine's book ought to serve another great purpose. It ought to be studied by the leaders, especially the political leaders, of the working classes. The generalities of the economic text-books must be supplemented by the detailed knowledge of actual credit operations, such as can be learned from Mr. Devine's book, before a real competence can be acquired either critical or constructive, and once let the leaders and the people alike realize in what precisely and exactly consists the system of credit, national and individual, it cannot be long before they will ask themselves this momentous question: If the whole credit of the country rests upon our honour, why should not we, the people, be our own bankers? And when that question is once raised, we may be within sight of, not a Bank of England which fetters, but a bank of the people of England which liberates.

ON LOOKING BACKWARD

IT has become a platitude to speak of the rosy mists through which one looks back on days that are gone ; days out of which the bitterness has passed, in which we no longer see all the little frets and worries which are hardly to be explained to another, and yet are shattering to our serenity of soul ; days at last composed for their long sleep, and filled with a peace which passes understanding, like the dead face of one we loved when the pain is smoothed out and there comes the great calm.

Yet it was not from this point of view that we saw the matter as boys. Some uncle would come down to the school—a man rosy, jolly, plump, with a keen appreciation of the material good things of life. He would take us out to dinner, would give us a “tip,” and at parting would come the usual platitude, half happy melancholy, half a somewhat heavy-handed attempt at comfort : “Ah, my boy, these are the happiest days of your life ; how I wish I were back at school again.” We would gladly have changed places. This rubicund sufferer had no limit of bounds ; he had not to batten on a school dinner every day ; he could wear gorgeous ties and boots unchecked, and he had plenty of money to buy cricket bats and penknives, stamps, and engines and “tuck.” He was a free, spacious, unconfined being, far removed from our

Meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law and statute.

We doubted either his integrity or his sanity, and considered his impossible statement as one of those untruthful pieces of chilly comfort which our elders sometimes saw fit to deal out

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to us. We had worries of our own. We had not been picked for the Third Footer Eleven, or we had been put on the team and the match was stopped by rain, or we were booked for a painful interview with the head, or we had to fight Dickson minor at 12.20 and feared the result. Petty, unwholesome, cowardly? Yes; but very real worries at the time.

And now, as we look back, it is all so different. We see again the long, irregular, red pile of school buildings, looking out over fields to the fives courts and the woods beyond. We walk again in dreams along the asphalt path by the wood edge and see the western sun lighting up the long rolling waves of the Downs, and making each ribbed window of the school a golden glory. From there one could hear—can hear now in dreams—the crack of golf balls on the fives courts and the distant music of the nets from the First Eleven ground on the other side of the lane. Or one goes under the big door, past the workshops to the Quad, where old Needham kept that famous tuck-shop, whose contents tasted better than anything one has had since. The ginger-beer! Ah! the head on it! The battles royal it provoked when you deftly removed a wily thumb from the mouth in front of somebody's face. The "small cricket" before prayers, with a big roller or tree for wicket; the long, salt-water baths frequented almost daily under savage schoolboy penalty for neglect. The great days—the M.C.C. match, the sports, the prize-giving day, when the old Vicar (long life to him!) recited Mr. Newbold's "Play up!" with tears in his eyes!

Oh, the great days in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable forty years on.

Or ten years on either, for the matter of that!

ON LOOKING BACKWARD

Ichabod ! the glory is departed. We used to sing, not
dreaming of the fates in store,

Praise and fame attend for ever
The school that looks upon the downs and sea ;

and now the old name is gone, and the First Eleven ground, girt with the quarter-mile track, sold, and the buildings turned into a large preparatory school. The Old Novian returns to walk along the asphalt path, to hear the caddies on the links above shout as of old, and to see the old buildings, but to realize that a new race has arisen, owning new gods and knowing not Joseph. He goes sadly back to his train, feeling that he has no living school to be proud of and work for—that Troy has fallen, and there is no “pious Æneas” to take the Lares and Penates and found a new city which shall shed fresh lustre on the old. For him there is an added pathos and melancholy, as of one in the wet woods in October catching the earth smell of autumn, the lovely scents of leaves beautiful as ever in early decay, who should know that no spring would follow the autumn, that there should be no glorious resurrection of the dying year. But for all autumn has a pathos, and for all, surely, there is an undercurrent of longing regret as they look back at the old schooldays.

One would like to essay an analysis of such a mood.

Partly, perhaps, we feel that we were better then than now ; purer, more untainted, more simple, more healthful. In Hood’s words—

I remember, I remember, the fir-trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance, but now ’tis little joy
To know I’m farther off from heaven than when I was a boy !

Clean white flannels and a brown skin seem now to have had a certain sacramental value. They were the outward

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visible signs of an inward spiritual health. It may be an illusion, merely our early life seen through a golden haze. As we look back, yes ; there are dark shadows there ; innocence was not always ours ; there were sad struggles and failures, frequent defeats. But at least our environment was helpful and good. One should have some smack of hill freshness and salt water in the character when one can roam over the sweep of the downs to the white cliffs of Beachy Head, and, with none to hear, shout aloud from mere joy in life and the wide sea as one dashes over the rock-studded shore or its great reaches of sand.

And then, too, as we look back, it seems that life then presented such a broad outlook. As we looked far out to sea from the rocks there seemed no limits to the huge possibilities of existence. Ideals, aspirations, we were full of them. There was the intuition—we would not have voiced it for worlds—of some great future coming, of noble deeds that should make the world ring, of great causes to be championed and suffered for and won. Right and wrong were very clear then, and there were no compromises. And later ? Later comes the historic sense, with its subconscious idea that no cause is wholly right, that there are good men on all sides, and that good will ensue not by the complete victory of either party, but by the clash and shock of mighty opposites, by the acceptance of the points on which they agree, by the results that neither side contemplated, by compromise. And so it becomes increasingly hard for us to keep our enthusiasms, and, while keeping an abstract love of truth and professing to fight loyally for her dear sake, we tend to draw out of the battle, to become philosophic doubters, onlookers with hearts chill and numb, and with no very firm belief in the existence of any God's Own Cause.

It may be that all this points to something deeper ; that we look back with longing to the faith of our boyhood. Someone, I think it is Henry Drummond, speaks of the three stages of

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spiritual evolution. First there is apposition, then opposition, and finally comes composition. In the schooldays we have barely achieved the first stage. Religious life was so much easier because we could implicitly believe what was told us, and immeasurably bad would it have been for us otherwise. And, believing, we had life. Later comes the battle and the stress, the doubt which is not so much specific as general, deadly rather as insidiously undermining the castle of our faith than as boldly battering down any outwork, frightful because we hardly know when the now foundationless walls will come crashing about our ears, and, if they spare our lives, at least leave us naked and unsheltered in the rushing storm. We are conscious that there must come reconstruction, omission, addition, and the alterations are difficult of achievement and adjustment. And meanwhile the pilgrim travels painfully through the dark Valley of the Shadow, with stars behind the clouds, with pitfalls in the way, and with Apollyon close at hand.

Ah yes! but "Courage, Camarade, le diable est mort," as Denys hath it. We turn the eye from the dear haze of morning towards the hot, dusty road which alone can lead to the cool, level meadows and the land of the westering sun. The sentiment may have gone out of life, the ideals—the old ideals at least—have grown tarnished and dim, the childhood's stage of faith be past. There remains the stern stress of faith and the patient search for truth and for true humility in the search. And it may be that when, with innocence hardening into purity, we have fought and failed and advanced in the failing, we shall see that the old days were no times in which all those now in chains were born free, that the haze in the life of man is as Rousseau's haze in the life of nations, and that, as Abraham of old, we leave safety and peace at the divine call to search through Egypt and the wilderness, a new and a better country, whose builder and whose maker is God.

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UNIVERSITIES AND PUBLIC SERVICE¹

BY PROFESSOR D. H. MACGREGOR

I HAVE been asked to deliver this afternoon what is really an inaugural lecture. The aspect of University teaching with which I shall be dealing is specially connected with my own department of economic study. It is of course true that every branch of academic teaching has its bearing on social service. What we call the Humanities are not intended only to produce scholars who will chase parallel syntactical irregularities through the pages of Æschylus, or

Find out some new point in Hamlet's soul,
As yet untaught by Germans.

Their social importance lies in the training of certain mental faculties of judgment and criticism, and in the broadening of all views of life and purpose through the study of examples, and types, and visions, and prophecies. If I do not defend the social value of this training, that is partly because I am not the right person to do so, partly because it does not require any

¹ A public lecture delivered in the Hall of the Philosophical Institute, Leeds, January, 1909.

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defence. My concern is for a field of study which is not less important, though not nearly so well explored. Habits of mind, however highly trained, will not by themselves solve such social problems as we are faced with to-day. I was once told that the proper way to commence any essay or magazine article now was with the words—"In this utilitarian age." And I am certainly dealing to-day with the duty of Universities to that side of education which may be said to consist of the Utilities. I do not admit that such studies are not humane. The material they deal with ranges from the problems of poverty to the organization of Trusts and Syndicates, and it touches the daily life of the people perhaps more closely than any other branch of knowledge. If we argue that the adoption of a certain policy will increase the wealth of the nation *as a whole*, or that a new machine which causes the dismissal of some skilled men in one place will make up for that by increasing employment for some other men elsewhere, that would be a purely utilitarian view of the matter. But the acute social problems of the time are concerned with effects on individual persons; it is by the claim of personal rights and personal values that social science must work. It is for that reason that I claim to be dealing with humane studies. They are necessary to culture; for I should call it an uncultured view of industry to state that, for the sake of the elasticity of trade, a five per cent labour reserve is at all times necessary, and to leave the matter there. The teachings of social science must go beyond percentages, to a realization of the status of that labour reserve at times when trade is only average. Percentages govern right thinking, but a vivid sense of *number* governs right feeling in these matters. Some studies have appropriated the name of the Humanities, and there is no time to quarrel over words. But every study—Latin and Greek included—can be pursued technically; and every one can be pursued humanely.

Before I go on to the difficulties which I feel in putting

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this case before a meeting of business men, it is fair to point out that the recent development of this side of education has not been limited to the Universities. There has for some time been an influential movement on foot which aims at bringing some system of moral and civic instruction into the schools. It is coming to be believed that it is part of the education of children that they shall understand the nature and duties of citizenship, the meaning of many things which they see daily in the cities, and those plain rules of conduct which can be taught without any other sanction than their own merits. There have recently been some remarkable developments of this kind of instruction in schools, such as the George Junior Republic, and similar forms of juvenile self-government.¹ The further teaching of social science by Universities is in harmony with a wide educational movement.

The position from which I have to argue is plainly this—that the belief in industrial, social, and commercial education, which is abundantly professed and generously supported, has nowhere in this country resulted in any considerable body of persons asking to be taught. The lip-service is very great; but belief is what influences actions. In this respect we differ notably from our chief commercial rivals. There are some hundreds of teachers of social science in the Universities of America, and in some of the greatest of these Universities no department of study is more popular. In educational matters we are always being told to look to Germany, whose belief in social causation has made that country the great centre of social and industrial experiment; so that we have begun to copy her systems of charity, of national insurance, of labour exchanges, and perhaps of railway administration. The attention which these nations have given to the organized study of social facts and forces has been accompanied by that development of their trade and commerce which has recently excited

¹ *Vide Progress* for January, 1909.

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our jealousy. America has not yet tapped many of her mineral and agricultural resources, and is in many ways so new a country that I take Germany as a better comparison with ourselves. The circumstances under which she continues to overtake us are such as these—that she has less physical deterioration and fewer slums; that she plans her cities; that she uses her railways as a powerful national weapon for the development of her export trade; that her commercial agencies are widespread, and fluent in more than one language; that she has conscription and a highly qualified Protection; and that her industrial system is subject to an unusual form of regulation by syndicates. May I submit that, whichever of such facts we may each select in accordance with our political prejudices to explain the development of a nation whose physical constitution is not unlike our own, it is possible that behind the whole of them lies her practical conviction that commerce and industry and social science can be taught?

One powerful opponent of new ideas and methods is monopoly; and England is living now just at the fag-end of an industrial monopoly which she owed to a number of fortunate circumstances such as are scarcely likely to occur again. Commercial advantage is a relative thing; it may depend on the disadvantages of rivals in trade. The whole idea of efficiency in economic affairs is relative in this way; a workman's efficiency may increase while his skill becomes actually less, provided a greater misfortune befalls workmen elsewhere. It was our good fortune during the nineteenth century that none of the great wars was fought on our territory. It has been estimated that it took seven years of industrial effort to replace the material capital destroyed in the Franco-German War. To us this was the gift of leadership at a time when invention in steel processes was being busily applied. We were equally fortunate, in the economic sense, in the period when the Civil War broke out in America. It turned the balance of

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sea-power definitely in our favour just when that balance was in doubt, and gave the mercantile marine of America a set-back from which it has never recovered. Not only that, but it saddled America also with those difficulties of fiscal and currency questions which have greatly impeded her freedom and resourcefulness. Under conditions like that, we should have been an indolent nation indeed if we had not gained a commanding advantage in industry and commerce. One blow was aimed at our commerce by Napoleon when he declared that our ports were under blockade ; but we were able to reply that we had not noticed it. Whatever our new position may be in the next generation, we cannot expect to maintain it by the same causes which gave us the old one. Forces that are less visible and noisy will have to do their work.

And now I wish to speak more in the particular. Claims of a general kind have often enough been made for commercial and social education, and I do not wish to add one more. I must try, before an audience like this, to show definite problems of social and industrial policy on which the teaching of Universities bears. There are two sides to this question. Some industrial problems chiefly concern the employers, and some have to do with the personal conditions of the employed. Industrial economy has not quite the same scope as social economy. The case quoted already, of the five per cent margin of labour, is an example of that. But, while this distinction has to be made, the complexities of social organization are too great for any influence to be easily limited. It would usually be supposed, for instance, that a person who in a University was studying the technical details of currency systems was engaged in reasonings rather remote from the more pressing question of employment. But, in fact, many of our severest trade depressions have been due to financial breakdowns ; and it is only a few days since in this city the present distress was attributed by a prominent politician to the difficul-

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ties in which America puts us by her demands for gold. Poverty and high finance have in that way had a good deal to do with each other in recent times. But I make my distinction provisionally, and will ask, in the first place, by what definite kinds of teaching the Universities can render important service to the business world?

Hitherto, the Universities have tried to do this work by teaching Political Economy—the science of the wise expenditure of national energy. But it must be evident that, if the name is any indication of its scope, this study does not bear *directly* on trade, or commerce, or social life. The question how the energy of the *State* can be most wisely directed in trade affairs narrows us down to such departments as are subject to public control or management—tariffs, for instance, or taxes, or municipal trading, or public debts. The area of public control is widening, and this extension represents the last application of the principle of *laissez faire*—the freedom of the State to manage those things which properly belong to public administration. Germany is following up the results of this *political* economy when she uses the railways as national assets, and deliberately cuts the rates for export trade; or when the Government goes into the coal mining business on its own account, in order to counteract the operations of syndicates; or when she takes a few bricks off her tariff wall here and there in the interest of shipbuilding or other special industries. Her sphere of political activity in that way is considerable, and her Government is advised by experts. In the education of the citizen in these studies the questions which arise are distinctly political and highly controversial, and nearly always touch the fixed opinions of individuals. It is for that reason that academic teaching is distrusted. Political controversy has so affected our views, that it is believed that these subjects are matter of opinion, and cannot be scientifically taught. They are to be worked out, not by impartial studies,

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but in the give-and-take of political conflict. Everyone thinks he knows about them already, the proof being that he has voted on them. It was claimed last year, in the Economic Section of the British Association, that the papers should be pitched on a level which the untrained visitor could understand. No such claim would have been made in any of the other sections of the Association ; and I need scarcely say that in my view the claim is quite untenable. But it indicates the extent to which a science is apt to be compromised just because it bears on public affairs. If my own views on tariffs were obtained through listening to men who have been made authorities by the votes of constituencies, I too would regard the matter as an open question and mere opinion.

It is in the education of the voter that service can be rendered by the extension of the teaching of political economy in this narrow sense. Let me take examples to illustrate this. There has been, during the past few years, a controversy on fiscal affairs which has led to the restatement of an old assertion about public morality. A large part of the nation has come to believe that there is some special connection between taxes on imports and political corruption. This has been impressed on us by politicians by means of a certain kind of iteration. There are many kinds of taxation practised here, and the State otherwise engages in financial relations with individuals on a large scale. But this special technique—to levy dues on goods when they cross a certain geographical line—has some inherently degrading influence, which others have not. No University would teach that. If people could be got to look at that matter in the broad, the political pendulum would swing less violently. For we shall find that the corruption argument is the servant of too many causes to be very useful to any. Here are as many as I could readily find of the proposals in connection with which, in quite recent times, the dangers of corruption have been painted. Protection

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and *laissez faire*; income tax, since "the best liar is best off"; municipal trade; the whole system of agency and advertisement; indentured labour; Trusts and Syndicates; Socialism; old age pensions; and, quite lately, I was interested, on taking up Sir George Gibb's paper on railway nationalization, to find that there too corruption was the great danger of the proposal. It would appear to be a stock objection to all public action which touches the economic motive at all. It is, of course, a matter of duty to point out any dangers of evasion or malpractice in particular cases. But the more masters an argument serves, the less respect can we have for it in any particular livery. The manner in which this argument was put to the nation at the last election leaves little room for wonder that no majority of less than two thousand is now considered safe.

This is not the place for political discussion, and I therefore take this next example from the other side of the case. The frequent assertion that "trade follows the flag" is one of either historical fact or scientific analysis. The statement asserts a relation between economic and political development, and is capable of being tested. But the epigram, which has some influence on public policy at present, has obtained its currency simply through political assertion. Universities would simply fail in their duty if in such a matter they deferred to political authority, lest they should be called academic. An examination of our own history will show that in the most important cases—like India and the Cape—it is the flag that has followed trade. The danger in which our Canadian possessions are said to stand is this, that American trade is preparing the way for fuller American influence. And I do not think that anyone who had made any study of the methods by which goods are consigned abroad, would find that trade followed anything but this simple principle—that one English sovereign is no better and no worse than five American dollars or twenty German marks.

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Political controversy pays to frontiers an amount of attention far in excess of their industrial importance. On the other hand, if the assertion were that trade *ought* to be made as far as possible to follow the flag, that is a matter of political advantage on which statesmen are first authorities. To say that trade ought to follow the flag, and that steps should be taken to make it do so, is of course to deny that it does so of its own accord. It is for the Universities, at any rate, to challenge the public abuse of science, just as much in economics as in biology or medicine.

Just because social and economic studies touch closely on public affairs, it has become necessary for the average politician to characterize as academic the accurate study of them. This is a point on which an important fallacy rests. Public controversy prefers definite labels; things must be either dead black or dead white. Superlatives from Cicero are the devices of the eager upon the ignorant. I have often thought what a good thing it would be if in each public hall there was an automatic bell attached to a receiver, in such a way that the use of the superlative degree at once set it ringing, and brought confusion on the speaker. The colour of the fact is not usually either black or white, but some shade of grey. When this is pointed out from the Universities, they are at once accused of having no mind on the question whether a thing is black or white. They refine the broad distinction away, it is said, with their sophistication. The reply to this is, that to call a thing grey may be to tell the truth about it; the ambiguity is in the thing, the mind of the person is quite clear. It is because of the great ignorance of the people that it is still possible to denounce your opponent's black, and contrast your own white. The real academic mistake does not consist in taking middle positions, since these positions may be correct. It consists in the application to the field of knowledge of the theory that the value of a thing depends on the amount of labour spent on it;

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and therefore in attaching an exaggerated importance to facts which are abstruse and difficult to get at. Whatever may be the case in other sciences, this is a mistake in sociology and economics ; the important thing there is to wear off a certain familiarity and negligence, and to show the startling implications of words we use every day. We have to see that we do not fear the name of academic in one sense, nor deserve it in the other.

I have hitherto been discussing the duty of Universities in regard to distinctly political questions. But this duty has a more direct connection with business affairs when they are teaching what I may call industrial and commercial economy. There is a great body of ascertained knowledge which bears on the business world directly, and not through the votes that are cast on industrial proposals. Our difficulty here, if I may speak quite frankly, is to convince business men that such knowledge is of any use to them. Only a few weeks ago I was asked by a Member of Parliament, who is in business, whether economic instruction taught you to make money. He apparently expected from me some guarantee that all those who might attend lectures on these subjects in the University of Leeds would infallibly achieve great wealth afterwards. It might have struck him that if I or any other economist possessed that secret, we would have made use of it on our own behalf. The wealth of individuals depends on details ; and there is no science of detail. You may have contracted ahead for materials, just before prices shot up ; some trade rival may have made a blunder ; there may be a strike abroad ; a trade route may alter, and give you a new advantage of position ; a hundred things like that may happen. Universities do not teach business men to make money, because they do not and cannot teach that to anyone. They train lawyers, but do not teach the mystery of obtaining briefs ; they train doctors, but not in the methods of building up a practice ; they train clergymen,

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but there are no lectures on preferment. Instruction which is open to everybody offers no competing advantage to anybody. Some will make better use of it than others, and those who get it will gain an advantage over those who do not. It may account for differences in national wealth, or in the wealth of classes ; by itself, it does not teach individuals to make money. The service which Universities can render to the business world is not different from that which they render to any other class of people. They offer education in business affairs. I may be allowed again to illustrate this by specific examples.

A Royal Commission will shortly report on the shipping trade of this country. Every merchant who is an exporter is interested in the question of the Conference and Rebate system. The evidence which has been offered is full of the handicap which is thus said to be placed on our trade with young and developing countries. Now the making of a freight rate is not a simple thing in either land or water transport. The natural belief of those who are outside this trade is of course that a higher rate should be charged for a longer journey. When they find that the long journey pays the lower rate, they raise the cry of preference. Thus goods are often carried from Antwerp to Java *viâ* Liverpool for less than the route from Liverpool itself ; or from New York to the Cape *viâ* Southampton. This is a perfectly natural result ; distance is only one of the considerations that enter into the question, and others are often far more important. A great deal of what can only be described as wear and tear would be saved if this were realized. As it is, ignorance has created bitterness, and great commercial names have been associated with the charge of unfair trading. No one can read the evidence without feeling that there are cross purposes and misunderstandings, based not so much on the absence of principles as on principles that will not stand scrutiny. These misunderstandings increase what may be called social costs ; such are the costs which in the

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labour market are represented by easier and more frequent strikes, and in the commercial world by failures to come together for negotiation. There is a singular absence, in the shipping trade, of the ordinary methods of industrial peace.

Again, it has more than once been the subject of official reports that the practices of British traders abroad are not so efficient as those of important commercial rivals. A University cannot teach people how to compete in any sphere, but it can equip them for competition. And the mere knowledge of the positive facts which public inquiry has made available in this matter would have a wakening influence on commercial policy. As it is, these reports fall on deaf ears, and we blame everything but our blunt weapons for a decline in foreign trade.

Further, it is known that there are trade influences which depend mainly upon knowledge of that broad kind which creates confidence and hinders panic. Bank notes become inconvertible just as soon as people insist on converting them into gold ; it is the belief that there is no danger which itself averts the danger. A trade revival is a case of faith-healing ; it revives by believing it is reviving. If a belief in what is called the theory of permanent excess of supply got about among business men, that by itself would be an adverse trade influence. There is a special case of that in regard to "dumping." It has been pointed out by Sir Hugh Bell that the amount of iron that is dumped here annually is so small a fraction of our own output that it does not matter. And if every manufacturer had a proper contempt for that small percentage, it probably would not matter. But if some iron is suddenly thrown at very low prices into a local market, the producers at that spot may become alarmed and cut their prices to meet it ; by doing so, they make others follow, and practically add their output to what is dumped ; till a depression spreads, which is quite unjustified by the amount of the import. That

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depression is due to narrow views and to simple ignorance of the British market. Thus, in spite of the opinion of Sir Hugh Bell, another great iron expert, Mr. Jeans, is able to say that 25,000 tons of iron, at a price five or ten shillings below current rates, would completely demoralise the market and almost create a panic, if offered suddenly in one place. The power of a small margin like that on a great body of trade does not depend on economic force. The panic is the social cost of the want of steady views, and of the alarm of inadequate knowledge.

The politician intrudes less into the field of industrial than of political economy. But it is still true that, in all branches of knowledge, we defer to his authority. Any scientific, or literary, or religious pronouncement by a prominent politician becomes at once authoritative, however slight or average his claim may be to speak. There have recently been notable instances of this, since it is habitual to obtain publicity for a society by inviting a politician to be its annual president, in which case he has to deliver some kind of presidential address.

The above examples must serve to indicate how, in my view, Universities can serve the business community. There are principles which trade, for all its variation, does tend to follow. The knowledge of these may save much of the bitterness of trade rivalry ; and is itself a powerful factor in creating confidence.

I wish, lastly, to speak of that part of the field of academic influence which most calls for development—social economy. The duty of the Universities to the working classes has been made very prominent in the last few years ; and the younger Universities must expect to be for some time in the thick of that controversy. The educational problem here is that the school-leaving age is at present so low ; the political problem is that, on this slight basis of instruction, they are to vote on national affairs ; and so there naturally follows the social problem—that leadership of the many by the few, which we call industrial

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captaincy, and they call exploitation of labour. What is to be done in this sphere?

Social Economy as a field of study is closely connected, not only with the education of adult workers, but with old and new professional careers. Friends of mine who are clergymen have told me that they would rather have learned this than Hebrew. The new careers that are affected are in the organisation of charity, in social settlements, and other institutions for help.

The best way in which I can indicate what kind of work the Universities have to do here, is by reading the following list. Here are the titles of the enquiries which the Government has found it necessary to make in the last two decades. The list itself proves the extent to which modern politics has become concerned with social reorganization. There are recent reports on :—

Trade Depression	Home Work
Housing	Fair Wages
Sweating	Wages Boards
Labour	Small Holdings
Betting and Gambling	Unemployment
Agricultural Depression	Vagrancy
Physical Deterioration	Truck
Cost of Living in Cities	City Transport
Profit Sharing	The Poor Law

To these must be added such unofficial inquiries as have been undertaken by Sir Charles Booth, Mr. Rowntree, and a number of committees formed in various cities for the purpose of social investigation. This is the material on which informed opinion must be based. But practically no systematic study of their findings is being made, though the information they offer is extensive and vital. Every one cannot read these Reports, and no one can do more than guesswork without them. The principle on which Blue Books are read is that of vicarious suffering. The total sum of human pain is lessened when certain persons read them on behalf of others. It is

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quite essential that a way shall be found to co-ordinate and impart what is known on the social problem. Opinions are expressed again and again in the Press and on platforms, and proposals for reform are suggested and argued, many of which have been already reviewed and pronounced on by skilled inquiry. We are invited to try roads out of the wood which have been found to be blind alleys. Those, for example, who are impatient of the methods of organized charity, and who give as they like by their own judgment, cannot be aware of the emphatic and unanimous finding of the Commission on Vagrancy—that except for careless charity this whole class of persons would not exist. Four of these Reports, compared with each other, define within pretty clear limits how to live in cities, and how not to. Others, like those on Sweating and Physical Deterioration, warn us against supposing that the economic cost of goods is the measure of their social cost. In the great Report of 1894 on Labour, through the work of the most expert body of men who have ever carried out a public inquiry, we possess the conclusions which ought to antiquate the traditional view of Trade Unionism. The Universities are the agency through which we have to extend this knowledge of where we stand, what are the various sides of the social problem, how do its parts fit together, what is the degree of a certain evil, how much change is it worth, what roads toward reform are blocked, and where can energy now be best applied. Otherwise this national research will have been wasted, and political controversy will blow public opinion where it listeth. And I may add here one remark—no one can rise from the study of these Reports without the conviction that the sequence of cause and effect is as inexorable and provable in social affairs as in any others. The University of Glasgow will next year institute a system of lectures on Social Economy ; we shall have made a beginning this year in Leeds.

Our duty in this respect is the more urgent for this

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reason—that social questions will be taught somehow, if not well, then badly. The Universities do not need to prepare this ground, but to occupy it. It has been pre-occupied; the social movement had its own professors before the Universities came on the scene—Tom Paine, William Cobbett, Ferdinand Lassalle, Karl Marx. The teaching of these men holds its ground. In bringing their influence into the marketplace, the Universities have an endowment to receive as well as to give. There will be no peace until the “over-production” argument has been sympathetically met. As a number of periodic noises make a continuous note, it is worth considering whether a number of periodic over-productions do not amount to a constant excess of producing over consuming power. At any rate, the exchange of views between labour and learning is already lessening the emphasis of academic ideas on both sides. On both sides, because no one who pretends to have read Karl Marx on “Capital” will ever call any other book academic and abstruse. His historical chapters are brilliant; but he has, in his analysis, a Pauline faculty for taking something that is fairly obvious, and reasoning it into the darkest perplexity.

It is no matter for surprise that the teaching of the Universities on social questions should have become distrusted and denied by the labour movement. For a long time, this teaching could only be done from Cambridge and Oxford; and the isolation of these old Universities from industrial centres may have tended to middle-class views. It has been said, with some truth, that typical members of the University of Oxford so conduct themselves in public as to suggest that the place belongs to them; and that typical Cambridge men conduct themselves as if it did not matter who the place belonged to. But the labour view is that the place belongs by right to nobody, and that it does matter that it should actually be owned by nobody. So that books and pamphlets written from

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the labour point of view still refer to the *bourgeois* economics of the Universities—their conservatism, their justification of *laissez faire*, their over-proved economic harmonies, the theory that things even themselves out in the “long run.” Labour is intensely interested in the short run—the price paid *now*, in terms of actual feeling, for the chance of a future gain to other people. Through the contact which is now taking place in the new Universities, and still more recently by the extension of tutorial classes from Oxford, we are bridging old differences. University teachers come to appreciate what certain things mean, not as items in a balance of considerations, but in terms of actual human sensibility. What they give in return is method, and the proof that it is waste of time to try to defeat or neglect ascertained and provable laws and tendencies.

Every University teacher must be conscious of the scepticism with which his treatment of labour questions is at first met. The audience which he is addressing consists of the persons he is making statements about ; he is telling them about their own affairs, and no one likes to think his affairs can be studied and analysed, or his activities brought under laws. The same is true on the other side, when one explains certain tendencies of capitalist organization. If, for example, it is suggested, when a combine is formed to hold prices steady and abolish preferences, that the uniformity of rates will not last two years, that is resented ; but the uniformity does not last, there are forces against it. In this difficult work of explaining the forces which people are themselves subject to, it is best to leave text-books alone, and to claim the authority of such public inquiries as have been referred to. No one who is careful to appeal constantly to these sources of knowledge can be suspected of using his position as a teacher to exploit his own views or those of any class.

It must be evident that the duty of Universities is not

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limited to the teaching of those who wish to take degrees. Beyond that part of their work there lies the far more free activity of spreading knowledge that is of daily use in industry and politics. Universities especially which exist in the midst of great cities should be open, day and night, to adult classes of men and women who want knowledge for other than examination purposes. The younger Universities must be a channel through which not only scientific analysis, but the results of the public inquiry that is now constant, reach the people. What Cambridge and Oxford do by extension work, they can do to a great extent within their own gates.

There is only time, in conclusion, to mention the new step which has been taken in the direction of opening the Universities to workmen. It is a great thing that a joint committee has been appointed, consisting of representatives of workmen and of the University of Oxford, to develop on a new basis the teaching especially of social questions.¹ Other Universities have taught workmen long ago, and in some ways the Oxford scheme may be said to be rather the forcing of the last door than a pioneer movement. But further thought shows how great is the value simply of joint management and joint conference, and of systematic tutorial instruction of small classes of men and women in industrial centres. This will train leaders, and the extent of that influence cannot be limited. On the further spread of that idea, more than on any other single cause, will depend the social service of the Universities. It represents an influence which may not affect the wealth of individuals, but which does closely affect the poverty of classes and the wealth of nations.

¹ *Oxford and Working Class Education*, 1908

THE REPORT OF THE POOR LAW COMMISSION

BY PROFESSOR E. J. URWICK

IN discussing a report such as that of the Poor Law Commission, the interest of practical people naturally fastens upon the details of suggested changes. The public, as well as the politician, considers the pros and cons of each reform upon its own merits. The advantage of the new Voluntary and Public Assistance Committees, which are to supersede the existing Board of Guardians, now working badly amid a sea of chaotic charity ; the effect of the abolition of workhouses, and of the humaner treatment of children, old people, and invalids ; the tendency of graded labour colonies taking the place of the old stone-yards—such are the matters upon which attention is naturally focused. But there is a grave danger lest the deeper issues involved in the recommendations of the two parties of the Commissioners may escape notice altogether. Concentration upon detail is excellent for action—especially the prompt, practical, illogical action of which Englishmen have every right to be proud. But it is bad for any understanding of the situation as a whole. The wood is not seen for the trees ; principles are lost among details ; and no one stops to consider the drift of the combination of separate reforms, nor even to ask whether it is leading anywhere at all. Indeed, the reforms which may be chosen for adoption are very likely to have no coherence whatever, and therefore no general aim ; especially will this be the case if this or that reform is picked out from the report of the Majority and combined with this or that recommendation of the Minority. And recent utterances justify a fear that this may be done. There has been a

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tendency to minimize the differences between the two reports, and to emphasize the agreements. There has been a tendency—inévitable perhaps, but carried much too far—to praise and to condemn parts of both, with the obvious inference that Parliament had better combine the two somehow or other, and so please all parties. And as a result, the nation is in danger (a danger from which at least it was saved in 1834) of losing sight of all principle in its treatment of the needy, and of adopting an unstable and meaningless policy which is really no policy at all.

Now I have no wish to deny the points of agreement apparent in the two reports, still less to do anything but rejoice over them. It is a real cause of satisfaction that both sections of the Commission have agreed that so much needs changing and humanizing, that so much positive action on a new plane of sympathy is called for, that so many steps may safely be taken which would have horrified the Chadwicks or the Nicholls of seventy years ago. But I am none the less convinced that we need to remind ourselves, in all consideration of the two reports, that the Majority and the Minority are separated from one another by a great gulf, and that the recommendations of each must be considered as whole and complete—and antagonistic—systems, and not as mere collections of isolated proposals. They represent two opposing systems of social thought and action; they rest upon opposite and mutually exclusive bases of principle; they have in view two different ideals of social life; and they lead to very different social states. Through the whole treatment of the problems of poverty by the Majority there runs one set of presuppositions; the Minority start from quite another set, and follow it out logically to quite another conclusion.

This fundamental difference of attitude may perhaps be expressed in this way. The Majority accept the view, always accepted by the “established” or propertied classes, that

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distress and want are usually symptomatic of individual failure, and that the failure must be dealt with firmly and kindly by those who have *not* so failed, and particularly by those who have most obviously succeeded. Crudely interpreted, this means that an upper and successful class must be entrusted with the treatment of the distress of a lower and unsuccessful class—partly in virtue of its expert knowledge of the conditions of success, partly by reason of the power attaching to its superior position. In practice, this involves a system of “charity” for the benefit of selected failures, and a system of Public Relief for the benefit of all other cases of distress. Both the charity and the public relief will be under the control of the successful classes—charity necessarily so, since it is they who give it; poor relief not so obviously, but advisedly and as far as possible, since all such treatment is a matter for experts. Further, in this view all admission of need (or application for relief) is confession of failure to perform the first duty of the citizen, namely, complete self-support and family-support at all times. And a treatment of admitted need must be subordinated to the paramount necessity of preventing the recurrence or spread of such failure among the members of the community; in other words, though the need must of course be met, the method of meeting it must be deterrent, bracing, and very antiseptic. By all means let us supply the urgent needs of the individuals who have failed to provide for themselves the satisfactions they require; but let the relief be subjected to the principle that it is not merely, nor even primarily, the supply of a need that is called for, but the treatment of the insidious diseases of dependence, improvidence, and incipient pauperism.

The Minority, on the other hand, represent a totally different attitude. In their view, extreme poverty or want is often, perhaps usually, a symptom of complex *social* evil rather than of simple individual defects. Those who need relief, and those

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who are in a position to give relief, are not to be classified by any differentia of individual success or failure. Deeper analysis shows that, if any sweeping assertion is justified, it is this : that most extremes of wealth and poverty, of possession and want, are due to causes outside the individual's control, and modifiable only by communal action. Individual fault is common, of course ; it is often a *vera causa* of distress ; but it is not the chief cause. Society is itself at fault ; and society must accept the responsibility of helping those who suffer for its faults. Further, it is the interest of society to cure the evils which extreme poverty brings with it, and to do this as effectively and expeditiously as possible. To subordinate such treatment to any system of deterrence is both cruel and senseless. By all means let us apply a bracing and deterrent treatment, *after* the suffering has been adequately dealt with—in the cases in which enquiry shows that it is needed. But let us avoid the abominable assumption that all or most of the needy poor have failed in their duty, are to be blamed for "dependence," or deserve a stigma of any kind whatsoever. Still more, let us shake off the Pecksniffian prejudices of comfortable classes arrogating to themselves the right to deal aristocratically with a lower order. Good fortune gives no title to a judgment seat ; let the whole community be judge, and decide for itself what relief shall be meted out to want.

I have purposely stated the antithesis of principle in a crude form. But, after allowing for the modifications which would be demanded, on the one hand by a moderate individualist, and on the other by a Fabian socialist, the antithesis still remains sharp and distinct. And it explains the significance of the two complete sets of proposals put forward by the two parties on the Commission. The Minority felt—quite rightly—that no compromise was possible. There was no question of detailed dissent from this or that recommendation of the

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Majority. Their disagreement was absolute, and called for an entirely separate report.

Turning to detailed discussion of the two schemes, we find the antithesis very evident in the proposed machinery of administration. The Majority do all that they dare to reduce popular control to a minimum. The Public Assistance Committees are as little elective as possible—half the members are to consist of co-opted or specially selected experts. The Voluntary Assistance Councils and Committees are, of course, non-elective bodies. They are to be representative of existing "charities"—glorified and established Charity Organization Committees, they have been called, not altogether unjustly. One can only hope that they may be half as efficient as existing Committees of that Society, and not marked by the defects of most charitable corporations. But two important points are at once noticeable. The proposals indicate a very strong belief in the social expert (a matter to be discussed presently), and an equally firm faith in "charity," in the sense of gifts bestowed by the richer classes (on their own terms) to the very poor. Taking first the latter point, it is obvious that the Minority are bound to be in disagreement. If there is one thing which the socialist—we might even say the thorough-going democrat—detests, it is any sort of charity of the kind defined. In his view, all such charity implies a continuance of the "dependence" which (to quote Mr. Keir Hardie) vitiates the whole of life's atmosphere, and of the patronage which degrades both the giver and the receiver. It is, moreover, the great bluff of modern times—the bluff by which the members of a plutocratic class are able to conceal their real lack of mercy and justice, and to maintain their unfair position against the demands of an oppressed proletariat. Supercilious power can so easily be whitewashed by judicious dabs of charity; only let the mass of the people feel the benefit of gifts of hospital treatment, of allowances from Mansion House Funds, of innumerable doles

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from every church and mission, and then social stability, of a sort, may be secured. But it is an odious system, and degrades the fair name of charity. As a matter of course, therefore, the Voluntary Assistance Bodies can have no place in the Minority's recommendations. But a very different kind of charity—the kindly service of well-wishing fellow-citizens, without any system of gifts—is retained, as a constant auxiliary to the various services rendered through official channels by departments of the Municipality or the State.

Again, the undemocratic character of the new authorities proposed by the Majority is—equally of course—condemned by the Minority. All assistance is to be as much under the real control of the whole community as education and sanitation now are. But the question of the expert brings to light more subtle differences, which are in danger of being overlooked. Most people would perhaps agree that all social, as well as scientific, progress demands that increasing use shall be made of experts, and increasing powers granted to them. This position is certainly adopted by the Minority, who insist that the various forms of want or distress shall be separately dealt with by departments which shall be specialists in the particular kind of treatment required. This, of course, involves handing over every sufferer or patient (whether the ailment is sickness, or unemployment, or want of food and shelter) to an expert to deal with ; and the importance of the expert is thereby increased, not lessened.

It must be noted, however, that the specialist or expert whom the Minority has in view is never more than an *administrative* expert, for whom the lines of general policy in regard to the poor are laid down by the people, and by the people alone. Every Council or Committee having charge of any special group of poor persons requiring help, and directing the officials who administer the help, is to be composed of popularly elected members only ; the democracy thus retains the control

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of the whole policy of public relief, leaving to expert officials the administration which calls for special knowledge.

But the Majority builds upon the assumption that there can and must be experts in general social wisdom, to whom the actual social *policy* of poor relief should be entrusted. (We may pass over the initial difficulty of their discovery and appointment; the Majority allows some of them to proclaim and appoint themselves, others to be selected, on vague grounds of experience, by the existing authorities.) Now democracy denies this assumption; it is of the essence of democracy to deny it and to keep *all* general policy, national and social, in its own hands. The Minority, therefore, is here in agreement with the democratic principle—which is, of course, compatible with the use of any number of experts in detailed administration and treatment—always under the control of the popular decision.

Is the democratic principle right? It is a big question. No doubt the democracy appears at its worst in matters of policy concerning the relief of the poor. It is both sentimental and vacillating, and sternness and consistency have always been considered essential in all treatment of the needy poor. Every Poor Law Guardian has probably felt at times how salutary it would be to leave the experts—that is, himself and those who agree with him—in permanent and undisturbed authority. But alas! that feeling is shared by every national and social politician; and its futility is betrayed in every case by the definition of the expert. Who is he? Whom shall the class include? For the Conservative it can include only Conservatives; for the Radical only Radicals; for the Socialist only Socialists; for the Economist only fellow-Economists; for the Eugenist only other Eugenists. This is the fatal flaw in the specialist theory, which drives us back on the clumsy democratic method. And the politics of poor relief are not a simple matter for which exception can be made; they are at least as complex, at least as

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far beyond the grasp of any specialist knowledge as all the other questions affecting the general welfare of the body politic. In assuming the opposite theory the Majority is undoubtedly wrong ; it bases its reforms upon a very tempting but very false principle, and its recommendations would result in a subtle form of oligarchical rule, guided by that combination of good intentions, very partial knowledge, and unconscious class bias, which is the inevitable characteristic of even the best oligarchy.

The antithesis upon which I am insisting brings to light an almost equally grave defect in the Minority's scheme. I have already referred briefly to the fact that the Majority, keeping to the policy of the past, would deal with all applications for relief as symptoms of a general defect, as well as of some special need. And the general defect—failure to be self-supporting—is so grave as to require that all treatment of special needs shall be made part of a system whose chief aim is to restore “independence” and prevent “dependence.” For this reason, the Majority recommends (still keeping to tradition) that all ordinary applications for help shall pass through a sieve of enquiry and deterrence before the treatment of the actual need is begun. First, the Voluntary Assistance Committee is to sift the applicants and pick out the more deserving for more favoured treatment ; then the residue of applicants pass on to the single Public Assistance Authority, which will draft them according to their needs to special departments for treatment of a rather less eligible sort. No delay in meeting anyone's need is necessarily involved, but the system is clearly based upon the principle—first sift according to deserts, then treat the ill—and always with deterrence in view. The Minority, on the other hand, turn their backs upon the traditional policy, and really break up the single system of relief administration hitherto adopted. There is no sieve through which the needy poor must pass ; their need at once entitles them to the most

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appropriate and the most effective treatment. There is no single system or authority which shall direct all forms of treatment; different departments, under different authorities, deal with each distinct class of needs or ailments. The poor who need help in sickness pass at once to the Public Health Department; the children who need food are dealt with directly by the Education Authority; old people under seventy apply to and are helped by a special Local Pensions Committee; unemployed men and women are taken in hand by a national department for labour. Discriminatory treatment there may and must be as each department thinks fit, but no preliminary sifting or deterrence is contemplated. In defence of this new group of independent specialized departments, it is urged that division of labour and specialization of function are now a requisite of efficient treatment, and that, in all dealing with the ailments of the very poor, the essential thing is to relieve and cure in the best and quickest way, not to frighten people from asking for the treatment they need.

Well and good; but how prevent the enormous increase of applications for help which easy offers of assistance must necessarily encourage? How ensure that the relief of all sorts provided will not soon be almost universally demanded, and society burdened with a mass of real dependents? How stop imposture on the part of unworthy or not-needy applicants, if you give the best you can in response to apparent need, and ask no questions? The whole case for a deterrent, or at least a "discouraging," treatment of applications for communal assistance is undoubtedly brushed aside rather carelessly by the Minority. They do not seem to care very much about the obvious dangers; perhaps, as Socialists, they want the relief they propose—the care of the sick, the feeding of hungry children, and the like—to become an accepted and universalized function of the community, just as the provision of a minimum of education now is. And this may explain why it is that,

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though they seem not to neglect the point we are now raising, they deal with it rather casually; and their proposals for guarding against the dangers, which the Majority think so overwhelmingly important, are introduced as a kind of after-thought, and form the weakest part of the Minority's scheme. They propose the institution of a special functionary, to be called the Registrar of Public Assistance, who shall have cognizance of *all* applications dealt with by the specialized departments of assistance, shall enquire into the circumstances of all applicants, shall co-ordinate the relief of individuals so as to cover the whole needs of each family (administering "home aliment" where necessary), and shall assess and enforce payments from applicants or their relations wherever possible. The obvious criticism forces itself upon us: the Registrar simply cannot perform such a task; nor can the task be performed at all after treatment has been undertaken. To bring under a deterrent scrutiny the applicants for relief who have already been helped—and encouraged to apply for help in need as a positive duty—is an impossibility. To attempt to apply scrutiny and assess penalties for imposition, when very large numbers are dealt with, presents a further difficulty; while the recovery of payments for treatment given is almost the most hopeless task which any authority can undertake. The Minority appeals to the experience of the Industrial School: the much more apposite experience of the existing Boards of Guardians—with Magistrates' orders behind them—is almost conclusive evidence against their case. One is forced to suspect that the Minority really does not much care whether the Registrar's task is possible or impossible. He is inserted into the scheme with a great parade of importance—to sooth the qualms of ordinary citizens who object to the prospect of wholesale and indiscriminate relief of all kinds of people; if it should turn out that he cannot do his work of discrimination and deterrence—well, that will not prevent the attainment of

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the real object of Public Assistance, namely, to assist all who are in need, to relieve all who suffer, to cure all who are sick.

Space does not allow me to trace the opposition between the two reports in reference to the treatment of the unemployed. The similarities in the detailed proposals of both parties are here very marked ; but in spite of this it would be easy to show that the two schemes are divided by very clear differences of intention and aim. It would perhaps be safer to say "differences of intention" only, for, in the case of the Majority's scheme, at least, it is not easy to say what the aim is. The Minority knows perfectly well what it is aiming at : its "organization of the labour market" is but a step to organization of industry by the State. The Majority, on the other hand, seems to have no definite aim at all. Its whole scheme suggests a bundle of compromises, wrung from it against its will, in deference to popular demands. The last thing the members of the Majority want is any real organization of the labour market by State authority ; but they consent to the organization of a fringe of labour, and to the relief of much more than a fringe, together with supervised education (and therefore some industrial direction) of the whole of the labouring classes. What is all this to lead to ? Above all, what will be the indirect effects of the proposed Industrial and Agricultural Institutions and Colonies ? It is significant of the general nescience in regard to unemployment that the Majority, which deals so confidently with all other problems of poverty, is all at sea when the question of the unemployed is reached. The members still cling to the old individualist belief that "education is the accepted antidote to unemployment and pauperism." They contradict this belief by the admission that thirty years of increasing education of the whole population have *not* diminished either unemployment or pauperism. And then they fall back, in a sort of despair, upon the hope that unemployment may be

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reduced by increasing the mobility of labour—by means of exchanges organized by the Board of Trade.

But it is easy to criticize. I have only done so in order to make more clear the antithesis of fundamental principles lying behind the two schemes of reform presented by the two parties on the Commission. So much seems necessary, if we are to grasp the tendencies and aims of the proposals of each side. But no amount of criticism can detract from the extraordinary value of the report signed by the Majority. The practical politician may be content to ask simply "What do you want done?" But every citizen who is something more than a mere practical politician will ask also, "What have you discovered to be the state of our country in the vital matters of health and work and skill and power to live well?" And the long chapters in which the answers are given are masterpieces of impartial and complete description and analysis, of untold permanent value for both the present and the future.

COLERIDGE ON EDUCATION

[A Bristol correspondent sends to the *Athenæum* the following long-lost report of one of Coleridge's Lectures, which was delivered at the White Lion Inn, Bristol, on November 18th, 1813, and which he has unearthed from the columns of *The Bristol Gazette*. It is an exact copy, reproducing the punctuation and spelling of the original.]

NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION—7TH LECTURE

MR. COLERIDGE commenced this lecture by stating, that he had from earliest life been accustomed to speak what was uppermost ; and he could truly say that the extreme kindness he had experienced during a course of Lectures, not altogether calculated to amuse, had awakened in his mind the most lively gratitude ; not that there was any necessity of rendering his feelings intense ; for he should never forget that at a time when his heart was above his head, when in the bitterness of party spirit his friends deserted him, he found in Bristol (some of whom were in that room) fathers, protectors, benefactors, and happy should he be, if in the smallest degree, he could repay that kindness by elucidating the most important subject of that night's Lecture—*The application of the New System of Education* to those classes of Society who attended around him.

He should carefully preclude all controversy, God forbid he should harbour any thought, or divulge any opinion associated with dissension—controversy could not produce love, but still in the progressiveness of our nature, there was an awful duty imperative on every being capable of influencing another, to prove if a new doctrine or a new discovery be founded in fact, or in reason. In his address he hoped nothing would be found

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to awaken party feeling ; if any should occur, it would be forced from him by a sense of duty imposed by the precepts of morality, not by a regard to names and circumstances. He hoped his audience in following him in consequences, would so far falsify their feelings as to forget mistakes on one side and the other, and look at the subject only as men and Christians.

To invent was different from to discover—a watch-maker invented a time-piece ; but a profound thinker only could discover. Sir Isaac Newton, when he thought upon the apple falling from the tree, discovered but did not invent the law of gravitation ; others following this grand idea, carried elementary principles into particles, and elucidated chemistry. Sir Isaac Newton having once found that a body fell to the centre, knew that all other appearances of nature would receive a consequence, agreeably to the law of cause and effect ; for a criterion of science, that when causes were determined, effects could be stated with the accuracy of prophecy.

Of the New System he should first notice the establishment of *Monitors*, or boys teaching boys, under the eye of a Superintendent or Schoolmaster ; the latter was necessary not so much to teach, as to observe that there was not a deviation from proper methods ; in the simplicity of this one principle, there was a world of richness. This was available by Seminaries adapted to the higher and middle classes, who could not take advantage of public charities ; not that he meant to say that any plan would render superfluous (Heaven forbid that discovery should reach thus far) the wisest and best of men, who undertook the instruction of youth ; but by it labour would be lessened and improvement forwarded.

In bringing a number of children together, and comparing their understandings, a *minimum* of acquirement might be attained—this was of great consequence ; by it many of the evils of the old method would be avoided. The Lecturer himself recollected that he was placed in the *Dunce's row* ;

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because he found it easier to be beat than to say his Greek task ; with his companions he had nothing to do but to dream ; and if it had not been for an accident, he might have continued there ; he happened to be musing over the *Eclogues* of Virgil, which he had been taught to read before he went to school, and was observed by a Clergyman, afterwards an ornament to the bench of Bishops, who asked what he could be doing with Virgil, as he was in the Dunces's row ? Thus his deliverance was effected.

This reminded him of a friend who said, there might be idiots, but there were no dunces in his school ; depend upon it, the master is the dunce, not the boy, for in a state of progression, the art is to begin low enough : if a boy cannot learn three lines, give him two, if not two, one, if not one, half : the level of capacity must be found. He here observed, that he ought, perhaps, before to have noticed the word Education ; it was to educe, to call forth ; as the blossom is educed from the bud, the vital excellencies are within ; the acorn is but educed, or brought forth from the bud. In proportion to the situation in which the individual is likely to be placed, all that is good and proper should be educed ; for it was not merely a degradation of the word Education, but an affront of human nature, to include within its meaning, the bare attainment of reading and writing, or of Latin and Greek ; as in former Lectures he had placed moral above intellectual acquirements, so in Education its object and its end would only be pernicious, if it did not make men worthy and estimable beings.

One beauty of the system is, that its means call forth the moral energies of action ; not merely as relates to acquirement of knowledge, but to fill those scenes which Providence may afterwards place in them. It was a great error to cram the young mind with so much knowledge as made the child talk much and fluently ; what was more ridiculous than to hear a child questioned, what it thought of the last poem of Walter

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Scott? A child should be child-like, and possess no other idea than what was loving and admiring. A youth may devour with avidity without comprehending the excellencies of Young and Gray; the lecturer himself recollected the innocent and delightful intoxication with which he read them; the feeling was as necessary to a future poet as the bud to the flower, or the flower to the seed.

One good effect of children teaching each other was that it gave the Superintendent a power of precluding everything of a procrastinating nature—the habit of procrastinating was early acquired—the Lecturer could trace it in himself, when three hours were allowed at school to learn what he could attain in fifteen minutes; the present moment was neglected because the future was considered as sufficient. It was a great secret in education that there should not be a single moment allowed a child in which it should not learn something—the moment it had done learning it should play; the doing nothing was the great error; the time that children are rendered passive is the time when they are led into evil.

A friend of the Lecturer (Mr. Thelwal) at one time was called a traitor, but though he did not deserve that appellation, he was doubtlessly a mistaken man; it was at a period when men of all ranks, tailors and mechanics of various descriptions, thought they had a *call* for preaching politics, as Saints had a *call* for preaching the Gospel—it was Thelwal's continual theme that he kept his mind free from prejudice. The Lecturer had a garden, it was over-run with weeds, it had received no culture; he took Thelwal to it, and told him it resembled his mind, it was free from prejudice, but all that was rank and wild grew in it. It need not be said that leaving a child to do nothing was the surest way of exposing him to the ridiculous and foolish notion of equality; whilst constant employment was the best way of impressing upon his mind the order, extent, and nature of gradations in society. Never, however,

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imagine that a child is idle who is gazing on the stream, or laying upon the earth ; the basis of all moral character may then be forming ; all the healthy processes of nature may then be ripening ; but let the standard of action be the not leaving that for to-morrow which may be done to-day.

In the system of appointing children to instruct children, it must not be supposed that instruction is to come from them, it must originate with and come from the Master. Another point is a *minimum of punishment* ; let the Master be as humane as he will, temper will sometimes predominate, therefore certain punishments should be apportioned to certain faults. It were to be wished that some mode could be adopted of preserving the female parental intercession—a mother in giving her instructions to the Tutor, reminds him “ ’tis but a child ” ; this ought to have effect ; great schools, however, know nothing of this ; boys who escape punishment are congratulated on their luck, or if they bear it with proper fortitude and with a little impudence too, they are sure of applause ; they live in compact, and dare not betray one another ; let boys therefore Judge boys ; their Judgment will be honourable ; children are much less removed from men and women, than generally imagined ; they have less power to express their meaning than men, but their opinion of Justice is nearly the same ; this we may prove by referring to our own experience. Corporal punishment was not less disgraceful if administered as some advertising Coxcomb pretended, with lilies and roses ; the substitute was worse than the original : it were ridiculous to suppose that boys conceived any great shame attached to it, when they knew that there perhaps is not a Judge or a Bishop on the bench, who has not undergone the same. The Lecturer held that though it did no good, it never did harm, but was still preferable to the substitute of selfish rewards, which only fed self-love, and excited envy and bad passion. Nothing should be more impressed on parents and tutors than to make children

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forget themselves ; and books which only told how Master Billy and Miss Ann spoke and acted, were not only ridiculous but extremely hurtful ; much better give them Jack the Giant-killer, or the Seven Champions, or anything which, being beyond their own sphere of action, should not feed their self-pride. By the cultivation of our highest faculties we are alone superior to everything around us ; and by the power of imagination (of which there was both intellectual and moral) in our present imperfect state, are we enabled to anticipate the glories and honours of a future existence ; without these we are inferior to the beast that perishes.

In the division of the *System* already made, Dunces were precluded : from the giving to each child a *minimum* ; to this might be added another advantage, the pleasure of getting forward himself in hopes of being appointed to *help others*.—2ndly. The prevention of *procrastination*, so dreadful in its consequences through life.—3rdly. *Emulation* without envy.—Lastly. It enabled a child to learn in one year what usually took three ; but above all, it gave an opportunity to boys whilst teaching the lower forms or classes, to divulge all moral and religious ideas whilst in the act of instruction. The worthy propagator of the system (Dr. Bell) on his return from India, held a conversation with the Lecturer on this subject ; when he was so struck with its importance that he compared it to gunpowder, which if the friends of one plan did not use, the other would. Of the little quarrel which had arisen, of who first discovered, or who impelled, he should leave to posterity ; in all essentials the wise and good agreed ; but there was one method in the New System, which he pledged himself would be discarded by all parties in less than ten years—it was the substitution of *positive infamy* for *negative shame* ; the latter was consistent with nature ; the child at the breast felt it when he hid his face in the neck of his mother : whoever saw anything excellent in a child than [*sic*] was a stranger to fear ; the

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feeling was agreeable to innocence ; with it was combined a sense of what we are with the hope of what we shall be ; the former was a degradation to the species, it lowered the human mind ; it made it callous ; to load a boy with fetters, to hang dying speeches about his neck, to expose him to the sneers and insults of his peers, because forsooth he reads his lessons in a *singing tone*, was a pitiful mockery of human nature : it must be the work of superior grace, if a boy who has suffered such humiliation, ever afterwards shuddered at a slaveship, or any other act of barbarity—Children never should be made the instruments of punishment farther than the taking of one another's place ; never should be taught to look with revenge and hatred on each other ; from the goodness of heart of those who tolerated the system, he was convinced that they need only be reminded of its ill effects, to explode it. Five minutes' confinement from play would have more effect on boys than whipping ; he was not an advocate for that, for he thought it did no good ; but if it were necessary to bring up boys as Britons, who had and might have again to oppose the world, let them be brought up to despise pain, but above all to hate *dishonour* ; to hold him who regards only the feeling of the moment as a wretch and a coward.

Of the difference of education between the higher and middle classes, he should speak with the deepest feeling ; the ladder of privileged society in this country was not constituted of disproportionate steps, it was consistent with all order and true freedom. In the first part of education there could be no difference ; all moral and religious truths were essential to all ; the middle classes were not only to be useful, but the higher the same ; but to render the latter so, all that was necessary was a different degree of *acquirement*, a gradation of *acquisition of language and knowledge* ; proportionate to the sphere in which they were to move.

Returning to general education of children, Mr. C. ob-

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served, there was scarce any being who looked upon the beautiful face of an infant, that did not feel a strong sensation—it was not pity, it was not the attraction of mere loveliness ; it was a sense of melancholy ; for himself, he always, when viewing an infant, found a tear a candidate for his eye. What could be the cause of this ? It was not that its innocence, its perfectness, like a flower, all perfume and all loveliness, was like a flower to pass away—or he beheld a being, from the absence or evil of his education, capable of blasting and withering like mildew. To this might be added the thought, doubtlessly felt by everyone—if he could begin his career again, if he could recover that innocence once possessed, and connect it with virtue. With these thoughts who could avoid feeling an enthusiasm for the education of mankind. Suppose it possible that there was a country, where [a] great part of its population had one arm rendered useless ; who would not be desirous of relieving their distress ; but what was a right arm withered, in comparison of having all the faculties shut out from the good and wise of past ages.

The Lecturer concluded with recommending an observance of the laws of nature in the Education of Children ; the ideas of a child were cheerful and playful ; they should not be palsied by obliging it to utter sentences which the head could not comprehend nor the heart echo ; our nature was in every sense a *progress* ; both body and mind.

MR. BEVERIDGE ON UNEMPLOYMENT: THE LATEST ANSWER TO THE SPHINX

By PROFESSOR E. J. URWICK

MR. BEVERIDGE is to be credited with a very unusual achievement. He has written a book on Unemployment which has won the praise of representatives of every party and school of thought—a feat which perhaps no writer, certainly no speaker on the subject, has ever performed. It may plausibly be urged that this is not a recommendation; universal approval argues a want of decision and downrightness, possibly of thoroughness; there must be something wrong about the treatment of a burning question if it rouses no one's antagonism and offends no party's prejudices. And this suggestion of criticism does, I think, point to the only defect of the book. Perhaps it is a necessary, unavoidable, quite excusable defect, due to the nature of the subject and the present position of thought and knowledge; but there it is. Something eludes us as we read it: we wait and watch for some pronouncement which will clinch the argument and settle—or confirm—our doubts; but none is forthcoming. Mr. Beveridge does not answer the Sphinx's riddle; he only explains the meaning of her question.

In other words, his book is, if I may say so without arrogance, masterly rather than profound. But having said so much, I hasten to modify my criticism by adding that its real value is due to its defect. Mr. Beveridge has chosen the inductive method throughout; *therefore* his analysis of the problem is not carried as deep as it might be; but therefore also his exposition of the whole matter is more valuable and more trustworthy than any amount of deductive analysis can at present be.

In his first sixty-seven pages he deals with the problem as a

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whole, and from numerous tables of statistics is able to lead us to some very important conclusions. The general connection between unemployment and sundry other phenomena—such as the marriage rate, bank rate, pauperism, consumption of drink, company formation (or new investment), and foreign trade—is very clearly shown ; and he is at once able to proceed to *some* analysis of causes. There is something peculiarly delightful about his ruling out of court of two popular explanations—fiscal policy and sun spots. The collocation betrays a humorous contempt which must surely enrage tariff reformers—a fact which apparently escaped the notice of the eulogistic reviewer in the *Morning Post*. But his treatment of “less manifestly untenable” explanations is less convincing. He takes three types of theory for criticism : one which lays the blame upon fluctuations in the volume of metal currency, a second which emphasizes misdirection of productive energy (including over-investment for a distant return and over-production of the very large class of goods which are not immediately consumable), and a third type by which emphasis is laid, not on misdirection, but on actual superfluity of productive energy, due to too much saving and under-consumption. His criticism of these is shrewd, and it is pleasant to find that he treats Mr. Hobson's theory especially with the sympathy and seriousness which it deserves. His own collection of facts entitles him to make the criticism that this particular theory explains either too much or too little. But the theory which he finally puts forward is not easily distinguishable from the “misdirection of productive energy” theories, and certainly belongs to the same class. Mr. Beveridge calls it “the competition theory.” Its main feature is to be found in the fact, increasingly associated with competition, that a number of producers competing for a growing market, say of boots or ships or houses, inevitably tends, as a group, to overshoot the mark, and so to glut the market for a time. This is likely to occur most in productions most

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removed from the ultimate consumer—such as engineering or shipbuilding. And the close connection between all industries may then cause the glut to spread, and so produce a state of general depression. But what is the cause here emphasized except a form of “misdirection of productive energy”? This is not the place to point out the possibility of deeper analysis; it is necessary, however, to assert that Mr. Beveridge’s analysis does not really advance our knowledge. He points the way, perhaps, to deeper causes when he says, very emphatically, that his theory deduces fluctuations from a fundamental factor of all industries in all countries, namely, *the existence of competitive production*.

I dwell upon this criticism in order to make clear the limitations of Mr. Beveridge’s treatment. He explains unemployment by reference to a particular kind of misdirection of productive energy, namely the misdirection necessarily and always connected with competition. Then of course it is the competitive system of supplying our wants which is to blame, and which must be altered if unemployment is to cease. Is not that the natural sequence of the argument? But Mr. Beveridge absolutely declines to face this question. He turns instead to a question much less radical and much easier to answer, which we may put in this form:—Unemployment is caused by disorganization due to competition; accepting competition as a necessary and permanent method, even in its present general form, how can we diminish the resulting disorganization? “The problem is essentially one of business organization”; all that is necessary, therefore, is to propose a scheme of business organization which will lessen fluctuations. Such a scheme is found in the better organization of the “fluidity of labour” by means of Labour Exchanges. A sensible scheme of relief, *as such*, must be tacked on as a supplement for the benefit of the labourers who cannot be helped by any “business organization”; personal defects in labourers must be attacked by improvements in education.

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Now it would be unfair to reduce Mr. Beveridge's constructive policy to this bare outline, without adding that, subject to his chosen limitations, his treatment of remedies and palliatives is quite admirable. He makes out his case completely—for those who accept his premises. But—and here I return to the assertion that his book is masterly without being profound—he leaves unanswered the certain objections of, let us say, a modern Ruskin. “Your competitive method has failed horribly to do what well-being and sanity demand. It cannot fit the system of industry to the system of social life. It cannot ensure that any honest citizen—any million honest citizens—shall find a useful, industrious life at all, or shall have it in their power to do good work and earn an honest living. You say that you can improve the competitive method by some ‘business organization.’ That is very like curing a glutton’s gout by making his meals more punctual. And you know that your business organization will still work badly, and its outcasts—who you admit will still exist—you leave to God or the State to relieve. In the name of sanity, we tell you that your whole aim and its methods are wrong, and out of wrongness you cannot get good. You can criticize a ‘right to work’ bill or any other bill; but there is no other principle on which you can build up the structure of a wholesome life. You dare not face the thing that stares at you—the selfishness of heaped-up riches won by ‘competition,’ the plethora of a part of the body politic and the starvation of another part. Set aside the neglected part and feed it, you say; a degrading treatment, surely, since all segregation implies degradation. But why not set aside the plethoric part first, and consider the treatment of that, and then see whether the starved parts do not cure themselves?”

This is all very foolish and unpractical, as the spirit of Ruskin always is. And yet we come back to it always; and until we can make it *work*, the Sphinx may continue to mock us inscrutably.

THE STEP-CHILDREN OF THE STATE

By GILBERT SLATER

MANY thousands of children come within the sphere of the Poor Law at birth.

In London alone three thousand infants come into the world in the workhouse. About fifteen thousand infants are born in the workhouses of the United Kingdom, and some thousands more in the homes of mothers in receipt of Poor Law relief. The mothers are of all grades of respectability, or the reverse, from the decent wives of hard-working men out of employment to reckless women who return periodically to the workhouse to be delivered of illegitimate children. But the children, at any rate, are all equally innocent. They are children in the care of the State. What care does the State take of them?

In a great many Unions in the country, including most London Unions, when a woman appeals for help at the approach of her hour of need, she is told that she must come into the workhouse. In Scotland, strange to say, this attitude is imposed on the Unions by law with regard to the wives of able-bodied men; but unmarried mothers are given assistance in their own homes. Thus, the Poor Law in Scotland deliberately fosters concubinage and immorality. Some remarkable evidence was given to the Poor Law Commission, showing what an intensity of misery is caused by this refusal of assistance to decent and sensitive women, who rightly hate the idea of entering the maternity ward of the workhouse—how rightly will be seen later. The mother, half starved before the birth of her child, brings into the world a child already weakened by her privations. Half starved after the birth, she is unable to

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provide the natural nutriment. She is unable to pay for proper artificial feeding, or for proper attendance, and at every turn the child is exposed to risks of death, and to the certainty of life-long injury. The effect of the refusal of out-door relief is seen in the mortality statistics; and, in the words of Dr. Chambers, "The dead baby is next-of-kin to the diseased baby, who in time becomes the anæmic, ill-fed, and educationally backward child, from whom is derived the unskilled casual, who is at the bottom of so many of our problems."

Even when out-relief is granted the case is not much better, because (1) the relief is always miserably inadequate, (2) it is withheld until the last possible moment, and (3) there is no inspection to see that it is properly used, or even that the mother and infant get the benefit of it.

But, as we have said, in some fifteen thousand cases every year, out-relief having been refused, the birth takes place within the workhouse wards. In the maternity ward there is no classification. The natural results follow, even according to the confession of the Inspector of the Local Government Board, which maintains the system and sanctions its every detail:—"The unavoidable and close intercourse between the young girl, who often enters upon motherhood comparatively innocent, and the older woman who is lost to all sense of shame, and returns again and again to the maternity wards for the bulk of her illegitimate children, constitutes a grave danger. Too often the older woman invites the friendless girl to share her home on leaving, and so leads her on to further ruin." Demoralization becomes a matter of inheritance. "In one case we were shown in the same workhouse a baby, its mother, its grandmother, and its great-grandmother, four illegitimate generations in the female line."

Frequently the mother and baby stay but a few days in the maternity ward. After they have left, no one troubles to enquire what becomes of them. It is believed that in such cases

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the infants, if illegitimate, very frequently die, after a few days or weeks of misery. But no statistics are kept. In other cases there is a much more prolonged stay. But be the stay long or short, no advice or instruction is given to the mother, however sadly she may need it, either on the management of her own health or the rearing of her child. Still more extraordinary, "it is against the workhouse rules" for the mother, while expecting the birth, to be allowed even to make baby clothes !

One of the most extraordinary revelations in the report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and the Relief of Distress is that contained in the statistics of the deaths of infants who remain in the workhouse. Here, in the charge of a public authority, with the care of the Medical Officer and his staff available, housed in public buildings, it might well be imagined that the infantile death-rate would be reduced to a minimum. Yet three times as large a proportion of the infants die as among the population outside. About one-third die within the first year of birth !

The surprise with which one reads this statement disappears when the arrangements made by Boards of Guardians, with the sanction of the Local Government Board, are examined. The matron does not usually allow the mothers of the children in the nursery, except in the case of nursing mothers, who are usually admitted only at definite times to suckle their babies. But in a considerable number of cases nursing mothers are made ward attendants. This means that "they rarely, if ever, get into the open air for exercise, and their infants rarely, or never, get out of the sick wards for an airing." There is usually one paid, but untrained, attendant in charge of the nursery, and she is assisted by paupers, sometimes by feeble-minded and imbecile paupers. "The whole nursery," said a lady guardian, in giving evidence, "has often been found under the charge of a person actually certified as of unsound mind, the bottles sour, the

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babies wet, cold, and miserable." As the result of their own investigations, the Minority of the Royal Commission report : "The visitor to a workhouse nursery finds it too often a place of intolerable stench, offensive to all the senses, under quite insufficient supervision, in which it would be a miracle if the babies continued to thrive. . . . In the great palatial establishments of London and other large towns we were shocked to discover that the children in the nursery seldom or never got into the open air. We found the nursery frequently in the third or fourth storey of a gigantic block, often without balconies, whence the only means of access was a lengthy flight of steps, down which it was impossible to wheel a baby carriage of any kind. . . . In some of these workhouses it was frankly admitted that the babies never left their own quarters, and the stench which we have described, during the whole period of their residence in the workhouse nursery." To complete the picture of British public care of the children completely in the hands of public authorities, it has only to be added that those who are being reared in the workhouse are continually being exposed to infection of measles, whooping cough, and other diseases. The children brought in by the class of paupers known as "ins-and-outs," many of them coming from common lodging-houses, and in almost every case from the most insanitary dwellings, are practically invariably put straight into the workhouse nursery, even when they are obviously suffering from some such dangerous infectious diseases as measles and whooping cough. The wonder is, not that many thousands of children are slaughtered, but that any survive. And it must be remembered that those who survive do not escape scot-free. They are usually permanently prevented from growing up into healthy and efficient manhood or womanhood.

For now just seventy-five years the Poor Law on its present lines has existed, and this is the result it has attained in this particular part of its functions. So universal are these evils,

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equally to be found in the great establishments of the London Unions and in the little workhouses of thinly populated rural districts, that it is plain, immediately, that it is the system which is guilty, and not the individual Guardians who administer it. Among the Guardians, as among other people, and as among the paupers, there are good and bad. Women Guardians, in fact, are an entirely conscientious and public spirited body of women, who have done very much to expose the inhumanities of the system, and to battle against workhouse officials for some amelioration. Even the Local Government Board inspectors have made efforts to secure reforms, and but for such efforts the administration would be even more intolerably evil than it actually is.

The root of the whole evil is that mothers under the Poor Law are not regarded as mothers, nor infants as infants. Both are merely paupers, to whom relief is to be given when they are destitute, just as long as they are destitute; who are to be deterred, if possible, from applying for relief, and while being relieved, are to be granted only that which is absolutely necessary. It is the inevitable, but unintended, consequence that in many thousands of cases every year they get less than what is absolutely necessary, and die in consequence.

When the root of the evil is seen, it is easy also to see the remedy required. It is to treat the mothers as mothers, to be enabled, helped, encouraged, or, if need be, compelled, to perform their natural duties to their offspring; and infants as infants, innocent themselves, whatever their parents may have been, and entitled to be given a fair chance to lead useful lives, instead of being doomed in advance to a practical certainty of a varied existence of irregular living, casual labour, pauperism, vice, and crime.

This involves placing the care of mothers and young infants in the charge of the Health Authority of the district and creating a Ministry of Public Health (this most important

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point is omitted by the Minority Commissioners) to supervise these local authorities.

The Health Authorities, i.e. the Borough and District Councils acting through their Medical Officers of Health, already, in many cases, give advice to mothers, and practically help (as through Infants' Milk Depots) in the rearing of young children. They should be empowered, and required, to add to these functions that of giving, both before and after the birth of the infant, such assistance as is necessary, and of recovering the cost from the father of the family if he is able to pay it. The "Unemployment" proposals of the Minority Commissioners are devised, indeed, to secure that he always should be able to pay. Whenever possible, as the Commissioners show from the evidence submitted, the mother should be tended in her own home rather than brought into a special institution ; but for young unmarried girl-mothers there should be rescue homes, preferably under religious management, but under the inspection of the sanitary authority.

Existing voluntary agencies should be utilized ; but where they fail, the Health Authority should be given full powers to act for the health of mothers and infants, and should have full responsibility laid upon it.

ON SOME DEFINITIONS OF POETRY

BY PROFESSOR J. A. DALE

POETRY has as many definitions as it has readers. It all depends on what each reader seeks or what he brings. For different men, each keenly appreciating poetry, may differ absolutely on the ground of its appeal to them. There is a long series between the man who likes it because it is a nice noise, and the man who wonders why it was not written in prose. There is an excellent story told by Aubrey de Vere. He tells how Tennyson said to him: "Read the exquisite songs of Burns: in shape each has the perfection of the berry; in light the radiance of the dew-drop. You forget for its sake those stupid things, his serious pieces." The same day Wordsworth also praised Burns, even more vehemently than Tennyson had done, as the great genius who had brought poetry back to nature. But he ended: "Of course I refer to his serious efforts; those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget." Such divergences are no reason why we should give up the analysis, but rather the reverse. There is special interest in finding the essential elements in what is as variously defined as it is widely felt. To those to whom poetry does not appeal you can in the last resort say little. There was truth of wide application in the retort of the habitual drunkard to the successful temperance lecturer: "I am convinced by all you say about getting drunk; the only thing I'm not convinced of is that I don't like it."

To those who love poetry, it brings a wide range of pleasure, from the thrill of joy at the impression of beauty, to the reasoned appreciation which is the reward of long experience. The former is the essential tribute which the art

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demands : the latter the perfect balance of passion and judgment. But the two may be present in any proportion, or they may be completely divorced, and artist and critic be poles asunder.

Like all the arts, poetry is found in specimens good, bad, and indifferent, serious or trivial, on scale small or large. There are two definitions of art from complementary sides, which poetry at its best fulfils,—on the productive side that of John Addington Symonds : “a presentation of the inner human being, his thought and feeling, through the medium of beautiful symbols,”—on the receptive side that of Ruskin : “the presentation of noble grounds for noble emotions.” The creative activity of the poet at his best thus satisfies his impulse for self-expression, and at the same time satisfies the æsthetic needs of his readers ; “through the medium of beautiful symbols” it provides for both poet and reader a stimulus of noble emotion and a pleasurable outlet for its expression.

Poetry has always been associated with the direct expression of emotion, as distinct from its reasoned expression. Conceive it in a primitive state. Its measures are those of the feet moving in expressive dance, leaping in triumph, tripping in joy, lagging in grief. Its words, chosen in excitement, take on a new form, different from that of ordinary speech, at once more picturesque and more musical. With the dawning consciousness of history, that is, of a communal process whose records are not to be forgotten, it is found that the rhythmic form, the association with music and dance, makes memory easier. The swinging pulse, the regulated time and tune with their constant repetitions, tend to become automatic—a ready instrument for recalling past emotions and thoughts. Thus is renewed the inspiration of heroic deeds : thus is celebrated the honour of the gods : thus is recalled the wisdom of the elders : or captured again some fugitive vision of natural beauty—as when the Indians caught the “laughing” of those waters in

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Acadia, or when some old Homeric singer surprised the "rosy fingers" of the dawn as they "opened the gates of day." Thus the songs enshrine the treasury of experience, both in form and content; in the history they record, and in the art with which they express it.

The art of poetry rose in the giving of a form at once beautiful and memorable to experience that seemed to call for preservation. Poetry in its origin is an emotional experience which upon analysis yields these elements:—the memory which recalls a certain state of excitement, the image in which that state is illuminated and finds outward shape, and the music in which it is sung. The music comprises first, the marking of the time, the character of the rhythm (which depends ultimately on the footing in the dance), and second, the arrangement of sounds for pleasing effect, notably in the recurrence of certain combinations of vowels and consonants which make rhyme, alliteration, refrain, and so on. The instrument on which this music is played is the human voice, the loveliest and most delicate of them all.

Recitation is a musical art of high order, the voice rising and falling, and changing in quality with every gradation of feeling called up by the words. Even now, when reading has all but ousted recitation, the pleasure of poetry is largely auditory. As our eyes follow the lines in silence, associations of hearing are set up in our minds, even associations of speech in our vocal organs, and the beauty of the resulting impression is largely that of remembered voices. The ideal associations of words are far more complex. Every word that carries meaning has its history, its wealth of warm humanity. In ordinary use words have an extremely abstract character. Their value for thought and communication depends upon this fact. They are symbols or formulæ, expressing sets of relations between things not at the moment present in the mind themselves, though an effort can recall them and fill the formula

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with concrete meaning. The hidden content escapes us in the brief moment the word takes to cross the field of consciousness. But the artist plays upon it as upon his instrument. One word after another startles us into attention, and in the pause the word rests awhile in clear consciousness, and all its clinging train of associations crowd into our minds. Choosing his words carefully with a view to this effect upon himself and his readers, the poet makes of each a chord ; every note with its attendant harmonies thrilling along the appropriate range of emotion.

In this fresh appeal by the use of unfamiliar association of familiar things lies the justification of the claim so often made that poetry makes all things new. Where the associations are based on true, sincerely perceived analogies, poetry may indeed, as Pelletier (of the Pleiade) said, "give novelty to old things, authority to new, beauty to the rude, light to the obscure, faith to the doubtful, to all things their true nature." It may even go some way towards justifying the beautiful extravagance of Ludwig von Börne, which Heine put at the head of his *Harzreise* : "Life would be an ebb without a flow if we had not poetry. She gives us what nature refuses, golden days that never darken, a spring whose bloom can never fade, a joy whose heaven is cloudless, a youth that cannot die." "In poems," says Coleridge, "genius produces the strongest impressions of novelty, whilst it rescues the most admitted truths from the impotence caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission."

Coleridge has stated the facts more soberly in this sentence, but has not stated in it the specific difference of poetry which is hidden behind the shining words of Börne. As he himself adds, it is equally true of philosophy. It is simply part of the prerogative of genius, which is "to carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood ; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearance which every

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day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar." But it is a specific difference of poetry that its habitual mode of producing this effect of freshness is by calling back the picturesque value of words ; a value of the same kind, though enormously developed, as they have in primitive and childish language ; to call back the sharpness of outline which the very width of meaning has obscured. It fills up the content of a familiar word with a brimming wealth of imagery for which ordinary intercourse has no need, which indeed would make it impossible. Metaphor, therefore, which has its use in prose to arrest attention and call up the mental picture, is the habitual method of poetry.

The poet sees things standing out from an intricate context of likes and unlikes, not alone nor poorly companied. Or if indeed alone, then sharp against the abyss which gives their loneliness its meaning. Such is Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, a soul that has been "all all alone, alone on a wide wide sea :

So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

Such, too, seemed Milton in his blindness, to the imagination of Mr. Stephen Phillips :

God gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large, and blank, and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.

Sensitiveness to these images is one of the essential gifts of the poet mind—the other is the gift of song. The poet's choice from his store of images is dictated by the mood in which he writes. Shelley looking out upon life sees it as "a dome of many coloured glass that stains the white radiance of eternity." Arnold in *Dover Beach* sees it as a battlefield, "where ignorant armies clash by night" ; in *Marguerite*, as an archipelago whose islands ache with longing :

O night our marges meet again !

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while for ever between them flows

The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

Mr. Roberts looking at the falling leaves in autumn, has a vision of the God at whose breath they fall, and sees world after world following the same career :

Lightly He blows, and countless as the falling
Of snow by night upon a solemn sea,
The ages circle down beyond recalling,
To strew the billows of eternity.
He sees them drifting through the spaces dim,
And leaves and ages are as one to Him.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, looking into the woods, sees the blind struggle of the trees for existence, and is a little reconciled to a world a little less blind ; for,

There at least smiles abound,
There discourse trills around,
There, now and then, are found
Life-loyalties.

There is hardly a poem written which will not in nearly every line illustrate this method ; not an image I have quoted but calls up a score of others ; not one that does not leave its fresh picture of the world in our memory. The poetry of Francis Thompson will illustrate it in its fullest abundance. A bitter fate had driven his *Hound of Heaven* along the old path of the sinner who flees from the face of God, forgetting in guilt and shame that He is Love. When the psalmist fled that way, he saw with quiet, clear-eyed surrender, that all the spaces and depths were open wide to the eyes of doom. But Thompson's mind is aflame with images of the speed, the intricacy, the futility of the flight.

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days ;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years ;

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I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind ; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped ;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace.
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

Most metaphors are of vision as are most of our experiences in whole or in part, directly or by ready association. So Tennyson's *Queen Mary* hears her own voice as

A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea.

Note the added power of the negative by the vivid contrast of two images. Here there is not even the comfort of the shore, and that negative brings with poignant force into our minds the difference between the voice that calls because it must, though there be no help, and the voice that cries : “Land ho ! land !”

Sometimes the sound of poetry calls up the rolling or the rippling of the waters. Thus to Coleridge—

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

To the same poet the rustling of dry sails after long calm breaks upon fevered ears with the tenderest memories of nature's sweetest sounds.

Yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

SAINT GEORGE

Soft music in weather-beaten ears brought to Tennyson's mind the fall of "petals from blown roses on the grass" or the lapse of "tired eyelids over tired eyes." Sometimes the image is a long simile drawn out in detail as in Mrs. Browning's wonderful and passionate story of the making of a poet in *A Musical Instrument*. Or picture upon picture may be piled up with cumulative effect, as in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* :—

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.

Every image brings the feeling of a different kind of strain and stress, building up a strong sense of determined effort, of long struggles before victory.

The quality and quantity of the imagery varies naturally with the temperament and experience of the poet, and the range of music in which the visions are sung is equally great. But, in whatever form and quantity, they remain the essentials. As poor Verlaine said, we must have music, "music before all things, music again and always." And if we have not imagination, to quote the same poet's incomparable gibe, "all the rest is—literature !"

Poetry then has many styles at its command for the expression of its impulse of artistic creation. More fortunate than Browning's *Abt Vogler*, it can build palaces, "whose beauty time shall spare, though a breath made them." Like him again it can rest in its "C major" of prose. But the "common chord" of the common key may take any emotional colour from its context. It may, for example, reflect the cheerful calm of a pedestrian muse, the apathy of weakness, or despair, or defeat, or the quiet of hard-won peace after storm. Two famous examples will suffice, one from the last speech of Hamlet. At the end of this we have a few lines of elaborate beauty, swan-

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song of the bewitching music that was dying from the lips of the young singer Shakespeare as well as from the lips of Hamlet :

Absent thee from felicity awhile
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story.

Then follow the hurried commonplace instructions, and then, "The rest is silence," entirely prosaic words, but expressing a tragic break on two sides, what might still have been said, and all that has gone before. "Rest" and "silence" call up not only their quiet selves, but their turbulent opposites : the din of voices that had clamoured in Hamlet's brain, overwhelmed and all but overthrown him, surging in his ears like waters of drowning. But now it is over : like poor Guinevere his spirit passes

To where beyond these voices there is peace.

And in answer to Horatio's prayer "flights of angels sing him to his rest." The second I take from Milton. Milton showed great art in the closing lines of his longest poems, clinching their great themes in quiet words that, away from their context, have little to distinguish them from prose. Samson ends his Titan struggles in "calm of mind, all passion spent" : and Christ, very human again now that the strife no longer rages round him,

unobserved
Home to his mother's house private returned.

But most wonderful and flawless is the close of *Paradise Lost*, when with all the resplendent art set aside, the language sinks into its C major as we turn from the vision of the wrath of God to that of humanity fallen : fallen indeed yet not without hope, and as humanity is, indomitable still—

The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way.

SAINT GEORGE

It is when we come to such lines after reading the poem, with imaginations kindled and hearts deeply stirred, that we hear their true music. We realize that the music is a vital part of the poet's vision, for the scene he saw sang itself in solemn music in his mind. And as we catch the music we too see the vision of the great struggle over the soul of man, that same struggle painfully worked out in history, the pathos of human life in the poet and in his readers, all the loves and labours that came from that Fall. This is no invention of the critic. In both the literal and the musical sense, it is the "burden" of these last two lines.

The emotion, the mental picture, the music—these are only aspects of the total mental state in which we hold the impression as we read or write. They are form and content, inseparable except by analysis. It is perfectly true that another Shakespeare might have moved us as deeply by a prose *Hamlet*. Indeed there are parts of *Hamlet* which are either prose or verse as you will. Which is this?

"Why, look you, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops. You would pluck the heart of my mystery." He who wrote *Henry V* could have given us "Hamlet" in a true music. But we should have missed the appeal to a specific pleasure, the rhythm of the pulse in the delight of song, the easy lingering in the memory. There might conceivably be little loss, though prose can hardly bear the same weight of imagery; but it would certainly be different in its effect upon us. To realize this we may look at the results of abstracting music and matter. Clearly poetic music apart from poetic matter does not amount to much. We soon tire of listening to a language meaningless to us; and though the cadence of a beautiful voice may postpone our boredom, it will surely lure us on to sleep. We may listen content for a few lines like this—

All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the momeraths outgabe;

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or to sonorous lines "that bleat articulate monotony" such as,

Miss Ramoth Gilead, take Jehoiakim,
Let Abner by and spot Melchisedek ;

but we quickly wonder what it is, and lose interest unless we catch the excellence of the nonsense, and so take a pleasure which the mere music could not give. Lewis Carroll has gone far to kill one heresy in the defining of poetry.

Minor poetry, of course, is full of tunes which over-run the sense, and equally of course there are countless poor little tunes "jingles of cells and dells and dingles" and many a banjo "tinka tinka tink" as Mr. Kipling has the best of reasons for saying. I recall a critic of a batch of imperialist verse, which began "patriotic poetry can be played upon any instrument from an orchestra to a penny whistle." But many little lyrics with a simple emotion and simple imagery come like snatches of sheer music. One of the purest forms of poetic pleasure is to be got from their clear flute-note, or gentle spinnet-melody. Many dainty verse-forms are the finest bric-a-brac, if they have not quite the fresh "dew" which Coleridge saw upon the poems of Wordsworth. Such are the poems of J. B. Tabb, or Austin Dobson's perfect triolet,

Rose kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow ?
Let it be as it may
Rose kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
To a savour of sorrow :
Rose kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow ?

It is very difficult to set a strong emotion flowing along so tiny and artificial a channel, and few poets have attempted it. That it is not impossible Robert Bridges has proved.

When first we met we did not guess
That Love could be so hard a master ;

SAINT GEORGE

Of more than common friendliness
When first we met we did not guess
Who could foresee this sore distress,
This ir retrievable disaster ?
When first we met we did not guess
That Love could be so hard a master.

In its stately way, the chastened, restrained passion of this makes an appeal almost as poignant as Burns' "Had we never loved sae kindly." But the one is the first wild cry of the broken heart, and the other is the quiet bitterness of disillusionized meditation.

Mr. Swinburne has given us many examples of a magic tune which will carry us on till we cease to attend to the sense, yielding to the narcotic influence of the music. Here is such an one illustrated by two verses from Lionel Johnson's *To Morfydd*:—

A voice on the winds,
A voice on the waters,
Wanders and cries.
Oh what are the winds
And what are the waters ?
Mine are your eyes.

.

And down the night winds
And down the night waters
The music flies.
Oh what are the winds
And what are the waters ?
Cold be the winds
And wild be the waters—
Mine are your eyes.

In spite of its undeniable beauty a poem of this kind must be very short to avoid being wearisome. It is safe to say that, if after a few of these verses, one who was reading aloud went on with nonsense verses which carried the same tune, very few listeners would notice the difference at once. Like all arts

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poetry has its abnormalities and exaggerations. Few poets escape the mood which Shakespeare ascribes to his Armado, "whom the music of his own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting harmony," — even Shakespeare himself, like Dr. Johnson, will sometimes "make his little fishes talk like whales."

It is clear then that the music without the matter is very much of an abstraction. We will not even say that certain metres are intrinsically suited to certain moods, lest a great poet rise and use our dance measure for a dead march, as Tom Hood did in his *Bridge of Sighs*. The paths of literary criticism are strewn with the corpses of such judgments. Nor will we attempt to fix any point at which poetry becomes prose or prose poetry. Both are voices of the same humanity ; and each may by design, or accident, or misfortune, use the method of the other. It must be remembered that poetry has no monopoly of creative fiction. Prose has constantly extended the range of its expressiveness, both emotional and musical. Still it will be noticed that the great prose writers always carefully avoid the more obvious rhythms of verse, and deliberately break up that regularity which is essential to verse-music. Interesting controversies have raged over the language of poetry as distinct from prose. Wordsworth raised the question by declaring that "there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition," and he wrote the majority of the *Lyrical Ballads*, "to ascertain how far the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure." He knew how the imaginative and musical needs of poetry had resulted in the creation of a kind of dialect by certain poets. He had seen this degenerate into frigid convention designed at all costs to make the language of poetry different from that of prose. He might have illustrated this and refuted his theory from his early poems, fine as they are. He had been capable

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of making a beggar woman caught in a storm exclaim : "Now, ruthless Tempest, launch thy deadliest dart !" language certainly not of the lower nor even of the middle classes. But now with a great courage he simplified his diction by making it absolutely sincere. He struck back to the natural vividness of language, which had indeed much in common with that of the peasantry, but far less than in his youthful enthusiasm he had imagined. He had less warrant perhaps than Tennyson, who heard the fishwife cry to the sea, "Ah ! I hates to see thee shew thy white teeth." We may note that Tennyson having no illusion about peasant speech made far better use of it than Wordsworth ever could. But so far as the theory was concerned Wordsworth refuted it himself. In the few poems where he used prose speech the exigencies of rhyme and metre made him dislocate the order of words, which is as vital a change as that of vocabulary. Coleridge's parody was not unfair,

To you a morning good, good sir, I wish.
You, sir, I thank, to you the same wish I.

But there is no need to labour the point ; for nearly every page of Wordsworth's contribution to the wonderful volume which begins with the *Ancient Mariner* and ends with *Tintern Abbey*, exhibits the masterly choice of the true artist. He admitted himself in the preface of 1800 that this language must be "purified from what appear to be its vital defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust." In truth the modification of prose, made as he says "under the influence of excitement" and "for the purpose of poetic pleasure" is dictated by the poet's perception of their imaginative and musical association. The poet's passion urges him to the best expression of his emotion of which he is capable ; while his artistic self-restraint will discipline his passion, giving distinction and finality to his choice of words. For without

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the due balance of these there is no true style, no true art. Naturally enough, for all human life pulses with their stress. It is thus that the poet's thought glows or burns through his speech. As old Longinus said, "the beauty of words is in truth the light of thought." Matter apart from music proves in its turn to be just as much an abstraction from the unity of poetry.

The extreme of the formalist heresy sees in poetry only the form: the other extreme sees what it is by abstraction called "meaning." This is mainly that of the moralists, who only suffer art when and because it tends to edification. But it misses the truth by as much as the former. In fact, of the two aspects of poetry it is the form which contains the differentia, though of course it cannot exist apart. In form indeed lies the vital difference, for this is what makes it live in the memory. The stock of good thoughts is greater than that of lovely images, in the sense that they can be endlessly reminded. They may be expressed by almost any one at any time: the latter are the visions of a few. Admirable sentiments perish by the million every day, melting ever into new forms. Good counsel like good seed dies to bear fruit. Beautiful images are rarer visitants, making a longer stay, yet a no less fruitful, for once seen the memory and inspiration of them abides. Most good minor poetry is composed of sentiments which command agreement and respect—for a generation, perhaps, enthusiasm, which may linger on in some conservative stratum of society, keeping alight a little lamp of imagination. But it fades into the commonplace, and burns no more at last upon our vision, nor rings in our ears any more. It follows unnoticed in the track of "many a splendid shade" which

. . . gives up its light unto eternity,
As stars dissolve at day in heaven's resplendency.

There are few more fascinating departments of the history of literature than the study of this moralist abstraction. To

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see and understand, for example, the distrust of Plato, of the early fathers, of the Puritans ; to see how the mediæval imagination, unable any longer to trample Art underfoot, made it a sacrifice to God ; how they invented a marvellous system of allegory which made it possible to enjoy poetry without reprobation ; while Chaucer's arch wit and humour escaped (like Browning's *Fra Lippo*) from the cloister to the fields, and the tavern, and the gutter, in search of fresher air and fuller life. As for the Renaissance, with its great revival of poetry and of criticism, it had two divided trends. On the one hand the classic formalists made a great body of rules based through the practice of the Romans on an imperfect acquaintance with the *Poetics* of Aristotle. In their name Gabriel Harvey tried to make Spenser write his epic on classic lines. But fortunately poets are wilful creatures, and Bembo could no more turn Ariosto from the *Orlando* than Harvey Spenser from the *Faerie Queene*. On the other hand there was general agreement as to the didactic moral aim of poetry. But Spenser's erratic steed, a veritable "Questing Beast," got out of hand. One cannot conceive the *Faerie Queene* finished ; but even if he had lived to attempt it I feel sure he could never have sorted out the allegory and so fulfilled the solemn promise of edification made in his preface. So with his kinsman Milton. He achieved many things ; but not "to justify the ways of God to man," which he said was his aim. The point of view could not be better put than it is by Tasso : "Poetry is an imitation of human actions" (a phrase which reminds us that it is based on Aristotle) "made for the guidance of life, and its end is delight. It must essentially delight, either because delight is its aim, or because delight is the necessary means of effecting the ethical end of art. And this constitutes the true effectiveness of poetry, for it is the most delightful and hence the most valuable of teachers."

Both rules and morals got a rude shaking from the roystering

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Elizabethans. The rules broke like gossamer before the wings of Shakespeare. They were well judged by wise Giordano Bruno :

To whom then are the rules of Aristotle useful ?

To him who . . . could not sing without them ; and who, having no music of his own, would play with that of Homer.

As with the rules, so with the definitions ; they fail because they attempt too much. It is not possible to fix to a formula the wayward course of emotion in its subtle and intimate expression. And a definition obtained at too heavy a cost of abstraction fails to restore unity to the elements revealed by analysis. The rules of technique that apply do not aim so far. But even here it must be remembered that much of the beauty of poetic form lies in the incalculable tendency to depart slightly from the rules, just as in drawing to depart from the straight line, or in design from absolute symmetry.

I return in closing to some definitions which, however lacking in precision, do attempt to emphasize the unity. They are metaphors, so the logician will have none of them ; but they do not rest in metaphor. I have quoted Longinus as saying that the beauty of the words is the light of thought. Watson has put this into what is itself a lovely piece of poetry,

Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes.

You have not got the whole meaning of a poet when you have extracted his truth and wisdom, though you may have extremely valuable results ; but only when you have shared his vision. He calls truth and wisdom before you in radiant flesh and blood, that you may see the rose upon the lips, the light in the eyes. Wordsworth knew this when he said, "It is the impassioned expression which is in the face of human knowledge" ; and Coleridge when he said, "It is the bloom

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and fragrancy of all human knowledge, human thought, human passion." Here also we need not rest even in these happy metaphors. Poetry is an effluence of knowledge, thought, passion : as flowers appeal to the sense, so does it to the sensuous imagination, to the memory of things seen and heard.

O reader breathe (the ballad saith) some sweetness out of each !

But as the blossom must be true to its tree, so must poetry be to life ; first, to the heart of the poet in his singing mood, and second, to the heart of humanity so far as he shares it. It can no more be otherwise than that the thistle can bear figs. As in our definitions, so in poetry itself we shall not easily rest content with the metaphor, nor lightly be lulled with the music.

And if we are told that much poetry is immoral, we shall not be able to deny it, nor be surprised that so intimate and articulate an expression of human emotion should share its failings. Our judgment will be the truer for being at once the more artistic and the more humane. But such poetry will none the less be surely judged, as Browning's *Andrea del Sarto* saw his art to be, when in the pictures of others he saw evidence that their makers had been in Heaven, a heaven closed to him. It is true, as Shakespeare makes his Theseus say, "the best in this kind are but shadows." Shadows there are like those in Plato's cave, thrown from false fires in the dark. But the best in this kind are shadows of reality in the light of day ; and their song is not the hollow echo of the cave in heavy ears, but voices of men very near to the heart of humanity : men with the perilous gift of sensibility (whereby too often

They learn in sorrow what they teach in song) :

but able for compensation to remake their world in terms of vision and music, and able (so far as theirs is a world we share) to speak better than we ourselves our "own heart's language."¹

¹ So dreamed Aprile in Browning's *Paracelsus*.

ODE ON EDGAR ALLAN POE

BY HERBERT TRENCH

I

IF the meteor mind, swift-ranger,
Destroyer and all-changer,
Must die on earth a stranger
 Leaving a trail
 Of brilliance frail
A portent and a danger,

When Death's embrace uncloaketh
The false and true it yoketh,
When slow libation smoketh,
 And all the host
 That wronged him most
The singer's urn convoketh,

How utterly remouldeth
The flame that all enfoldeth !
No more the scolder scoldeth,
 One would have said
 Some God were dead ;
He worships who beholdeth.

For all men's fames, O sternest
Deific priest, thou burnest
On altars deeply-furnaced,

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Aloft the peak
All climbers seek
Thou winnowest, thou discernest !

Night sinks unto the verges,
Fierce hate no longer urges,
Foe beside foe emerges
 The wild beasts slake
 At one fell lake
The desert in their gorges.

How soon the crowd bemoaneth
As though such grief atoneth
The beauty it dethroneth ;
 It shrines the pen
 The mantle then,
The man himself it stoneth !

Now by the brain they blunted,
Now by the heart they hunted,
Now by the soul they stunted,
 Even here to-night,
 In the banquet-light,
The cowards are confronted !

And at last the song confuted,
Of this vagabond sweet-luted,
Celestial, persecuted,
 Poor mystagogue,
 Or drunken rogue,
Are by the world saluted.

ODE ON EDGAR ALLAN POE

II

When I think of him, comes gliding
A perfume strange, abiding
Of a flower I saw when riding
 One summer night
 In the Dolomite
When stars did all the guiding.

Earth shone an ice-cold planet
With never an eye to scan it
And no God's breath to man it,
 And below me fell
 Heights, sheer to hell,
One gloomy wall like granite.

Dismounted, I leaned over
And the dim chasm did discover
Far down, where eagles hover,
 On a footless place
 In the precipice face
Sky-colour'd flowers, in clover.

As I gazed down, fear-dissembling,
 Their moon-lit bells, assembling
 Azure virgins, resembling
 Exquisite dancers
 Waved me up answers
Out of that gulf of trembling.

So 'mid inhuman splendour
Chaotic, bleak, untender
To all that skies engender
 In giddy air
 These poems rare
Do flutter, wild and slender.

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III

Therefore we hail him, wingéd poet undated,
Backward-gazer, seer Chaldean belated,
Hymning Terror and Chaos, as Earth in her vagrance
Leaves long behind her in space wild tresses of fragrance,
Hymning all wonder, as momentarily grey Earth breaketh
Still into spaces new, and new-eyed awaketh !

He floats in the ivory boat he hath carven for pleasure,
On, down a faery gorge, as one treads a measure,
Bound for the paradise still where his heart hath treasure.
Deep-wombed valleys delight him, ambrosial, clouded
Clear streams wan with lilies and forest-shrouded,
Walled by autumnal mountains, all sunset-lusted,
Streams that mirror the cypress, dark, cedar-clustered.

Down the mid-flood he bears through a vaporious Rhineland
Borne in his pluméd shallop by pool and vineland
(Strange and phantasmal country !) by towers enchanted
Ablaze with his enemies' souls or by demons haunted.
Broideries droop no longer from keep or casement—
Ruins honeycombed with horror, and foul abasement.
Rats swim off in the water—dead shoulders welter—
Cold on the bulwark, lo, a dead hand craves shelter.
No, he must hasten past, this poet unfriended
He too is shelterless, cold, till this voyage be ended.

Melodies dark he sings, low-toned, melancholy,
He too has wrestled with Gods in his radiant folly,
He, too, has felt the breath of passion too near him—
Still the lost ecstasy clings, and lost arms ensphere him.
O high houses crumbling down to the water,
He seeks one lost and gone the heaven's wise daughter !
Named under many names, although none recalls her—
Ligeia or Berenice, ah, what befalls her ?

ODE ON EDGAR ALLAN POE

Valleys and forests and cities that Time enchanteth,
Have they not marked her passing for whom he panteth ?
"None hath gone by, O Genius serene and sombre !
Whom do'st thou still pursue, through waking and slumber ?"
"I seek one face alone on my soul's arrival
At Hades' glimmering wharves, one divine survival !"
"Lo ! she thy lost one it is, who in airs above thee
Urges thy faery sail with the lips that love thee !
She took thy sore heart hence, and shall heal its bruises
Far in the deathless country, the land of Muses. . . ."

IV

Glory unto thee, high Beauty, light in the dreariness,
Poised fragility, pure with the spirit's clearness !
Strengths ungauged, unguessed, in thy petals shining
Blown from the deeps of God through the heart divining.
Again and again for ever to Beauty returning
Back must the eyes revert, and the lips be yearning.
Panting we pause, for a sibylline whisper reigneth ;
By its perfection only the song enchaineth.
Here at the tempest's core is that windless zone
Of poise. . . . Here the wave of Beauty, spreading its tone
Bell-like, the light Uranian, circling unknown
Wider than the wave æthereal, murmurs alone.

REVIEWS

The Life of Dean Colet. By J. H. Lupton, D.D. *New Edition*, 324 pages. London, 1909. Geo. Bell, 8s. 6d. net.

THERE have been many lives of Colet, from the brief sketch of Erasmus down to quite recent times. This biography by the late Surmaster of St. Paul's School is, at the same time, the most complete in detail, and the most scholarly, and its reissue is specially opportune on the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of the great school which was founded by the Dean. But the opportuneness of this reissue has also a wider scope. One cannot help being struck with the analogy between our own time and the time when St. Paul's School was founded four hundred years ago. We stand now, as our forefathers did then, at the beginning of a great forward movement in Secondary Education. Colet in founding his school set his mind to counteract that "fylthynesse and abusyon, which more rathyr may be called blotterature thenne litterature." We have, nowadays, "blotterature" of another kind, and we look to our new expansion in "Secondary Education" to stem its rising tide.

There is not much that more recent research has added to our knowledge of Colet since this life was first published in 1887, but Professor Foster Watson's recent work on the Grammar Schools up to 1660 A.D. shows how widespread was the influence of Colet's foundation. All over the country new foundations moulded their statutes on those drawn up for St. Paul's by the great Dean, who stood as a link between the ages, incorporating all that was best in the old tradition into the newer discipline, and purging out of it fearlessly the corruptions "which the later blynde worlde brought in."

REVIEWS

Towards Social Reform. By Canon and Mrs. Barnett.
London, 1909. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

THE authors of this volume of essays touch on many subjects—on Poor Law, Unemployment, Education, Garden Suburbs—but running through them all is a note of appeal to the spirit of brotherhood in men. The authors claim to be practical; they resolutely shut their eyes to the distant vision in order to guide public opinion towards the things which can be done at once, but the impression which these pages leave is scarcely that of cold scientific commonsense. Nor again are they very new or even very original. But they possess a tonic quality. They say more than they seem to do because they promote thought. Public opinion is not shaped by the kind of detail which goes to the draughting of an Act of Parliament. It is moved by ideas rather than by facts, by enthusiasm more than by science, only the thought must be of to-day not of yesterday or to-morrow. These papers are worth reading just for this reason. The writers are always idealists, but idealists who have discovered the invaluable secret of keeping their thoughts in touch with the hard facts of to-day. Their proposals may not all be of the kind which will stand the test of experience, but they always stimulate thought and suggest new lines of advance.

In his introduction Canon Barnett gives expression to the faith of a reformer, who, as he says, has watched the ways of more than two generations of reformers. "Reformers," he remarks, quoting from Professor Morley, "must lift their eyes to the distant prospect or they will have no heart to go on; they must also take note of the path at their feet or they will stumble and go astray." Socialists and individualists, either by attraction or repulsion, both appear to him to be too much absorbed with their ultimate goal to care effectively for the

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things which can be done at once. Like them, he believes in a future better than the present—he looks to a golden age “when mankind producing knowledge will enjoy an earth producing fruit”—but he is not concerned with elaborating details of possible Utopias. His thought is rather for the remedies which are possible to-day, and he is sufficiently an optimist to have faith in human nature and in its capacity to serve and to rise, and to believe that this capacity may be helped or hindered by the action of laws, institutions or opinions. Progress would be easy if preachers and teachers and statesmen had but the courage to demand the best from men by breaking down the barriers which hamper the fullest realization of life :—

“‘The best for the lowest’ is not the precept always held in repute by those who build churches or plan amusements for ‘East Ends,’ but it is that acted on by the greatest of social reformers. The dock labourer can admire pictures and fine music. The hooligan has power of adventure and dreams of heroism. . . . Our suggestions follow, therefore, the line of putting the best within everyone’s reach. We would lay open the way to the enjoyment of beauty, of art, and of travel. We would nationalize luxury, and give to every one the high thing which he does not want. But with our belief in human nature we believe also in the power of human environment over character. Suggestions towards social reform must therefore take account of laws and customs. Laws which once helped now hinder. . . . We advocate therefore changes which will substitute garden suburbs instead of slums, consideration for the poor instead of punishment, and such an extension of university influence that every worker may have a wider outlook on life. We would in a word limit State action wherever it interferes with the growth of manhood and womanhood in the nation, and enlarge its actions wherever it could assist that growth.”

REVIEWS

To a mind of this temper the future presents ground for fear as well as hope. The reformers of the past generation were inspired by faith, they saw visions and dreamt dreams, but reformers of the present day seem to Canon Barnett to have no such inspiration.

The next great movement for social reform, as Canon Barnett says in a paper which is dated 1904, whatever its direction, will be initiated and directed by the organized and educated working-classes. Events have gone far to justify this view. Have they also justified his fears? "The danger," he writes, "is lest the reform, being in the interest of one class, may be injurious to all classes. An industrial party might be as short-viewed as a propertied party. It might be as arrogant and as self-satisfied. It might believe in protection for itself, it might cheapen the value of thinking and miss the spiritual object of national existence—that is, the raising of the whole people to the full enjoyment of their individual capacities."

It is easier to raise this question than to answer it, but it is worth asking and worth answering. During the last five years working men in and out of the House have striven to secure the material means of a minimum possibility of life, and they have met with a measure of success. They have protected Trade Unions and secured some recompense for accident and disablement in the course of their employment, they have made a beginning with Old Age Pensions, they have made unemployment and a minimum wage political questions of the first importance. Have they been as eager and as successful in securing less material and less concrete but equally vital things which concern opportunities for thought and culture and education? It would be unwise and unjust to press this question too far. Action must perforce wait on opportunity, but it is still as necessary as ever that reformers should keep the ideal of their vision steadily before them.

The authors of this book have the gift, so fatal for re-

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viewers, of challenging reflection, and too little space is left to touch on more than one or two of the many topics which are dealt with. As poor-law administrators of many years' standing they have naturally much to say on the subject of poor-law reform. They advocate the breaking up of the present system on the ground that it is too negative and too destructive of human character to suit the conditions of the present day. The sixty thousand children who are entirely dependent on the rates they would remove from the pauper system altogether, by placing them under the care of the Board of Education, who would provide for them through State Dependent Children's Committees. These committees would arrange to board the children out under the careful supervision of officials and friendly visitors. In this way abnormal institutional treatment for children would be done away with altogether. In the same way by a union of voluntary effort they suggest that it would be possible to do more than merely attempt unsuccessfully and at immense cost to drive the 46,000 able-bodied men in the workhouses to take their discharge just as miserably equipped for life as when they entered the house. Workhouses, they argue, should become schools for fitting men for work, if necessary with powers of detention. The same principle of calling out the best in stricken humanity instead of mere negative punishment underlies their advocacy of special courts for criminal children, in which the presiding magistrate would be primarily concerned with restoring the offenders to moral health. He would treat each case individually and enlist on their behalf the care and guidance of persons experienced in this work who should be asked to give their services voluntarily under the direction of skilled probation officers. It is to this union of goodwill and expert direction that the writers look for the main lever of social progress in the near future.

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THE REFORM OF OXFORD¹

BY HENRY CLAY

THE Chancellor of a University is not as a rule one of its active officials ; Lord Curzon, the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, has chosen to break this rule. He was elected to his office at a time when the agitation for reform, both within the University and without, was beginning to show promise of effectiveness. He determined to use his position as at once the chief representative of the University to the outer world and its "first servant" to facilitate the changes which he came to the conclusion were necessary. He believes that these changes can be made by the University itself, that a Royal Commission is both unnecessary and undesirable ; and in that belief he has compiled his Memorandum for the consideration of the Hebdomadal Council and the University's legislature generally. His aim is to state methodically the chief criticisms passed on Oxford of to-day in their relation to each other and to the permanent

¹ *Principles and Methods of University Reform*, by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Chancellor of Oxford University. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. net.

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principles underlying the University's development. In the execution of this aim he makes a fairly complete survey of the existing machinery and work of the University ; and, while indicating his own views as to the shape which reform should take, he endeavours to make his Memorandum equally useful to all, whether they agree with him or not, as a succinct and complete statement of the problem and its conditions.

As such a statement the value of the Memorandum can hardly be overestimated. There is no need to summarize it here ; no one who will not take the trouble to read so comprehensive, lucid, and brief a document has a right to an opinion on its subject. Few Oxford men, even among those who wish for reform, and still fewer of her outside critics, have any clear idea of the working constitution of the University, or of the history which explains its obvious anomalies. Lord Curzon's Memorandum makes available and accessible such knowledge, and makes possible that intelligent discussion which is necessary to secure smooth and economical reform. On other subjects the Memorandum is equally illuminating. The complicated finance of the University, the machinery of administration, the confused relations of Colleges and University and the division of powers between them, all needed explaining in some such form as this Memorandum, if the average member of Convocation is to be induced to take any intelligent interest in the reform of the institution which he, in the last resort, governs. The value of the Memorandum as a contribution to reform is twofold. In the first place, it will remove ungrounded apprehensions that the Oxford which its children love is to be sacrificed to the modern craving for change. At present the reformer in Oxford has to contend not merely with the difficulties of the problem itself, but with the vast body of hostility which from unthinking loyalty to the institution opposes any and every suggestion of change. Lord Curzon will remove much of this opposition. His survey of

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the University shows that there is much at present cumbering its work, which not even the most stubborn conservative can regard as essential to the University's life. It shows, moreover, that much of the criticism directed against Oxford is just, and that the grounds for it can easily be removed without imperilling anything that is dear from association. Many of the points raised in the Memorandum are, of course, debatable ; but a sufficient number are beyond debate to convince everyone of the necessity of some change—and once that is admitted the task of reform is enormously facilitated. In the second place, the Memorandum, with its clear account of existing conditions, will give definiteness to desires for reform at present vague. It will give concreteness to criticisms at present ineffective because of their indefiniteness. It will crystallize round a limited number of definite problems the multitude of efforts and aspirations which are at present wasted through lack of direction. Reform has long been in the air, and the discussion of it has too often been in the same region. With a definite basis provided in this Memorandum, discussion may now be expected to lead to something.

Certain definite suggestions do emerge in this way from the systematic survey of the University's work and machinery. Some change in the constitution of the University is obviously a first necessity—not because it is in itself of the first importance, but because it is the condition of most other changes. Under the existing constitution ultimate authority is vested in Convocation, the whole body of Masters of Arts who have retained their membership of the University. This authority practically resolves itself into a power of veto, which is exercised only often enough to discredit the body that exercises it. For unfortunately Convocation, though in intention the most representative assembly in the University, is far from being representative of many of the best elements of the University. The M.A. degree, which is the essential qualification for mem-

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bership, has no longer any educational significance, merely representing the expenditure of so much money in University and College charges ; and the majority of those who proceed to it do so only because the custom of two professions, those of teaching and preaching, requires them to do so. The resulting situation is not unlike the contemporary situation in politics ; in the University as in the country's constitution the ultimate power of veto is possessed by a body which by its very nature inclines to support a conservative as opposed to a progressive policy. Lord Curzon suggests that this veto should be limited, the constitution of Convocation being left practically unchanged. Others, with less tenderness for clerical dignity, will probably advocate that an educational significance, instead of a merely pecuniary significance, be given to the distinction between Bachelor and Master of Arts. But whatever change is adopted, Lord Curzon makes obvious the necessity for some change. Similarly Congregation, which should be the assembly of resident teachers, has lost its essential character ; and again the Memorandum compels attention to the necessity of restoring that character. And the Hebdomadal Council, which should roughly correspond in the University to the Cabinet in the national polity, is not necessarily representative of the University ; and, whether representative or not, is not in a position to exert a unifying influence or carry out a consistent policy in the administration of the University.

There is indeed very little unity and policy of any sort in the University's administration. One reason for this, clearly revealed by the Memorandum, lies in the separation of financial responsibility from executive control. Not only has the University to pursue its work in the presence of twenty independent financial authorities in the colleges ; but in its own constitution the chief executive authority, the Council, is not a financial authority at all ; and the control and responsibility of finance is divided between two distinct bodies. Pro-

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bably Lord Curzon's most important constructive suggestion is that there should be a financial Board of Control, bringing into close relation with itself and with each other the Hebdomadal Council, the University Chest and the Delegates of the Common University Fund. Such a board would not only give unity to the administration of the University itself, but could also do much to correlate the expenditure of the colleges, and ensure economy in the expenditure by these independent authorities of funds which after all are held in trust for the objects of the whole University.

In other respects than that of finance the Memorandum suggests the need of more centralized administration. The Boards of Faculties and Boards of Studies established by the Act of 1882 no longer provide an adequate machinery for directing and controlling the University's teaching. With the development of new studies they have lost their representative character; and though they might be made representative of existing studies again, there exists no provision for their automatic adjustment to changing conditions in the future. The Royal Commissions, whose statutes are responsible for the present condition of Oxford government, both made it their chief aim to strengthen the University as against the Colleges. To a certain extent they succeeded. The existence of the Professoriat and University teaching staff and the possibility of a unity as real in the case of the University as in that of the colleges are due to them. But their method was unfortunate. It seems to have been to constitute a separate and almost independent authority for each separate function they intended the University to perform; and to leave to these authorities themselves the task of determining their interrelation and subordination. Convocation obviously cannot exercise initiative; Congregation in its present form is too unwieldy to deal with much beyond matters of principle; and Council is too tied and too limited, especially on the financial side, in its

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powers to exercise any effective co-ordination of this complicated machine. The difficulty of the situation is accentuated by the absence of any organized and continuous Secretariat.

As a basis then for the discussion of reform, as a justification for certain changes immediately necessary in the machinery of administration, the Memorandum is admirable. One has only one criticism to make—that its value would have been greatly increased by reducing its price. But it has the defects of its virtues, and they are not small. Lord Curzon has been praised for the “Liberal” tone of his Memorandum; as a matter of fact it would be difficult to find a better example of the Conservative attitude to reform. The reform of an institution can be approached from two standpoints. It can be approached from the standpoint of an ideal to which the institution is to be made to conform; or it can be approached by an examination of the institution as it is. Lord Curzon has chosen the latter method. He has a bureaucrat’s dread of legislative alteration. On the whole he is satisfied with Oxford. He does not want to change the University, but merely to make it more efficient—more effectively what it is at present. He never suspects that there may be something radically wrong, something wrong in principle. Perhaps there is not; but in a document that professes to set forth “the principles and methods” of University Reform, the question should have been asked and some test applied. Lord Curzon’s method is to examine the parts of the problem, to overhaul the machinery of the University, laying bare a defect here, a device to be preserved there, suggesting an improvement here, a change there. And valuable as this method is in preparing the way for more important considerations, it is, so far as these more important considerations are concerned, a begging of the question. Practically the Memorandum assumes that in its main lines the constitution of Oxford is what it should be; though certain changes may be necessary to enable it to work more

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smoothly and effectively. It is only in the last chapter that we read that "in discussing the circumstances of Oxford *it has been impossible not to frame some conception* of the functions which a University . . . should perform." "Impossible not to frame some conception!" Surely such a conception is the very essential and starting-point of any consideration of reform at all! The Memorandum, it may be said, does not profess to be a programme of reform; but considering it merely as a basis for discussion, we expect some mention of the wider issues of reform. What is the University for? Whom is it for? are questions which Lord Curzon is forced into asking himself; but he answers them reluctantly, and will not make them the basis of his consideration of reform. His ideal of a University can be inferred from the Memorandum; but he will not state it explicitly. He prefers to stick to the solid ground of existing institutions and existing methods; and to confine his efforts to developing the same institutions and the same methods a little way along the same lines. There is all the bureaucrat's suspicion of idealism; and in the matter of University reform surely the ideal is everything. The University is not a machine, to be shaped and altered by statutes. It is a person; and will always approximate to the ideal which is held most clearly and persistently by its members. Lord Curzon's conception of reform is a little mechanical. If he wished to influence the University's ultimate development, he would have aimed at shaping the ideals of its most devoted children. For in the University even more than in the State the idealist is the only really practical politician.

Let us turn, then, to these fundamental questions, What is Oxford for? and Whom is it for? Let us ask what conception we are to form of the functions of a University, "so historical in its character and so majestic in its influence"? What is the answer Lord Curzon gives, when at last he is forced into asking the question? "A fourfold duty lies upon it; to provide the

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best teaching over the entire field of knowledge of which its own resources and the progress of science may admit ; to offer this teaching to the widest range of students ; to mould and shape them not merely by the training of the intellect, but by the discipline of spirit, so that, wherever they go, they may be worthy citizens or worthy servants of the State ; and to extend by original inquiry the frontiers of learning." It is a sufficiently noble conception of the University's duties. The first and fourth are really one duty. It is of the essence of the idea of a University that the highest instruction can only be given by men who are themselves advancing the frontiers of knowledge. Indeed, the feeling is growing that the true definition of University instruction in a subject includes instruction in the methods by which our knowledge of the subject is extended ; but Lord Curzon would hardly accept a definition of University teaching which put outside its scope all the Pass Men and a considerable proportion of the Honours Men at present in Oxford. And the third duty, the duty of training character, is implied in the first ; since the University can hardly take any but the widest view of education.

Thus we find that the University exists to provide the highest form of education for the widest possible range of students. Examine the Memorandum in the light of this conception. At once the title of one chapter, hitherto reasonable enough, acquires an entirely new significance. "The Admission of Poor Men !" Then does the University discriminate against poor men ? Can it in the light of a true conception of its functions take cognizance of poverty or class in the applicants for its benefits ? It should be an institution for the giving of education and nothing more. Its members should be those people out of all the nation who are most competent to give or capable of benefiting by such education. Does the University of Oxford, as we know it to-day, succeed by these tests ? Of course it does not.

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Oxford is subjected to a great deal of unfair criticism for the alleged abuse of her endowments. Lord Curzon points out that at least 85 per cent of the endowments provided for scholarships and exhibitions are enjoyed by men who could not come to Oxford without them ; and the test by which these men are selected is an educational test. Probably it is not the best test, and operates unfairly against some poor men who are suitable for a University education. But it is, at any rate, an educational test ; and the frequent Seconds, Thirds, and Fourths secured in the schools by men who have climbed the educational ladder from elementary school to University suggests that Oxford is not alone in sometimes selecting the wrong man for educational benefits. Moreover, from the tone of some criticism one would think that the whole body of Oxford undergraduates were living on endowments intended for the poor ; whereas in fact some five-sixths of the number pay for their education rather more than it costs the University to give it them. But in spite of the unfairness of much of this criticism, it is sound in principle. The present system of conducting Oxford does automatically discriminate against the poor man. Those five-sixths of the whole number of students are not admitted as being the fittest who can be found for the University's benefits. They have passed no adequate intellectual test. Responsions and its corresponding examinations represent the intellectual attainments of the average boy of sixteen—no more ; and the work of the Pass Man in Oxford is not up to the standard of a sixth form in a good school. Hence the only principle of selection in the case of five-sixths of the University's members, a dominant majority, is the ability to spend five or six hundred pounds on three years' education—emphatically not an educational test.

Thus Oxford becomes in practice an institution for the higher education of rich men. Lord Curzon has a suspicion of this, though his method of approaching the problem of

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reform does not permit him to perceive it clearly. He therefore advocates the opening of the University to the poor man a little further. He discusses expenses carefully, and makes suggestions for their reduction. Finally, since all the other undergraduates live in colleges, and the existing colleges are too expensive for poor men, he suggests a Poor Man's College. Presumably its official title would not be "The Poor Man's College"; but it is hard to see how it would avoid the danger which he sees in the case of hostels for poorer men, "that a distinct line of social cleavage might be created between the well-to-do man and the poor man . . . and that in endeavouring to subsidize poverty we might in reality penalize it." But this suggested opening of the University's door to the poor does not leave him comfortable; he still has a suspicion that his "conception of the function which a University, so historical in its character and so majestic in its influence should perform," is not adequately met; and he enters into an eloquent defence of the Poor Man and the rich man. "It is as desirable," he says, "that Oxford should educate the future country squire, or nobleman, or banker, or member of Parliament, or even the Guardsman, as it is that it should sharpen the wits of the schoolmaster or the cultivated artisan." By all means! Oxford should not ask from what class any of the applicants for its benefits comes, provided he is intellectually worthy of those benefits. But at present the Guardsman who does not want to work can come, and the cultivated artisan who does want to work cannot come. And—the crux of the whole matter—the artisan cannot come because the Guardsman can come, because Oxford is the possession of the rich man, because it is still a playground as much as a home of learning, because it is still a continuation of that essentially "class" institution, the Public School. The poor man cannot come, because the standard of expenditure is set by the majority of the students, and the majority are neither

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poor men nor sincere students. For the same reason the magnificent endowments of the colleges avail to support only one-sixth of the total number of undergraduates ; while there are boys anxious to enter the University whose parents' whole incomes are less than a college scholarship. There is no particular virtue in being a poor man, but neither is there in being a rich man ; and the University exists to educate the best brains in the nation, to encourage all to aspire to her benefits and select the most worthy. Lord Curzon apparently regards the University as existing for the education of *all* the rich, a careful selection of the lower middle class, and an occasional artisan.

What is the root of the difficulty ? Lord Curzon reveals it, though he will not accept the results of his analysis. It is the college system that makes Oxford the rich man's University ; and the attempt to alter that condition by founding a Poor Man's College would probably fail altogether, while if successful it would confirm rather than alter the present unsatisfactory conditions. Colleges are inevitably expensive institutions. The tradition of domestic service, and the methods of that service, are not economical. The buildings are conspicuously lacking in modern appliances of economic house-keeping ; and they are moreover expensive to keep in repair. The standard of entertaining is set by the man who can afford £200 a year on his education without difficulty, and would ruin any poor man not heavily subsidized. Not only the standard of entertaining, but the whole standard of life is set by the comparatively rich man ; and in a close community like a college the standard of the majority enforces itself effectively. The college clubs are a luxury which most continental university students contrive to dispense with ; but it would be difficult for any Oxford undergraduate to refuse his subscription to them. And the college system has other disadvantages. The poor man is excluded not only by the expense of the life, but by social considerations.

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There is no suggestion of snobbishness. It is simply that the differences of thought, habit, and etiquette between a public schoolboy and a Council Schoolboy are so great that the two will not, when other friends are available, associate freely. In some colleges the difficulty is less than in others. In Balliol an artisan might make himself at home ; in Magdalen he would feel about as much at home as he would in the officers' mess of a Guards Regiment. And Oxford college life is of so intimate a character that it must always be extremely difficult to become a part of it for anyone whose previous training is widely different from that of the majority.

Thus the college system automatically restricts the numbers of the poor man, if it does not exclude him altogether. It exercises a similar automatic selection against the older man. At present the colleges are homogeneous communities. In spite of the valuable elements supplied by the graduates of Scotch and other Universities, and by boys from the smaller schools, the colleges of Oxford take their customs and ideals from the Public School man. Within that not very elastic category there are of course variations ; but on the whole the success of the colleges in providing an enjoyable life and producing a recognizable type lies in their intimate connection with the public schools. The University does something to modify the result of a public school education ; it does not let its members leave it quite so case-hardened against anything in the nature of new ideas as it finds them. But it remains true that the average Oxford freshman's one ambition is to be as like his fellows as possible, and his inevitable tendency to regard with suspicion anyone who lacks the very obvious characteristics of the public school type. Hence the older man, or the man who is in any other way exceptional, finds it difficult to feel himself really a member of the community he has entered ; and unless he can do that he loses the whole benefit of college life.

Hence, the system tends to exclude elements of increasing

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value to the University. The married man whose enthusiasm for learning brings him to Oxford, in spite of the sacrifices often involved ; the research student whose undergraduate work is finished ; the artisan who will presently be coming up from tutorial classes in industrial centres will all be out of place in communities whose dominant members came up "to have a good time," or "to get their Blue." And these are the elements which the University needs to encourage. Its atmosphere requires the widest possible variety of elements, if it is to possess that bracing quality in which original work is done, and individuality of character brought out. Especially does the college system interfere with the free exchange of men, which is so valuable an element in German University life. At present Oxford may regard herself as superior to the modern Universities in the great industrial centres. But presently they will climb to her level. Already the advanced student of chemistry goes to Manchester rather than Oxford, of archæology to Liverpool, of economics to any place rather than Oxford ; and unless Oxford can settle her relations with her new colleagues and rivals on some permanent basis of mutual assistance, she will lose her hold on the nation, and become essentially, as well as accidentally, the University of a limited wealthy class.

The college system then is at the root of most of Oxford's difficulties ; but no Oxford man could be found to advocate the destruction of the colleges ; nor of course is it necessary. All that is necessary—and it is urgently necessary—is to destroy the colleges' monopoly of the University. This is the issue Lord Curzon refuses to raise. "A University of Colleges Oxford is, and a University of Colleges it must remain." This is the position he maintains in the face of all difficulties. The colleges decide who shall enter the University and what they shall do ; they control the teaching and determine the mode of life. The University conducts examinations and performs a few other offices which the colleges

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cannot do for themselves ; and exists apparently only to co-ordinate the activities of the colleges. Thus it is necessary either to reform the colleges individually or break down their monopoly. The former would be a much more difficult task than the latter. Any attempt to alter their character by external statute would meet with at least twenty times the opposition to a similar alteration of the University. The loyalty of the Oxford man, with its unfortunate conservatism, is much more a feeling for his college than for his University. Moreover, the task of reform, apart from opposition, would be immensely more difficult and hazardous. A sudden change might destroy instead of altering them ; and no one wishes their long life to come to a sudden end, however admirable the institution that succeeds them. But indirect reform should not be difficult. Any effective reform of the University will react on them. If their monopoly is once broken down they will be forced to reform themselves.

Against any attempt to create a new class of University student the existing Non-Collegiate system will be used as an argument ; but it is irrelevant. The Non-Collegiate system, or—as Lord Curzon, probably unconscious of the significance of the suggestion, would call it—the University, system has never been given a fair trial. It has not attracted the best men. It has had practically no endowment, and has been starved for want of it. The non-collegiate students have always been in a hopeless minority with relation to the college students ; and the fundamental mistake has been made of attempting to organize them as another, cheap, inferior college.

The college system may be the peculiar glory of Oxford and Cambridge ; but that is no reason for ignoring the experience of every other University in the world. A University system—a system in which the University leaves the details of house-keeping to the students, and concerns itself solely with their education—has all the advantages which the college

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system lacks. It makes no distinction of wealth or class, intentional or unintentional. It adapts itself to all ages, to single, married, man, and woman, with equal ease. It makes room for the artisan and the artist, for the research student from a provincial university, and the boy from a provincial grammar school. It does not lend itself to the cult of competitive athletics ; and it does not make the rich man's riches an obstacle to the admission of the poor man. There is only one important objection to it ; and that, I think, can be shown to be invalid. The objection is that an Oxford education has hitherto produced, not merely an Oxford graduate, but an Oxford "man" ; that Oxford's degree is the mark not merely of a certain efficiency of intellect, but of a type of character, of an all-round culture. If the University as opposed to the college system cannot perform this, it is condemned. This objection indicates a danger that undoubtedly has to be avoided, but it can be avoided. "An Oxford man" is a question-begging term. If it implies a certain excessive interest in schoolboy's games, it can be replied that "Eights" are a comparatively recent invention. Inter-university contests are even more modern. And surely John Keble and Mark Pattison have a greater right to be considered typical "Oxford men" than Mr. C. B. Fry. Then again social intercourse, the play of mind upon mind, is possible without the college system ; and the exchange of ideas between men of different ranks and classes, which Lord Curzon claims as one of the chief educational influences of Oxford, will be vastly increased by throwing the University open to other ranks and wider classes. And colleges are not confined to Oxford. A large number of elementary school teachers receive their education in colleges, training colleges, without becoming "Oxford men." Thus one is brought to the conclusion that the characteristics of the best "Oxford man" are due partly to his home training, and could not be retained in any scheme which threw the University

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open to poor men, and partly to the method of tuition peculiar to Oxford.

Now the only method of tuition which is peculiar to Oxford does not require the College System for its effective exercise. The Tutorial System—an expensive system, but, if anything ever was, worth the expense—could be applied equally to the conditions of University students; and would safeguard the new system against all its alleged dangers. If then one may add a suggestion to the list of reforms which Lord Curzon has presented to Council for consideration, it is that the University should make a beginning of a serious Non-Collegiate system. Let it give the students an honourable name. Let it endow scholarships for them, attract to the system the best men, and having attracted them, let it by the efficiency of its tutors secure for them all the benefits of the University. Let the University enter into friendly competition with the colleges. Let it begin by treating handsomely all those valuable students who by their special circumstances will welcome the elasticity of the new system; and let it gradually collect under its ægis a body of students with a tradition of direct loyalty to the University, whose work in its volume and excellence will surpass that of any single college.

There is no hostility to the colleges in such a proposal, though its successful adoption would have an enormous influence on their ultimate development. The University would be able to control the admission of undergraduates more effectively than it does at present; and the existence of a real alternative to the colleges would enable it to offer its hospitality to a much larger proportion of the nation. It could cast its nets wide, and leave the meshes large, so that only the big fish were brought in. “*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*” There will never be room in Oxford for all the men and women who would like to come there. At present the chief differentia between those who can and those who cannot come is

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the possession of £500 to spare. With necessary expenses cut down to a third what they are at present, the test of admission will be brains.

The growth of a class of University students outside themselves would compel the colleges to decide what their position in the national educational system was to be. Ultimately in any case, very soon if they have to face the competition of a considerable body of University students, they will have to decide whether they wish to become something analogous to the *Corps* and *Burschenschaften* of Heidelberg and Bonn, or the homes of sound learning and true religion, of plain living and high thinking, which their founders intended them to be. If they choose the latter alternative they will no longer be under the necessity of building expensive buildings to accommodate crowds of Pass-Men ; and Fellows who were elected for their philosophical capacity will no longer instruct athletes in the rudiments of formal logic.

The development of such a University system will need money, and the University is poor. But Lord Curzon has made out a clear case for increased contributions from the colleges. The principles of a graduated income tax and super-tax might with advantage be applied. Moreover, he has already collected £140,000 towards the re-endowment of the University ; and that money could be applied much more usefully to making the University a national institution with its foundations in the loyalty of every class of the community, than in endowing faculties of commerce, engineering, and the like. The distinction between technical and liberal education has in the past been drawn too sharply, but it is a real distinction ; and Oxford's work is emphatically liberal education. Not every University can teach everything ; and technical studies do not require the traditions of seven hundred years and surroundings of the Middle Ages for their environment. The Humanities, on the other hand, do need such an environment, if they are to have

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their full effect. The greatest educational privilege that any man can have is to be given three or four years in which he can learn something, in which he can without disturbance face the questions, "Who am I?" "What is this world and life in which I am placed?" "What have the greatest men who have asked these questions before me left behind them to assist me?"—and for such occupation Oxford must always offer the ideal conditions.

PHILOSOPHY AND ART

BY ALEXANDER MAIR

DR. JOHN BROWN once remarked that the studies of Metaphysics and medicine have more in common than may at first sight appear. This may also be said of Metaphysics and Art. There is a strong resemblance in their respective attributes towards experience. Both arise out of a discontent with the so-called "actual"—with facts in their raw state—with what is really the phenomenal or apparitional. This discontent is not of course to be overcome and abolished by turning away from "facts," but rather by prying more closely into them. In all fact there is some element of meaning and of beauty, but it does not always lie open to the casual observer ; it has to be sought for. The work of the artist and philosopher consists in this search for the ideal, which is also finally the real. They refuse to be fobbed off with appearances. In both undertakings there is an endeavour after, a deepening of insight into the character and significance of the presented facts of experience. In both there is a quest for that shy essence the Universal. In the case of Philosophy this is well recognized. But is it not also true in the case of Art ? Is it not Aristotle who speaks of the object of Art as the Universal in sensuous form. Art is like Philosophy, part of the struggle in which we are engaged against change. The artist, in so far as he achieves his end, enables humanity to triumph over Time, which is born of Change. The vision of Beauty once attained and fixed is ours for ever.

To some there may seem to be something quaint and even forced in this suggested connection between two apparently very diverse human interests. R. A. M. Stevenson in his book on

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Velasquez divides men into those born to take pleasure in the speculative and abstract, and those born to love the concrete and sensuous—the black and white and the coloured mind. This represents the artistic, that the philosophic spirit. Then again, while the artistic consciousness is, speaking broadly, instinctive, the philosophic consciousness is discursive. A picture by Sir Noel Paton which had some vogue twenty years ago allegorized Reason and Faith by two sharply contrasted figures. The one was that of a dark and gloomy person, clad in complete armour, in the act of crossing a stream on stepping stones and testing carefully with the point of his sword his next foothold. The other figure, fair and effulgent, floated in air alongside. These will represent the philosophic and artistic types in the present regard as they are ordinarily conceived. The one has to make out his painful way step by step; the other floats along on the wings of intuition or immediate inspiration. We hear of the artist as one who is

Content if he may but enjoy
The things which others understand.

We hear of the philosopher as possessed of a meddling intellect, as one who substitutes for the rich and coloured manifold of existence what Mr. F. H. Bradley designates as “a ghostly ballet of bloodless categories.” These same “bloodless categories” are the Universals of the philosopher which hold good not merely for the individual thinker—only for him indeed *qua* rational being—but which will be accepted as valid when clearly presented and understood by all reasoning creatures. Here, again, is an apparent disparity between Philosophy and Art. To mark the contrast, another statement by R. A. M. Stevenson may be quoted: “Personal taste counts for much in Art.” If one likes a piece of landscape or architecture, a melody, a picture, a poem, one likes it—and there an end. And so the painter, let us say, if challenged about his performance would seem to be entitled

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to say with Goethe's *Kunstler*, "Was ich gemalt hab', hab' ich gemalt." We have to do here, that is to say, with an apparently individual judgment. The ground of validity lies not in the nature of the object, but in the attitude of a particular person towards it. The philosopher, on the other hand, if challenged about his position cannot take refuge in the fastness of personal opinion. It is not considered the thing for him to say, "What I believe that I believe." He must demonstrate, show forth the general grounds on which his position is based.

Undoubtedly there are differences, and striking differences, between the two pursuits. If there were not there would be no point in the attempt to show their connection. But do these differences constitute a fundamental cleavage? They do not. It does not follow, for instance, that because the artist works with a directness and spontaneity from which the philosopher is barred by the conditions of his task that what goes on in the consciousness of the artist is a non-rational process. The rational manifests itself in many ways. It is nothing to the point that the artist is not aware of the process or cannot describe it. It is a fortunate thing perhaps for him as artist that he has not arrived at the stage of self-consciousness, in this regard at any rate. It is not his *métier* to analyse his mental states. This remark, indeed, applies to most forms of human occupation as well as to that of artistry. In many departments of life people are continually carrying out complex rational processes of which they are never aware. They are only aware of the results; they could not tell you for any prize you might offer how these results were arrived at. The results are none the less good and worthy on that account.

The statement again that Philosophy is abstract and that Art is concrete is only relatively true. In the last resort the claim might be made for Philosophy that it is the most concrete of all enterprises. Its aim is to see and represent experience as a rational unity, as a whole. What could be

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more concrete than that? In truth, it might be said that anything short of that is to the extent of its defect abstract. Philosophy, no doubt, is, in the progress towards this concrete end, analytic. It separates out the essential and relevant from the non-essential and irrelevant, but that is with a view to an ultimate construction. And Art for its own purposes and in its own manner does something very similar, as we may call Mr. Whistler to witness: "The artist is born to pick and choose and group with science the elements that the result may be beautiful—as the musician gathers his notes and forms his chords until he bring forth from chaos glorious harmony.

To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit upon the piano."

And now we are face to face with a crucial if an ancient question—the question, namely, of the apparent individuality of the æsthetic judgment, the judgment of "taste" so-called as contrasted with the universality of the logical judgment, the judgment of reason. On looking closely into the matter it becomes more and more difficult to believe that the judgment of taste is the highest or standard form of æsthetic judgment any more than the judgment of opinion is the highest form of logical judgment. The term "taste" is significant. It suggests that the recognition of beauty is an immediate and invincible experience, like a sensation. If an article tastes bitter to me, it *is* bitter for me. I cannot be argued out of that. And if an object is pleasing to me it *is* pleasing—and there is an end. But if a person should say this or that is true because it seems true to him, we have a right to demur. And as it is with judgments of Truth so it seems to be with regard to judgments of Beauty. The plausibility of the opposite contention appears to rest in the confusion between what is pleasure-giving and what is beautiful. The hedonistic fallacy here is similar to that in the region of ethics, where confusion between the pleasurable and the good has led to similar difficulties.

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And it has been so adequately exposed in that connection that little remains to be said. It is clear that to say that an object is beautiful because it gives one pleasure, is not to furnish an adequate reason. Mr. Wells, no doubt, with a consistency which is striking, declares himself ready to speak of beautiful beer and beautiful cheese. To a person with a sense of humour this is in itself sufficient. Beer and cheese may or may not be beautiful; if they are, it is not because they are good to drink or eat. One, no doubt, runs the risk of being accused of begging the question by asserting that only a selected number of the experiences which one likes refer to the beautiful, and that the differentia has still to be sought. But the facts are so plain before us that the risk is not considerable. The individualist and hedonist in Art is not always guiltless of *petitio principii* himself, for if pressed on the subject he may be often got to say that the things he calls beautiful because he likes them are liked because they are beautiful. If the measure of liking were the measure of the beautiful, many a music-hall jingle would stand above the "Pastoral Symphony," and the Sistine Madonna would have to give way to the grocer's almanac.

No! Art rests on something more constant and durable than subjective like or dislike. It is true that æsthetic appreciation is steeped in a bright and warm emotional atmosphere, but this emotion is *æsthetic* emotion. It is the intellectual or, if you please, rational content of the experience which gives the emotion its specific character. One is reminded here of Matthew Arnold's definition of Religion as "Morality touched with emotion." On this it has been remarked that it is true but unilluminating, since the emotion referred to is *religious* emotion.

Each of these great human occupations and disciplines under consideration has a contribution to make to the other. The philosopher cannot let Art escape from his survey. Here must be significance. And so, almost from the beginnings of philosophic speculation, we find account taken of Art, an attempt

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made to elicit from the consideration of its deeds and products some notion of its true nature, its function and purpose. A reference to a History of *Æsthetic* will show how steady and persistent reflection on these matters has been, and will also show that this reflection has not been fruitless. In making these enquiries Philosophy does not intend to legislate for Art, but only to attempt to explain ; it finds Art and wishes to understand it. So far as the individual artist is concerned, the results may or may not be of value according to his personal needs. Perhaps it is better that he should not be reflective and self-conscious. "The earlier and mightier painters," says Ruskin, "worked, I think, with the unpretending simplicity of all earnest men ; they did what they loved and felt ; they sought what the heart naturally seeks, and gave what it most gratefully receives, and I look to them on all points of principle as the most irrefragable authorities precisely on account of the child-like innocence which never deemed itself authoritative, but acted upon desire and not upon dicta, and sought for sympathy, not admiration." Artists, it is certain, who have tried to explain themselves and their work have not always succeeded. It is said that nearly every word Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote on the subject of Art was contrary to his practice, and it has been wittily remarked by Principal Shairpe that Wordsworth's own practice is the best antidote to the theory of poetry which he advances in the famous prefaces. If this does not show that the work of the artist is harder to explain than it is to achieve, it at least indicates that the gifts required for the two kinds of tasks are diverse. But occasionally they are found in combination. There have been great artists, like Goethe and Schiller, who have said illuminative things about their calling ; both of these names are to be found in the History of *Æsthetic*, as well as in the History of Art.

Though Art is an object of philosophic contemplation, just as Morality and Religion are, it does not follow that it any

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more than they is subordinate to Philosophy. Schelling, indeed, though himself primarily a philosopher, says that while Philosophy attains the highest, it brings, so to speak, only a fraction of the man, whereas "Art brings the whole man as he is to the cognition of the highest, and that is the eternal distinction and marvel of Art." Mr. Bernard Shaw seems to be inclined in the opposite direction when he declares that the substitution of sensuous ecstasy for intellectual activity and honesty is "the very devil." But, then, Mr. Shaw does not identify sensuous ecstasy and Art. In a bold and designedly careless phrase he sweeps up Philosophy into Art when he speaks of the artist—"whether poet or philosopher." But the question of subordination need not be entered into particularly here. We can be content for the present to think of them as two disciplines of the human spirit striving after the highest, each with its own credentials and attractions—honourable equals with much in common. Both are rational in the profoundest sense of that word. Neither is merely reproductive—rather transformative or creative, if you like, each in its own medium penetrating, selecting, recombining the material of sense experience. Both are therefore useful in the highest degree. The achievement of their purposes is an end in itself, and through this achievement man is helped towards complete realization. To assist in the accomplishment of this is to be of the highest use. Both spring from the same source, and along different courses seek the same goal. They have as their effective motive belief in a harmonious universe, and each tries to realize and express this harmony in its own way. It is a significant though not a surprising fact that the great periods of philosophic activity have also been periods of artistic fruitfulness. For diverse though its manifestations may be, the human spirit is essentially a unity, and when stirred to its depths it may express itself in various modes, but its message is in substance the same.

JOHN RUSKIN¹

BY THE VERY REV. G. W. KITCHIN, D.D., DEAN OF DURHAM

I HAVE ventured to take for my motto an Indian proverb, new to me and telling ; it is also singularly true of our dear friend Mr. Ruskin.

It runs thus : "The torchbearer sees not his way." In Eastern jungles and morasses the torchbearer is dazzled by excess of light ; while he makes, for others following, the pathway clear and easy, he walks himself in trust, half-blindly, not knowing where he steps. He is not among Plato's runners, who as they run hand on the torch to one another—

λαμπ ἄδια ἔχοντες διαδῶσουσιν ἀλλήλοις

(Plato *Republic* 328A.)

for these fine-built Athenians strove in competition in the race ; and Ruskin abhorred all contests, and despised the commercial squalidity of daily competition. Enough for him to hold on high his light in the darkness ; for he ever believed that so he might make the ways of men more clear and firm, more God-fearing and heavenwards pointing, than their paths had hitherto been in the swarming and humming hive of English industry.

When M. de Bourrienne (Napoleon's secretary, who knew his strength and weakness intimately) ends the sketch of his late master's character, he sums up by saying that he was "in many ways an excellent subject for the acute exercise of a sound historic criticism—so complex he was, so unexpected, so incalculable." The same might well be said, though the subject is happier, of the career of Mr. Ruskin. For his utterances lend themselves to varied conclusions. We ask, What party—social, political, or religious—can claim him as their own ? A

¹ An address delivered at Sheffield to the Guild of Saint George, 22 May, 1909.

stiff Tory? or a vehement Socialist? Did he lay himself out to teach the gilded youth of Oxford? or rather, did he enlighten the overstrained workman of the North? As he himself re-echoes with joy Tennyson's cry in "Akbar's Dream," "Sometimes I walk a cathedral cloister, sometimes I bare my feet in a Turkish mosque." These varied acts were at one with his inner and very real sense of devotion to the Almighty giver of good; they testified to his hope for the uplifting of man's spirit above the sorrowful dust of our daily labour and life.

At no time in his life is this so plain as when he sorrowfully abandoned that first ambition of his, the hope, that men of leisure and society would listen to his voice, and carry on and realize his ideals of human duty. His keen disappointment did not lessen his eagerness for his brethren: he was no Ajax sulking in his tent because he could not have his way. If Oxford undergraduates would not listen, or idly came to hear and laugh, he would turn from them to the far more difficult task of endeavouring to interest and influence the mass of English and Scottish workers.

This change in his point of view took place nearly half a century ago. Mr. Frederic Harrison says of him that the publication of *Unto this Last* was the sign of this change. "It," he says, "*was the central book of his life, as it is the turning-point of his career.*" Ere this, he had worshipped Art as the moral and honest expression of a man's best nature: henceforward he taught morality as the basis of Art and of the lives of men. Before this, his circumstances attached him to the cultivated classes; after this he turned to the working men, and became the unpopular teacher of the downtrodden and neglected. Small wonder that Society was angry, and his prophecy and preaching met with that cultivated contempt and derision that naturally befall one who steps out of the common run.

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From that moment Ruskin unconsciously challenged the whole breadth of modern Economics. By proclaiming the absolute value of morality and sweetness of life as elements of a sound state, he attacked the principle of the *laissez faire*, or *laissez perir* of the Manchester School, and incidentally declared war against the Manchester system of making fortunes out of the labour of the hands toiling in the masters' mills.

Yet when he did this, it seems as if he had been wrapt aloft by the spirit of a coming age of humanity ; for he was quite unconscious of the truth that he was then striking the first chord of that new harmony of life which is yet still among the hopeful things of the future. In all this it is true that the prophet passed away from this life without being aware that he was leading into a better way the mass of his fellow-countrymen. To be the forerunner of a new world and never to realize that fact was in his case the penalty of being the torch-bearer.

The history of this remarkable little book is quite worthy of being set down here, when we are engaged trying to understand what the country owes to Mr. Ruskin's guidance.

In 1860 Thackeray, who was then editor of the young *Cornhill Magazine*, accepted from him the offer of some papers on Economics. When however the four essays appeared they "were reprobated" (I am using Mr. Ruskin's own account of it all) "in a violent manner by most of the readers they met with." And then Ruskin goes on characteristically to declare that he believed them "to be the best, i.e. the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have ever written ; and the last of them, having had especial pains spent on it, is probably the best I shall ever write." And to emphasize his opinion still more he adds in a note : "This book, which, being the most precious, in its essential contents, of all that I have ever written, I reprint word for word and page for page, after that addition (to the Preface), and make it as accessible as I can to all."

And this little book, he tells us, is intended to give us the true meaning of certain words—specially of “wealth” and “honesty.” “The real gist of these papers, their central meaning and aim, is to give, as I believe for the first time in plain English, a logical definition of Wealth”; and then he adds as his second object, that he will show us “that the acquisition of Wealth is finally possible only under certain *moral conditions* of Society, of which quite the first was a belief in the existence, and even, for practical purposes, in the attainability of Honesty.”

Here, then, is the declaration of a great warfare to be waged in the present and future by all who love their country, and have in them something of that discredited quality, Patriotism—the determination to make as good, as pure, and as true, as they can the members of our country; and to bring England back, where such a return is possible, to the archaic faith in the possibilities of true justice of man with man.

This, then, was the aim of this little book. How did it fare? Thackeray, bowing to the sacred voice of Society, shut his door on it: but the mischief was done! Not only is the word spoken a thing done; but in this case the opposition fanned it into a great flame. Slowly at first, Smith, Elder and Co. brought the book out in 1862; at the end of ten years the little edition was not exhausted: they still had 102 copies on hand, which, they assured Ruskin, would safely meet two years’ sale—so little at first did the work create a stir. Afterwards he transferred it to the now well-known Mr. George Allen, of Orpington in Kent, who in 1877 issued a larger edition. Then came swift life. A third edition was called for in 1882; then, more quickly still, a fourth in 1884. From this point the sale of the book, expensive though it is for working men, has steadily grown, and Mr. Allen tells me that at the opening of the present century the annual sale of it has been, on the average, nearly three thousand and a half; and that in many editions. One cannot overrate so strong a proof of the permanent effect of this little

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book. In the middle of last century there were two prophets about the evils of the competition system, two protesters against the pernicious *laissez faire* system of Mill's day. Men so different! the one grim, rough, disappointed, earnest as a Puritan; the other lovable, gentle, and kind to all, with the broadness of a Scottish gentleman. These were Carlyle, who with his grim anger at the evils of his day launched many a thunderbolt at the "dismal science," and his denunciations had effect, no doubt, in rousing attention; while the other prophet, whom we are now honouring, built up in his *Unto this Last* a definite system, which Carlyle never attempted, a system which meant a great change in matters of Economics. He began with the technical words and cries of the older way—the true definition of value, of wealth, of expenditure, and of the use of things, as the opposite to the older system of accumulating capital in a few hands, with poverty and sweating, and what we (perhaps unjustly) style the Jewish way of making a fortune.

And what a boon it was to a sweating society, running madly after money, to have the serene voice and broadminded spirit of our prophet, warning us of the evils, and pointing out, with eloquence that all must love and be drawn by, how the accredited system of national economics was leading us all the wrong way and how it was ruining all those things which for us English folk had been matters for praise and joy. It is one of the points of solace, when one looks into our friend's later life, to find that in 1892 (published in that year, but written apparently earlier) he tells us in the Preface to his *Sesame and Lilies*, VII, that: "One of my friends put me in no small pet by saying that he thought my own influence was much more in being amiable and obliging than in writing books!" (What a blind owl! Was he not really always delightfully kind, and even that weak thing "amiable"; ever glad to put himself out lovingly to be "obliging" to many an idle and silly person who presumed on his great kindness?) The passage then goes on: "I begged

him, with some warmth, to observe that there were myriads of at least equally good-natured people in the world who had merely become its slaves if not its victims; but that the influence of my book was distinctly on the increase, and I hoped, etc., etc.—it is no matter what I said.”

Still, how we should have loved to hear how high his hopes for his brethren had risen, under the sunrise of the beginnings of popular appreciation. On the other hand, I can say, from my own memory, which goes into some of his ways of thinking towards the end of his days, that there was always brooding in his mind a perpetual sense that he had failed to impress his humane and clear views on the popular mind. Nay, he was ever fond of saying, when one referred with praise to this or that matter in his *Præterita*, that he “regretted having written it as he had done—and that if he had to do it now, it would have been very different.” It was a painful feeling in his failing mind and strength, that his efforts had not borne their right results; and that the better way so splendidly pointed out by him had not been trodden by the crazy world—a world rushing madly, blindly, down the horrid hill of competition to destruction.

Not very long after the first issuing of this little book I was present at a meeting in Oxford of a club of tutors and friends, who discussed, now and then, the economic problems of the day. On the night I was there they were listening to a paper by a man whom death carried away from us, just when his great abilities and force of character had been at last understood and appreciated by the censorious and sensitive Oxford graduate world. It was Dr. Hatch, who was in fact, at the time feeling for the right way of dealing with a subject, so full of interest, and of such high importance for English welfare—yet hedged in by many interests. “Should,” he asked, “Political Economy be based on a Deductive or on an Inductive form of reasoning and enquiry?” That is, should

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the student decide on first principles first, and then deduce from them the laws which should govern production and efficiency? Or should the student begin at the other end, following the example of Bacon, Lord Verulam, in his *Novum Organum*, and busying himself first with the accumulation of pertinent facts; classifying them in due order, and so building up a solid system of economics? In his discussion there was a leaning towards the second manner: for the other way, that of axioms (that were no axioms at all), showed him that the Deductive form of argument was liable to infinite blunders; for a false axiom would create a swarm of terrible results, while a humble classification of single facts might not rise very high: but it could on the whole be trusted.

One could see that he felt the hollowness of the then current system; for it was based on such axioms as these; such as "Trade, like water, finds the easiest way"; or "Capital is the essential feature of economics"; or "The Devil take his hindmost"; or "The State should stand aloof, giving facilities, but not interfering"; or "Buy in the cheapest, sell in the dearest market."

With such axioms one can now see what evils would result. Enormous accumulations in a few hands; a constant struggle and resistance of all others: a most abominable doctrine of "thrift," which hinders a wise and remunerative expenditure, leading to the miser-doctrine of great capital accumulated in few hands.

Such was the treatment then given to this matter, a matter of life and death to the whole nation. It had never occurred to my friend there—or to any of those who discussed the matter afterwards that evening—that there was a something absolutely missing from their "view" of the subject—the one something on which Mr. Ruskin had already made his noble declaration; and this, you will anticipate me, is the recognition of the *moral side of human nature*, and the action of all those

not frozen qualities which made the difference between breathing human work and the stiff issues of machinery. At the opening of the book Ruskin strikes his special note. "Among all the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of the human race, perhaps the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern *soi-disant* science of Political Economy—based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection. The social affections, says the economist, are accidental and disturbing elements in human nature ; but advance and the desire of progress are constant elements"—and in reply Ruskin asserts bravely "that all endeavour to deduce rules of action from balance of expediency is in vain. For no human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice"; and by "balances of justice," he goes on, "meaning, in the term justice, to include affection—such affection as one man *owes* to another."

Here, then, is the keynote to the master's treatment of the business side of human arrangements : the very antipodes of the current hard-featured system of economics, of which, by long struggles and often misguided efforts—such as strikes in a falling market, or some fury of desire for more than a just share of profits—have caused infinite suffering and distress, and have thrown whole trades out of gear, and form a flagrant invitation to our neighbours to take up what we in our blindness have thrown down. And then, if the foreigner listens, and takes advantage of our blindness, we turn round and clamour that he should be hustled out, rather than that we should be punished for our own mistakes. Not amiss does the teacher end one of his strongest appeals by saying, "Whether among national manufactures that of souls of a good quality may not be the most lucrative. Nay!" [with a burst of his splendid imaginative powers] "Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-

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of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose ; and that, while the sands of the Indies and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of a heathen one, and be able to lead forth her sons, saying—‘ These are my jewels.’”—(*Unto This Last*, 65.)

This then is the supreme quality of his views as to social life in England : and who can doubt of the effect of this, in a day when the relations between the master and the worker are rapidly changing, under the influence of these noble ideals of the relation of man to man ? “ There is no wealth but life,” he cries ; and then tries to make us understand that we must see that life is rightly grown, and endeavour to carry out those happy precepts which, if we have eyes to see, are graven in the records of Christianity.

I only know of one earlier prophet, who treated social questions, as Ruskin did, in the light of moral duties ; few have ever had the hearts to strike so passionate, so true and so sound a note as rings through this little book. This was an obscure writer of the sixteenth century, who judged of economic matters by the higher law of the Gospel—Dean Wilson, one of my predecessors at Durham. He had passed through strange adventures in his earlier days, and in mature and peaceful days wrote a little book, a dialogue or conference on Usury, a book now so rare that only a few copies of it are known to exist. It carried to the farthest point the brotherly duties of man to man ; so far indeed that he threatens those who accept any interest for a loan to help a friend as traitors to be condemned by the Christian community. His vehemence and determination that all should be guided by the higher principles of brotherhood made him a man who would have hailed gladly Mr. Ruskin’s solution of

these affairs. He argued that in a Christian nation no one could, without turning his back on the profession of his faith, take any advantage of his neighbour. He should therefore gladly let his struggling brother have such ready money as he needs, without interest at all. This now forgotten book was powerless, though backed up by a warm letter from Bishop Jewel. At any rate, Queen Elizabeth gave him—though he was a layman, and must have regarded such a strange dignitary's place with something like astonishment—the Deanery of Durham as a reward for zealous work in many ways. He held it for under two years, dying in 1581 in London.

Apart from him, I believe we may say truly that Ruskin was the sole and only beginner, in the literary history of English economics, of that higher belief, that man's life "consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." It is indeed, when rightly viewed, a noble fabric, built up on honour, and honour pure is honesty: so lifting all business to the higher plane of life, and scorning the falsehoods, advertisements and subterfuges of the race for success. "Mammon service," he cries aloud, "is the irreconcilable opposite of God's service; and whenever the divine writings speak of riches absolute and poverty absolute, they declare woe to the rich and blessing to the poor. Whereupon we forthwith investigate *a science of becoming rich as the shortest road to national prosperity*" (*Unto This Last*, 104).

As to our friend's commendation of Government shops, and with them and the abolition of out-of-works, we can say nothing. The examples in history of such efforts are not encouraging. Nor would Government rule and patronage carry out his aphorism that "the best work is never done for money."

The great truth we have been looking at is summed up by the noble Venetian motto, quoted by him as the keynote of his work: "Around this temple let the merchant's law

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be just, his weights true, his contracts guileless" (note in Preface xv.).

And though he closed his eyes, while the world around seemed more and more engrossed with money-getting, still the dawn had come, though he saw it not; and we now can point to many proofs, at home and abroad, of true, honest fellowship in labour, and of a belief in something better in life than that "red gold" which still too many worship with all their hearts.

I have lingered, it may be, too long over this phase of Mr. Ruskin's life: for it seems to me to be the side on which his spirit was most in earnest and most sorrowful at the non-attainment of his desires for his fellow-countrymen. And also because it has been already, and will, I trust, ever be, the beginning of a beneficial change in the English view as to a wise economy, no longer Carlyle's "dismal science," but instead a happy opening of a new and better age of English commercial and social activity and prosperity.

There are, however, many more important sides of our friend's career, which, as far as his own opinion went, were never fully realized by the people of his day. In all these brave utterances of his there was the selfsame spirit. It was the spirit of what was true and genuine in art, in morals, in religion. We all know how he fought against the falsities into which all art seemed to fall in the early times of our late beloved Queen—the vigorous championship with which he defended the rising school of Præ-raphaelites, as they were called; the hot support of Turner's splendid art; the withering scorn with which he resisted all sham-work, all feeble prettiness. In those days it was all too true that England had a flood of works in bad taste—whether in painting or in architecture. We have not yet shaken ourselves clear of this taint. Any one who has ever studied Ruskin's architectural drawings will see where his strength lay—it lay in honesty and truthfulness; there was no sparing of labour; no eagerness for effect

—nothing but the reproduction of some work of old genius, which had been blessed by some double blessing of age and rightness of pious labour.

I wish I could do justice to his noble work for the purifying of art from the blighting influences of working for money, not for art itself. I always remember an awful statue, bigger than life-size, in one of the London exhibitions, portraying horror, haste, pain, an almost dying fury. I said to the sculptor that it seemed to me to run counter to all Lessing's famous rules for plastic art: it had neither repose nor beauty in it. The answer was: "I know that is so! But my object was to call attention to myself as a rising sculptor; and it will have the desired effect." Let us hope it had; and that my friend the sculptor has since made a fortune. But it was an arrant example of what should not have been achieved. And on the other side, how marked is the work of many modern Italian sculptors—as we saw them some years back in a London exhibition! Such wonderful technical work, so much expenditure of skill—but no noble thought or inspiration; just beautiful forms and faces, half concealed, half hinted by exquisite draperies. Suitable for West End luxurious drawing-rooms; but with no inspired element in them.

Against these twin forms of decadence how bravely did the master contend throughout his life! And he saw but little abatement of the evil. His sorrowful saying that "the best work is never done for money" is daily proved true, when we compare the old builders with our stiff efforts, the old sculptors with our modern street decorations, the old painters with our gaudy exhibitions. No wonder that these things weighed heavily on him to the very end.

I have occupied too much of your time already, and must draw towards the close. May I venture to say with what pleasure I have seen this remarkable collection of things beautiful adorning your most active and ever-growing city? One cannot guess

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at the effect of such a museum and such an influence as that of Mr. Ruskin, whose generous action showed us long ago that when he had turned away from the colder world of the University of Oxford, he did not withdraw into the quiet of a well-earned peace in old age, but at once set himself to appeal to, to rouse, to teach, the workers of our country. It was a noble change for him ; and will, let us hope, ever lead to a large uplifting of the minds of those who are in reality the solid element of our varied society—the element which works manfully to create all things of use and some things for the delight of a civilized life. Nowhere is it so much needed as it is in the huge aggregations of mankind—nowhere so much as in places in which the reign of machinery is powerful.

Long may the name of John Ruskin be connected honourably with the civic life of this city. You can never vie with his beloved Venice ; but it is a great boon that you can here learn much of the marvellous beauty of that wonderful city of the waters. I see that in this year you have already had discourses on the Venetian St. Ursula, and the other splendid examples of Carpaccio's work in the renowned St. George's of Venice. The Slavonians, who visited England in the fifteenth and sixteenth century, came from that settlement in Venice itself, and touched the traffic and merchandise of Southern England by their higher sense of beauty and true artistic work. Why should not Sheffield with its splendid energy and power over metal-work, draw a wholesome breath of life from these reminiscences of past excellence ; and presently show to the English world a pattern of that honourable goodness in labour, which will turn the hardship of the lot of man into a new world, a world of higher aspirations and true expression in art ? Thus the needful in daily life will be touched throughout with the spirit of Ruskin's highest aims ; and you will cry with him, as he appeals to women in his *Queens' Gardens* :

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"Come, thou south wind, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out"¹ (*Queens' Gardens*, iv. 16).

¹ Cp. the Preface to *St. Mark's Rest*, written at Brantwood in 1878: "The only doctrine or system peculiar to me is the abhorrence of all that is doctrinal instead of demonstrable, and of all that is systematic instead of useful: so that *no true* disciple of mine will ever be a 'Ruskinian'!—he will follow not me but the instincts of his own soul, and the guidance of its Creator."

UTOPIAN PAPERS¹

BY JAMES GLENDINNING

WHILE publishers and booksellers (both increasingly forgetful that they are great, if merely secondary, social instruments for the dissemination of imagination and art, of knowledge and culture) nervously excite themselves over the purely commercial relations of the sevenpenny reprint and the six-shilling first-edition of fiction—and, be it noted, increase their excitement and their difficulties by a somewhat reckless speculation in both; and while the public, quietly and unconsciously, as its lack or its possession of wealth, taste, and leisure operates, settles the matter, good, solid, unostentatious works that appeal to idealism and thought rather than to physical emotion and activity—works that demand, if they are to be incorporated into our being, the exercise of a ruminant rather than a merely molar faculty—are apt to be pulped, or, at best, to receive their only notice in a catalogue of remainders. Milton, we are often told, with an intonation and gesture of tragedy, received a paltry £10 for his *Paradise Lost*. And the intonation and gesture incline us, at first, to enter that humble cottage in Chalfont-St-Giles—once so beautiful, and an incentive to the regaining of Paradise; now, alas, fast becoming, through inevitable social circumstance, an integral part of a rural slum—and present the shade of the blind poet with our bank and cheque books; but second

¹ *Utopian Papers*. Being Addresses to "The Utopians." By Professor Patrick Geddes, S. H. Swinny, Dr. J. W. Slaughter, V. V. Branford, Dr. Lionel Tayler, Sister Nivedita, F. W. Felkin, and Rev. Joseph Wood. Edited by Dorothea Hollins. (London: Masters and Co., Ltd., 3s. 6d. net.)

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thoughts make us linger on the threshold and transfer our wondering commiseration to his generation and to our own. Milton, presumably, signed receipts for £10 to his publisher. Who shall dare to draw up the receipt of humanity to Milton?

Be it not inferred from this that *Utopian Papers* is a new *Paradise Lost*, or, though it points the way thither, a new *Paradise Regained*. It is simply a volume of careful, conscientious thought—with two veins of genuine inspiration which we shall deal with presently—written in straightforward prose. It may have involved financial relations of £10 or of £10,000 : we care not a bodle ; what we do care for, is that it shall have intellectual and practical relations with the public at large. It will doubtless find no place in any manual of English literature ; but parts of it, at least—the veins of genuine inspiration we have already referred to, certainly—demand a place in something infinitely deeper and higher—English life. For what is life but the alternate—or, rather, the simultaneous—losing and regaining of Paradise, of Utopia ; the sincere and constant relation of ideals to conduct, the sincere and constant criticism of self in both, the constant and inevitable rebuilding or destruction of oneself as ideals and conduct harmonize more or less completely in quality and in intensity ? And it is just here, as an incentive and guide to the formulation and the practice of individual and social ideals, that the volume under review is of vital and intrinsic value. *Utopian Papers* is a misnomer, for the net result of the volume is to throw a flood of light and reason upon the actual here in space, and upon the actual past and present and the potential future in time.

The volume consists of a series of addresses delivered to "The Utopians," a little group of Chelsea citizens keenly interested in the welfare of their borough and equally interested also, as all good citizens should be, in the problems, activities, and welfare of humanity. In two ways have "The Utopians" publicly justified their existence—first, by providing the

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nucleus of the lately-formed Chelsea Association, a body organized for the purpose of realizing something of Utopia in Chelsea here and now ; and, secondly, by producing the present volume. They have recognised, in short, that Utopia is to be visualized clearly and ultimately—if ever—reached only by the continuous co-operation of faith, reason and works,—the only way to reach any heaven, howsoever mundane and humble.

The variety of subjects with which the volume deals will be sufficiently appreciated if we simply set forth the titles of the addresses which form the contents : "Chelsea, Past and Possible," by Professor Patrick Geddes ; "Some Utopias Past and Present," by the Rev. Joseph Wood ; "The Utopian Imagination and Social Progress," by Dr. J. W. Slaughter ; "St. Columba," by Victor V. Branford ; "Comte's View of the Future of Society," by S. H. Swinny ; "Goethe," by F. W. Felkin ; "Indian Thought," by Sister Nivedita ; "The Innate Capacity for Self-Development," by Dr. J. Lionel Tayler. We propose to deal exclusively with the pages written by Professor Geddes and Mr. Branford—this, however, in no way derogatory to the other articles in the volume, which, indeed, all reach a high level of thought and suggestion ; but simply because it seems to us that "Chelsea, Past and Possible" and "St. Columba" are marked out by qualities of extraordinary originality, and give very definite and quite indispensable aid to the realization of any worthy Utopia, individual or social.

"Chelsea, Past and Possible" will give its full meaning and significance only to those who are acquainted with Professor Geddes's previous and later writings on Civics—a body of matter relatively small in bulk, but easily first, in quality, in the literature of its subject. The author might well have presented his argument with greater wealth of detail and illustration ; but brief and compressed though the article is, it is a valuable contribution to the elaboration of a philosophy and

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a practice of civics that cannot but have a profound influence upon the civic life and policy of the future. On another occasion we hope to deal, in *Saint George*, with Professor Geddes's philosophy and practice of civics ; for the present we merely seek to disengage some of the more important points presented by the article under review.

The article is offered

as a suggestion towards the interpretation of an individual borough, and especially of some of the ways in which our knowledge of and respect for local tradition may not only enhance our interest in the present, but assist our outlook towards the future. The historic retrospect, the Utopian forecast [the author continues] too often mutually exclusive, must thus be united; for an evolutionary interpretation is not merely an enquiry into antecedents, but an endeavour to define the general course of events, to discern its elements of enduring inheritance, and of contemporary variation. Nor is this enlarged enquiry of purely scientific interest; in the measure of its clearness, it affords indications towards action, and this especially as regards the selection and preservation, the continuance and culture of the vital and characteristic elements of our local heritage. In short, historic appreciation and Utopian anticipation must be increasingly united to bring forth fruit in civic aspiration and endeavour.

That at once lifts the matter of civics far above the plane on which our rival parties of municipal politicians so joyfully contend. Our current municipal politics has not yet developed into civics; it is, indeed, often little more than a violent obscuring of the fundamental facts of civics; the stimulation of class or party prejudice and interest at the expense of communal life and well-being. Rates are considered in their purely monetary aspect, and not in terms of social service needed and performed. Birth-rates and death-rates are rightly regarded as matters of vital importance; but what we may call life-rates—or, to put it in another way, the opportunity and stimulus which the community may give to the capacity

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for making the most of life, both individual and communal—are considered only in the most rudimentary and haphazard fashion. Drains, sanitary inspection, free education, libraries, open spaces, and a thousand and one other things are, it is true, provided—and their increasing provision marks an enormous advance in our civic sense—but all these advances are made not as the result of a comprehensive and organic conception of civics, but mainly as the result of social necessity or of specialized and organized public opinion; and while these several advances are made, counter-forces are permitted to operate and so undo much of the good that is achieved. No social Utopia can be reached save by a long and complex process of inter-related reforms; and the prime condition on which reforms shall be reforms in the vital sense of the word is that they shall deal not only with present conditions and needs, but that they shall also take account of the heritage of the past, and be related, so far as a wise foresight permits, to the probable conditions and needs of the future. In other words, if our civic Utopia is not to be a jerry-built thought-structure—like the material environment in which we plan it—it must have its foundations in a comprehensive knowledge of the past and the present which we purpose it shall supersede. Call them cornets, and blow through them as lustily or as sweetly as we may, the traditional trumpets will never rebuild the walls of our particular Jericho.

It will be seen, from the quotation we have given above, that in Professor Geddes's conception of civics historic appreciation and Utopian anticipation are great and indispensable elements. Too often historic appreciation and Utopian anticipation are found rigidly back to back, the one lamenting a phantom sunset, the other hailing an equally phantom dawn; and whether found separately or combined, both are too often arrested at the stage of idle dreaming, or of equally idle criticism of present realities, instead of becoming what is their

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only real justification—incentives and guides to the understanding and the reshaping of the present, elements of a union of regional sociology and practical civic policy.

This union of historic retrospect and Utopian anticipation with an intellectual and practical interest in the conditions, the needs and the possibilities of the present involves, for its efficient realization, regional and civic surveys. Obviously such surveys must take a wider view than those of which Mr. Charles Booth's survey of London is a monumental and classic example, for they must be surveys of past, present, and potential future, and of each in their complex relations of time and space and of natural and social circumstance. Further, such surveys necessitate the creation of a civic museum for each city and town. In such museums

records of the past, surveys of the present, projects and suggestions for the future, may for the first time be brought together. Public feeling and individual interest are thus aroused—the very deficiencies of this threefold collection being, perhaps, no less suggestive than its contents—and improvement becomes possible accordingly. Our ideas of our city, thus beginning with observations and records, generalize towards unity of view, towards common action also. For given such and such elements of the local heritage, especially those which have reappeared in generation after generation, given too such and such advantages of the local situation in our own day, practical possibilities appear, and from these the conception of a Civic Policy begins to arise.

Such regional and civic surveys, and such civic museums, afford the only valid and permanent incentive to, and basis for, the co-operation of the many active elements of that civic awakening which is becoming more and more general in our country to-day. Without some such incentive and basis, pageants, Town Planning Bills, Garden City movements, Borough and City Councils, too, tend to remain isolated factors in civic progress, and are thus robbed of much of their

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potential influence ; with such an incentive and basis—even though they be still only in an elementary stage—

In Chelsea, small local groups, like the Utopians, small beginnings, like that of University Hall of Residence, tend to become associated in endeavours of citizenship ; such are the recent formation of a nucleus of a Chelsea Association, and that of a General Committee for the re-erection of Crosby Hall.

Professor Geddes's opening words to the Utopians of Chelsea are of universal application :—

Let me first plead that we should take a more active and definite interest in our borough. At the outset I submit that we hardly any of us adequately know our facts, and hence that we cannot even dream our Utopia more than vaguely, much less define any single portion of it until we have come to know and understand something at least of what it is that gives this local character which we value to our neighbourhood, our town.

Briefly and succinctly, therefore, he disengages from the history of Chelsea what it is that gives it its distinctive character. Its main and secondary memorials ; its association with Count Zinzendorf and thence with the Thirty Years' War ; with the Moravians and thence with that great bishop and pedagogue, Comenius ; with More and Erasmus, and thence with the Reformation and the Renaissance ; with Sir Hans Sloane and his nucleus of the British Museum ; with Turner, Rossetti, and Whistler ; with Carlyle : these and other associations, direct or secondary, are briefly dealt with, and are made to lead up naturally to the illuminating conclusion :—

Here in Chelsea, albeit but one of the minor boroughs of London as regards area, wealth, population, and other crude quantitative measurements, we have a city in its own way second to none, and in general view claiming to be reckoned after the City and Westminster themselves as making up the main triad of Central London. True, the City stood for commerce,

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for material wealth, financial greatness, and Westminster for sacred traditions and for governing powers, when this was but a country village. Yet when the Reformation closed the story of Westminster as a mediæval cloister of thought, the history of Chelsea opened, as its Renaissance equivalent or analogue, and as since affording once and again some needed subjective counterpart to the material and political greatness of the two Metropolitan cities. In many ways, of course, this position, while here in Chelsea but individually and sporadically realized, has been more fully and consciously taken as well as educationally applied by Oxford; but while that has been mainly a citadel of the causes and ideals of the past, the record of Chelsea . . . lies essentially in its initiatives of new ideals, of constructive movements. Here in fact has long been established, not indeed More's *Utopia*, yet another and practically contemporary one, that *Abbey of Thelema*, in which each lives his own life to such purpose as he may.

This, then, is the tradition, the distinctive character, of Chelsea—the “perpetual renewal of certain recognizable elements.” To recognize these elements, and yet to regard Chelsea merely as a thing of the past, is to grasp only half of its meaning and purpose.

Though to historians and their readers the past may too often seem dead, or at best a record to be enshrined in libraries for the learned, it is of the very essence of our growing sociological re-interpretation of the past to see its essential life as continuous into the present, and even beyond, and so maintain the perennation of culture, the immortality of the social soul. The definition of culture in terms of “the best that has been known and done in the world” is but half the truth, that which mourns or meditates among the tombs; the higher meaning of culture is also nearer its primitive sense, which finds in the past not only fruit but seed, and so prepares for a coming spring, a future harvest. History is not ended with our historians' “periods”; the world is ever beginning anew, each community with it, each town and quarter. Why not then also this small town of ours, this most productive cloister of thought and art in what is now the vastest of historic cities?

To continue the past tradition into the opening future is, then, “the problem, the essence of our Utopia.” That

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problem is, unfortunately, only briefly considered by Professor Geddes in his present article ; but brief though the treatment is, it affords innumerable and valuable suggestions to the careful reader ; and perhaps Professor Geddes will give us, in the near future, a fuller exposition of the means by which the problem is to be solved. For the present, these means are indicated. The recently formed Chelsea Association affords the nucleus of an organization which may co-ordinate and give a common civic purpose to the many isolated or but loosely related agencies which are seeking to promote the well-being of the communal and the individual life of Chelsea. It is surely the experience of all who are engaged in civic work of any kind, however important or however humble, that it is only in proportion as that work is brought into direct and continuous contact with the other innumerable local activities that it finds its full civic expression and achievement. Some day, perhaps, our City and Borough Councils will be the co-ordinating body ; but so long as these public bodies are dominated by a spirit of party politics instead of by a spirit of constructive civics, the co-ordinating body must essentially be of a less official and more truly representative character. So far, then, Professor Geddes does well to lay emphasis upon the civic functions and possibilities of the Chelsea Association. Such an association, however, is needed by every community ; and each community will present its association with certain very definite local problems in addition to those that will necessarily be common to all. What special problem confronts the Chelsea Association ? The tradition of many cultural activities is, as we have seen, the essential tradition of Chelsea. Obviously, then, the special problem of the Chelsea Association is to continue these cultural activities in the present and into the opening future ; to breathe new life into the centuries-old tradition ; to make it once more a living force within Chelsea and an influence beyond its boundaries. The time has come for that.

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"As the community in its religious aspect was the Church, as the community in its political aspect is the State, so also the community in its cultural aspect will be the University"; and in Chelsea now are the essentials of a University City in the general sense; and a University quarter, in the literal sense, is now developing. These two beginnings—the nucleus of a Chelsea Association and the nucleus of a University City—must therefore be brought together; and towards this great civic purpose the re-erection of Crosby Hall—now begun—upon More's Garden, is

no mere act of archæological piety, still less of mere "restoration," but one of renewal; it is a purposeful symbol, a renewed initiative, Utopian and local, civic and academic in one. It is first of all a renewed link with the past and its associations; it is to be of daily uses, both public and collegiate, but these above all as preparing for the future, not simply dignifying the present and commemorating the past. In sum it is a new link between Chelsea Past and Chelsea Possible.

Such then is the substance—with a little comment—of this addition to the elaboration of a philosophy and practice of civics that may well become the most potent influence in that civic renaissance that is, happily, increasingly characteristic of our time.

In the next issue of *Saint George* we shall deal with Mr. Victor Branford's article on "St. Columba"—at once an extremely original contribution to hagiography and an illuminating interpretation of certain elemental facts of life.

THE GOVERNMENT AND UNEMPLOYMENT

By WALTER T. LAYTON

WHEN the achievements of the present Parliament come to be written, it is safe to say that there will be two outstanding features in its record which will attract the attention of the future historian. Its confidence in the principle of self-government, as shown in the grant of constitutions to the South African colonies, is one. The other is its far-reaching scheme of social legislation. While the first was a carrying out, under peculiarly difficult circumstances, of a great tradition, the latter represents in many ways a breaking of new ground. Lord Rosebery has characterized Mr. Lloyd George's finance as a *Revolution*, not a *Budget*. But the innovations in the Budget are as nothing compared to the social revolution which is being effected, so far as legislation can accomplish it. Of the measures either passed or under consideration only two amplify and extend Acts already on the Statute book, and in one at least of these cases a very radical advance is made on the previous enactment. The list includes :—Small Holdings, Old Age Pensions, Workmen's Compensation, Trades' Disputes, the Miners' Eight Hours Act, which for the first time fixes by legislation hours of adult men, Trades' Boards, Labour Exchanges, Invalidity Insurance, and Unemployed Insurance. We might add to the list whatever measures the Government may propose next year for reforming the Poor Law, and also the administrative work of the Board of Trade in settling industrial disputes, with the formation of their Conciliation Board panels of employers and employed. The latter is not strictly legislation, but it represents an expansion of the functions of Government.

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The newest and most experimental of these changes have been reserved for this present year. Four great schemes have, in fact, been propounded in the last three months. Of these Invalidity Insurance is not fully developed, but is forecast in outline in the Budget. Of the Bills reserved for the present year, that which proposes to establish Labour Exchanges has attracted most attention. The scheme for Unemployment Insurance is postponed till next year, but it is so bound up in the former that they should be considered together. In conjunction they form the first step for dealing with the question of Unemployment. The problem of the inefficient and of those displaced by the better organization of casual labour, the question of how best to meet periods of exceptional depression, all these remain for future consideration. At the present moment it is important to secure as wide and as general a discussion of the proposals which are actually before the country.

In making labour exchanges the main point in their policy the Government have the authority of both reports of the Poor Law Commission, each of which insists that the problem of casual labour and what has come to be known as Under-Employment is the most pressing question calling for a solution. "Of all the forms of Unemployment," say the Minority, "that which we have termed Under-Employment, extending as it does to many hundreds of thousands of workmen and to their whole lives, is by far the worst in its evil effects." And again, "It is this system of Under-Employment which is, above all causes, responsible for the perpetual manufacture of paupers that is going on." It is because the better organization of the labour market may ultimately do something to lessen the number of men among whom this intermittent work is distributed, that the Commissioners place it in the fore-front of their programme of reform.

In adopting this view the President of the Board of Trade has support from other quarters. At a conference recently

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held in London, representing 1,400,000 trade unionists, resolutions were passed in favour of the scheme ; the Central Unemployed body heartily approves, the delegates of the Labour Party who recently went to Germany, "Sir Charles Booth, and economists as diverse as Prof. Ashley and Prof. Chapman"—to quote Mr. Churchill's speech in the House—are in its favour, as well as several prominent members of the Opposition.

The argument with regard to the stagnant pools of labour and the amount of reserve which is really required in any industrial organization has been so forcibly urged in and out of season by Mr. Beveridge, and is so clearly expounded in the Minority Report of the Royal Commission, that it is not necessary to go over the ground again. Analogies abound in other departments of industry, wherever there is the slightest amount of organization. Every one would agree that it would be unnecessary and wasteful for all the joint stock banks in the kingdom to keep a bullion reserve in their tills sufficient for their maximum possible requirements. This purpose can be achieved by maintaining a claim on the central fund at the Bank of England, which is of course much smaller than the sum of the individual reserves required if each kept their own. It is equally wasteful in the same sort of way to keep an army of casual labourers distributed in little groups at each employer's gate. But bullion kept under such circumstances merely loses the interest which would accrue for its use ; it retains its full market value. This is unfortunately not the case with human currency ; the metal is perishable, and the gold rapidly deteriorates. Principal as well as interest is lost.

The argument from authority is supported by the argument from experience. Labour exchanges have been used with success abroad, and though the achievements of the exchanges established under the Unemployed Workmen's Act in this country have not been very conspicuous, they have slowly enlarged their sphere of usefulness. The connection with

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the Distress Committees has been a great handicap, and has helped to keep away the skilled and efficient workers, except such as have lost their industrial status. No voluntary system of exchanges can be successful which has not the confidence of the organized workers of the country. It is a very hopeful sign that the Trade Unions are coming into closer touch with the existing exchanges, and are welcoming the proposed new organization.

The Bill which initiates this great departure in Labour policy is the most unpretentious document imaginable ; but, like the grain of mustard seed, it promises to grow into a great tree. Let us hope it will not be the malingerer who will lodge in the branches of it. The two pages of the Bill do nothing more than authorize the establishment of the exchanges. The details are left quite vague, and a very wide discretion is given to the Board of Trade. The main lines on which it is proposed to develop were, however, sketched by Mr. Churchill in his exposition, the details having been elaborated by a Departmental Committee of the Board. It is proposed to divide the whole country into ten divisions, each with a divisional clearing house presided over by a divisional chief, and all co-ordinated with the national Clearing House in London. Distributed among these ten divisions would be between thirty and forty first-class labour exchanges in towns of 100,000 and upwards, forty-five second-class exchanges in towns between 50,000 and 100,000, and about 150 minor sub-offices or third-class exchanges or waiting-rooms. The latter would be established in smaller centres. In the principal centres there will be an advisory committee consisting of equal numbers of representatives of workers and employers under an official chairman. The ordinary work of the exchanges is estimated to cost £170,000 a year. In the earlier years while building operations are in progress the sum will be increased to £200,000.

The feature of this proposal is that the Government is not

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yet prepared to make the use of the exchanges compulsory. The first reason, which is a practical one, is all sufficient. It is that the Government is not ready to deal with the surplus of labour which would be displaced if all casual work had to be engaged through a labour exchange. But apart from this consideration, the Bill would become highly contentious if it were of a compulsory nature. Public opinion is not prepared to risk everything on an organization not yet tried in this country, nor are employers willing to give up the right of choosing their men. This latter difficulty is imaginary rather than real, for though masters would surrender the power of picking up men at their own gates, they would really enlarge the field of choice. They would be compelled to go to a particular labour store, it is true, but they would find there all the goods displayed. The larger the market the wider the field of choice. But so long as the scheme remains optional, there is no possibility of dealing with the "stagnant pools of labour" in a systematic manner, and were the decasualization of labour the only aim of labour exchanges it would certainly be arguable whether the expenditure of the sum of £200,000 a year would be justified, especially as the exchanges are to be deprived of the one weapon which would make them really effective. But the organization will gain experience and will be ready when public opinion is advanced to the stage of demanding compulsion. The immediate benefit of the exchanges will, however, be seen in the other activities which will grow up round them. It is hoped, and it is reasonable to suppose, that the local labour exchange will become the centre of labour organization in the district, and that it will be used for meetings of Trade Boards and other allied purposes. But above all it may be used to assist efforts which are being made to check the degradation of boy labour. The work of Apprenticeship Committees will be greatly helped by the information which the exchange will accumulate.

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But the better organization of labour by means of exchanges cannot touch the question of big cyclical fluctuations in trade. The latter are sometimes assumed to affect artisans and factory hands rather than the casual workers of the type who apply to Distress Committees. This opinion is perhaps encouraged by the stress laid by recent writers on the permanent nature of casual or under-employment. But it can easily be shown how greatly even casual employment varies with the condition of trade. The following figures give applications to the Committees in the last four years, and it will be seen that the numbers closely follow the state of employment in the organized trades as represented by the proportion of Trade Unionists in receipt of unemployed benefit. The figures are for London :—

Applicants to Distress Committee	1905-6	1906-7	1907-8	1908-9 to March 6th
			39,728	28,181	32,624	48,532
Percentage of Trade Unionists unemployed			1905	1906	1907	1908
			6·4	5·6	6·1	8·1

In all these years the proportion of general labourers remained about the same, viz. 50 to 55 per cent.

There is thus a cyclical movement in the demand for unskilled as well as in that for skilled labour ; and it must be remembered that the effect of cyclical fluctuations is often to bring down into the ranks of casual employment many who are unable to tide over the year or years of depression. It is of the first importance to keep workers from losing their industrial status under such conditions. This is to be done not by moving them from place to place, or from job to job, but by some form of insurance.

Dove-tailing of occupations can be carried out when

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seasonal periods are quite definite and well known, but the field for doing so is limited, and leaves a very great deal to the administrator's discretion. It must not be forgotten that the mobility of labour, on which so much stress is laid in arguments on behalf of labour exchanges, is not altogether a desirable end in itself. On the contrary, the continued movement from place to place and the periodical breaking up of the home, which is so often involved, is a great social evil. It is a serious hindrance to the development of citizenship if a man cannot remain long enough in a town to enable him to take root, and to share in the common life of the community. The mobility of labour is a necessity for the national well-being ; but it should be secured as much as possible by the drafting of the rising generations into the channels where labour is most required, rather than by moving adult workers from place to place.

To institute a scheme of national insurance against unemployment is no small matter. The recent report of the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions states that in fifteen years ending 1906, 100 principal unions paid £2,537,293 in unemployed benefits. There is an average of 480,000 people to be provided for. A payment of 5s. a week to these would mean £6,240,000 plus the cost of administration. Threepence a week for each of the 12,000,000 persons liable to unemployment would raise £7,800,000 annually. Such a sum the Committee consider should be raised equally from employees, employers, and the State. This is on the whole a very low figure. It gives an unemployment percentage of only 4 per cent. The Board of Trade shows an average for the ten years ending 1907 of 4·2, and in the last five years of 5·5. It assumes also that the Board of Trade figures are applicable to the whole labour market. But it is evident that commercial and Government occupations on the one hand, and risky and variable

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occupations on the other, should be classed together. This is a difficult question which has arisen in all insurance schemes which have included a different degree of risk. Should those persons who are lucky enough to be in a stable occupation help to bear the risks of those whose work is subject to great variations? If it were true that wages really took into account the uncertainty of employment, it would clearly be fair to charge particular workers with the whole of the insurance premiums required. But it would be hard to prove that this is the case, for though it is evident that wages are high in some variable trades on account of the risk, it is not clear that they are higher by the amount of the premiums required to insure against the fluctuation. Practical considerations have, however, again decided the question in favour of insurance by trades. Granted that it is not yet possible to insure the whole working classes, it would only be possible to insure *some men in all trades* under a voluntary system, which would almost certainly fail to include the unskilled men.

The Government therefore proposes to institute compulsory Unemployment Insurance in the building, shipbuilding, and engineering industries, or, as stated by the President of the Board of Trade, in housebuilding and works of construction, engineering, machine- and tool-making, ship and boat-building, vehicles, sawyers and general labourers working at those trades. At the last census these trades comprised 2,500,000 adult males, or roughly one-third of the total population engaged in purely industrial work. Of the remainder, nearly one-half were employed in textiles, mines, and railways, which do not present so great fluctuations, or at least meet them by restricting working hours, etc. It is proposed to pay benefits on a scale somewhat lower than those paid by the best Trade Unions for a period greater than the average length of time out of work. In order to enable such benefits to be paid, it will be necessary to raise something

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between 6d. and 5d.—rather nearer 6d. than 5d.—per man per week, and that sum is to be raised by the employers, by the workmen, and by the State.

Looking at these groups of trades, it is evident that the Government has taken in hand the most difficult cases of all, not only so far as the higher artisans are concerned, but also as regards the unskilled in these trades. The Distress Committee returns for the last three years show that the applicants were distributed among various occupations in the following proportions :—

	Per cent.
General or casual labour	52·2
Building trades	20·1
Engineering, shipbuilding, and metal trades	7·5
Boot and shoemaking	2·1
Domestic service	1·9
Furnishing and wood-working trades	1·7
Food, drink, and tobacco trades	1·4
Textile trades	·8
Tailoring and clothing	·6
Printing and paper trades	·5
Other occupations	11·2
	<u>100·</u>

The feature of this table is the preponderance of the building trade. If we succeed in insuring the whole of the men occupied in building an enormous step will have been taken, for in all the small provincial towns of the country this trade is the only serious winter problem, which would be reduced to manageable proportions if this difficulty were out of the way.

The insurance proposals of the Government may safely be expected to commend themselves to the public even more than labour exchanges, while the element of compulsion is likely to produce a more immediate effect. It is within the bounds of practical politics to make insurance compulsory, whereas if the

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use of the former was made obligatory, much opposition would certainly be met with. Further, the working man is not anxious to see one man get two jobs, while another gets none at all. In most occupations the sentiment is quite naturally in favour of sharing the work round as far as it will go. This immediate effect of an efficient system of labour exchanges would be an unpopular one among the men themselves, while the ultimate benefit would only be seen in the long run. Insurance suffers from no such disadvantage.

But while the aim of insurance is so desirable, the means are correspondingly difficult. Experience of insurance in other directions shows how easy it is to evade and make false claims. Unexpected effects are constantly showing themselves, and it often takes years to arrive at a satisfactory working basis. An example of the abuse of insurance is furnished by the Compensation Act of 1907, which states that "Compensation is payable *from the day of the accident*, if the illness lasts more than a fortnight." The result has been an enormous increase of illnesses lasting over a fortnight. A Mutual Benefit Society in South Wales reports the following remarkable change, which is obviously a result of the Act :—

	First half, 1907, per 1000 workmen.	Second half, 1907, per 1000 workmen.
Illnesses of more than 7 and less than 14 days	11·89	7·44
Illnesses of more than 14 days .	35·08	69·26

The difficulty of preventing this kind of abuse will be particularly great in the case of Unemployed Benefit. Unemployment is not a simple matter, and it will be hard to prove a genuine desire for work. But the association with the Labour Exchange will make it possible to offer work as a test of willingness, if work is to be had. The difficulty will, however, at once arise

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as to terms. Will the Exchange help to maintain the standard rate, or will it press men to accept a lower figure? What will it do in the case of old or slow workers, and what will be its attitude in the event of a strike? These questions, though not so vital where the exchanges are on a voluntary basis, will become acute as soon as the offer of work by the Exchange is made the test in connection with unemployed benefit. On all these points the Trade Unions will have something to say. The further difficulty of overlapping with existing Trade Unions ought not to be insuperable, especially if the Government is ready to meet the Unions by allowing them to compound for their members.

Experience on the Continent in the matter of Unemployed Insurance furnishes very little guide. Most experiments have hitherto been local, and practically all are voluntary. The Norwegian law is hardly yet in working order, and the Danish law has only just been passed, though the latter, according to Mr. Schloss, has a good chance of success, on account of the small proportion of unskilled workers in Denmark. We have, in fact, absolutely no experience as to the possibility of working a scheme on the scale proposed for this country. There is, however, no doubt that if it can be worked, insurance is the right way to tackle the problem, so long as we have fluctuations in industry—and no one has yet shown how the latter are to be avoided. It would be worth a great sacrifice to make the scheme a success, for though it is impossible to say how many of the casual and unemployable class would have been saved from their present situation if placed into proper trained occupations in boyhood, and kept from falling into unskilled ranks by insurance, the numbers must be very large. Even if labour exchanges do little to solve the present casual labour problem, they will be thoroughly justified if they can materially assist the organization of boy labour and can provide the means of working this scheme of Unemployed Insurance.

REVIEWS

MEDIÆVAL AND CLASSICAL LITERATURE

A History of Architectural Development. By Professor F. M. Simpson. Vol. II. *Mediæval.* 21s. net.

Handbook of Greek Architecture. By Prof. Allan Marquand. Macmillan. 10s. net.

I

IT is now more than half a century since Fergusson's *Handbook* appeared, and our wonder at its achievement increases as each new work is published. With comparatively little literary material and none of our modern facilities for travel, what a monument Fergusson raised! Despite all its inevitable faults it has not yet been superseded. From time to time some American professor, whose trumpeter is recently deceased, announces that he is the first to discover some new principle. But we can find it all in Fergusson, whom the professor wisely does not mention.

Professor Simpson, in his second volume of *A History of Architectural Development* (Longmans), has produced a most valuable piece of work. Whether it can definitely supersede Fergusson is doubtful, as the scale is too small. Assuming an average for the volume yet to come, there will be fewer pages than in the original two volumes of Fergusson, whilst on account of the larger type there is less matter on a page. Fergusson is now published in five volumes. This is an unnecessary handicap at the outset.

Nevertheless, if Professor Simpson has not given us all for which we hoped, we may still say that, as far as it goes, we have here the best book of its kind in existence.

In so vast a field great elaboration of detail is impossible, and on the whole it is remarkable how much has been included within the small compass. This has been greatly helped by a considerable number of sectional and constructional drawings,

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which tend to be lacking in the general histories. Naturally many plans are given, but in these days of cheap line blocks the number might have been trebled.

There is here no flourish of trumpets and the author makes no pretence of offering any great new contribution to the subject, yet in each volume we have something of special value. In the first volume the admirably succinct account of the Byzantine style, short as it necessarily is, is yet the best general survey in our language. In the present volume the treatment of the French work, and especially that of the South of France, is admirable, and this hitherto has been very inadequately dealt with by English writers.

The result has been to crowd out other things, and here the smallness of scale of the whole work makes itself felt. Ireland is entirely omitted. Justice is hardly done to Scotland, which is dismissed in half a dozen paragraphs. Even the North of England does not get its due. Professor Simpson puts the group of great churches between Malvern and Wells, sixty-eight miles the longest way, as without a rival; why he does not add Worcester, which only makes the distance seventy-four, does not appear.

But Durham and York are only sixty-two miles apart, with Ripon, Fountains, Rievaulx in between, not to mention Darlington, Easby Malton, Byland (once the largest Cistercian church in the world), Mount Grace (a unique specimen of a Carthusian monastery), and perhaps the finest group of Saxon churches in Britain. Lincoln and York are only fifty-seven miles apart.

But the finest group for Gothic study in Britain is probably that whose longest measurement is between Patrington and Mount Grace or Ripon, a distance of sixty-nine miles, containing York Minster, Beverley Minster, Ripon Cathedral, Selby Abbey, Fountains Abbey, Rievaulx Abbey, Howden, Hedon, Bolton Abbey, Beverley St. Mary's, Kirkstall, Patrington, Mount Grace Priory, St. Mary's Abbey York, Byland,

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Malton Priory, Bridlington Priory, and Wakefield Cathedral, besides numbers of very fine first-class minor specimens.

On page 64 again we read that few windows in England combine both flowing and vertical lines (presumably excepting the mullions). But they are common enough in the North, and if all curves of double curvature are to be reckoned as flowing, the examples with ogee arches must be more than merely common.

Then the date, 1373, given for the first appearance of flamboyant work, is far too late, and shows a want of knowledge of Northern English work. Patrington, Selby, Beverley St. Mary's—all in work from thirty to sixty years earlier—show flamboyant character, the last-named in tracery, moldings,¹ and interpenetrations of a pronounced type. It is interesting to notice that the English priority in this respect is acknowledged by French archæologists.

A similar want of acquaintance with Northern examples is shown in the chronological error with regard to the introduction of the ridge rib, where it is stated, on page 228, that the English vaults, where it appears, are fifty years later than S. Radagonde, Poitiers, and S. Pierre Saumur. Even accepting the date given for these, namely 1170, we may still safely attribute the north transept aisle vaults of Ripon to an earlier date, probably 1165 and possibly earlier still.

Malmesbury is given as the first structural use of the pointed arch, and is dated 1140 (probably, by the way, a wrong date, but the Malmesbury dates are a thorny question). Durham nave is considerably earlier. But there are Southern examples too, as at Rochester, also in such transept crossings as St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. Gloucester shows a pointed structural arch between 1090 and 1100.

But, after all, in a general survey these are minor points, and the book is calculated to give a very just idea of the

¹ It is a pity that Professor Simpson has not fallen into line with other modern writers, as it is now many years since Paley pointed out the correct spelling of this mediæval word.

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position of English mediæval work. Professor Simpson's outlook is broad and sane. Bred upon Gothic soil, he is saved from the puerilities of those from other parts of the world, who fix upon some one building that happens to take their fancy, and proclaim its individual principles and peculiarities to be the sole essentials of what was really the movement of half a continent. On the other hand, there is no narrow patriotism, and the special attention called to the South of France is of great value.

This raises two interesting questions. It is one thing to point out the special excellences of any particular branch of Gothic. It is quite another thing to say that these excellences are peculiarly Gothic.

This Southern French style, indeed, is markedly classical in its conceptions, and its very excellence is largely that of a "cross." Indeed, Professor Simpson's book tends to bring out the classical affinities of all French work and to show, that the more North we go the more Gothic we may be. His passing remarks upon the West fronts are distinctly suggestive.

On the other hand—and this again rises more or less directly from what is said in the book—we must be very careful to distinguish achievement from conception and intention, particularly with regard to inspiration for ourselves to-day. We must ask, Which conception offers the finest possibilities? not, Which conception was actually carried out in the boldest manner?

This in its turn leads to something even more fundamental, namely, what is to be considered the determining factor in any judgment upon architecture? Surely architecture as architecture and distinct from building is æsthetic rather than utilitarian, and must be judged accordingly.

Whatever may be the place of æsthetic philosophy in architectural training, some grip of fundamentals is essential. Here and there throughout this excellent piece of work there is something alarmingly like an airy indifference. That the laws of the beautiful and ugly are as absolute as the laws of right

and wrong is presumably a truism, not that we shall ever all agree as to what is beautiful any more than we all agree as to what is right, although probably historically there has been less dispute over judgments of beauty than judgments of conduct.

But the failure to recognize that there are principles, whether we fully reach them or not, would be the negation of all art, as the corresponding failure would be the negation of all morality.

Perhaps this appears as much as anywhere in the treatment of the vault, which in other respects also is much less satisfactory than it might be. Whatever contributory reasons may have led to the use of the pointed arch in the vault, æsthetic considerations must have been an important element, as the other reasons suggested are either not facts or can be equally well met in other ways.

First, it was not to keep the crowns level, as in French vaults the crowns were not made level even when the pointed arch was introduced. Further, the crowns can be kept level in other ways, which are, however, less æsthetically pleasing.

It was not to avoid the twisted diagonal, as most, if not all, writers assert, as a limited knowledge of mathematics will show that the pointed arch by itself does not avoid twisted diagonals. It avoids a certain abruptness of twist, which is æsthetically unpleasing it is true. It is certainly strong, but no stronger than an elliptical form, which would also have avoided the other difficulties. This was actually used in Renaissance vaults.

Neither can it be pleaded that the English architects, at any rate, did not know of the elliptical form. Quite the contrary, they used it with the pointed arch, and, moreover, they improved upon it—again for æsthetic reasons—in the highly ingenious pseudo-elliptical forms used in most of the best English vaulting. In short, the pointed arch æsthetically preserves the organic unity better than any other form, particularly when pseudo-elliptical curves are used. This was the probable origin of the later three- and four-centred arches. Winchester nave arches, by the way, are three-centred, the haunches being

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struck from the same centre, but are wrongly described as four-centred in Professor Simpson's book.

The oblong bay for the vault, again, is used for æsthetic reasons, and is used to enhance the vista effect upon which Gothic work, particularly in England, so largely depends. It was not "forced upon" the builders. Quite the reverse, it was used in this country from the first where there were no vaults at all, and in chapter houses where there were no aisles to predetermine the shape.

So much is this the case that when, in some of the later vaults, e.g. the Divinity School, Oxford, the Cathedral, Oxford, the fan vault of Westminster, a square was almost forced upon the builders, the oblong is carefully preserved, especially in the Divinity School, by the great transverse arches which Professor Simpson terms a "fancy," whereas they are the soul of the whole æsthetic composition. The Divinity School has no aisles, and could perfectly well have been vaulted with square bays if squareness were desired.

The great timber roofs have oblong bays for the same reason. In speaking of these, Professor Simpson remarks that all the timber roofs of our churches are of oak, although some are said to be of chestnut, which he doubts. It is interesting, then, to note that the great roof of Westminster Hall, perhaps the finest and certainly one of the largest timber roofs ever erected, is of chestnut.

No book covering so much ground could ever hope to be free from error, and doubtless many small slips will disappear in subsequent editions—such, for instance, as the doubt cast upon the question as to whether mosaic was invented in Italy. Of course, it was not invented in Italy. It might be said that it was in common use in Greece before Rome itself was "invented," and by the time of the Attalids it had attained a very high degree of perfection.

The book as a whole, however, is a sound and useful piece of work, which will form a welcome addition to the shelves of the architect or archæologist.

II

AFTER twelve years, if not more, one announcement at any rate being dated 1897, Professor Marquand's book upon Greek Architecture has at last appeared. The death of Mr. Anderson caused a similar delay in the case of his work on Greek and Roman Architecture, which has been most unfortunate for the study of the subject, as the announcement of these books has deterred others from entering the field. One turns eagerly to see the result of these years of labour, and certainly as far as quantity is concerned there will be no disappointment. As to quality a verdict is difficult. It would not be an unfair description of the book to say that it had no "quality" in the ordinary sense, either good or bad. The work is practically an index rather than a book. Evidence is not weighed nor are pros and cons set forth, but a simple assertion is put forward and a reference given to some other author. In this it may be contrasted with the work of Professor Simpson reviewed above, which owes its value and its charm to the real personal observation that marks it throughout. This may not be what was expected; it may be a disappointment to many, although to some it will not at all impair the value of the work.

Before examining the work, however, a word or two is demanded with regard to the cover. We were told that these handbooks were to be a "series" and "form a handy encyclopædia." What the publishers can be about to allow a "handy encyclopædia" to change its binding half way through is incomprehensible. But further, the original binding was particularly effective. In fact, so much above the average was it that volumes have been bought for their appearance by people who had no intention of opening them. So long as the change merely affected reprints it was of no consequence, as copies in good condition of the fine old blue cover can always be obtained second hand, thus saving the publishers the trouble of sending out their new red copies,

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and students of art and archæology are naturally particular about an artistic cover. In justice to the original edition, it should be noticed that the somewhat florid design, which looks so vulgar in gold upon red, was by no means offensive when impressed "blind" upon the blue; in fact, rather the reverse.

The result of the index character of the book is to convey very erroneous impressions to the student: statements of that not very reliable author Vitruvius are set down as facts, and utterly unsupported theories of Mr. Goodyear are in no way distinguished from the careful work of Professor Dörpfeld. It also has a tendency to make one mistrust the author's own judgment, which is hardly counteracted by consideration of that judgment, when the data are given by which it can be weighed. Take, for instance, the following, on p. 249:—

"When the stylobate of a temple was curved, and the front and lateral stylobate followed the arcs of the same circle, the pavement would correspond in level to the surface of a great dome; but when the front and lateral curvatures were in different arcs, as—for example, in the Parthenon—the level of the pavement would correspond to the extrados of a huge cross-vault with surfaces sinking at the angles so as to form a channel. It is safe to say that Greek temple pavements never exhibited this peculiarity," etc. etc.

The number of elementary mathematical blunders crowded into these few words is astonishing. In the first place, supposing the top were domical, the arcs would not be arcs of "*great circles*" at all, but of "*small circles*," and therefore, as the floor is not square but oblong, would be arcs of different circles. The very condition of preserving the dome over the rectangle is that they should not be the same. Secondly, cylindrical intersections could take place, whether the arcs were of equal circles or not, or indeed spherical intersections as far as that is concerned. Thirdly, there would not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining a spheroidal surface whatever the nature of the arcs, and so on, and so on. All this is in addition to

the fact that to call any of these curves arcs of circles is an unsupported assumption, unless the author gives the measurements upon which the statement is based. Even more surprising mathematically is the suggestion on page 46 that a horizontal line of cleavage will affect a vertical pressure, as though a force could have an effect in a direction at right angles to its own. Again, whatever Greek practice may have been with regard to the ridge piece, there is no justification for putting forward a mere assumption without evidence merely to build another theory upon it. There is no difficulty in building a roof without a ridge piece at all ; numbers of medieval roofs have neither ridge piece nor tie beams, although most of them have an equivalent for the latter.

But putting mathematical questions aside, although the study of architecture without mathematics would seem to be impossible, what is to be made of this, on page 313 : "The amount of light which entered through the door was deemed sufficient for the purposes of the Greek cult. It is accordingly unnecessary to imagine," etc. etc. ? Who deemed ? This is a casual way of dismissing the difficult lighting problem of Greek temples. Professor Marquand may deem it a sufficient amount of light that could pass through five ranges of columns and two doors, the total distance being 115 feet and the image nearly another 100 feet beyond that. What about those people who do not deem this sufficient ? The whole point is a *petitio principii* ; the very thing we want to know is whether the Greeks did or did not deem it sufficient. The Parthenon frieze still *in situ* is hard enough to see, and that is outside.

In dealing with the question of origins, the same weakness is traceable. It proves absolutely nothing to show that a construction *could* be carried out in wood ; a lintel construction, for instance, is as natural to one material as the other, and would have been used in each case whether the other material existed or not. In different parts of the book a stone and a wooden origin for the triglyph is suggested, which must simply

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be two items in the "index," although the authorities are not quoted; because there is no attempt made to reconcile them or weigh the one against the other. The problem itself is too large to discuss here, and the probability is that in the main Professor Marquand is not far from the truth, although he does not explain how he arrives there. On the whole he lays too much emphasis upon the wooden theory. For instance, the more or less circular discs that form the early akroteria could not possibly mask the wooden ridge piece and wall plates. A circular wall plate is unthinkable, and the ridge piece would be too low. The central one might possibly have terminated the circular capping tiles of the ridge, and the others were in harmony with that and the antifixes of the circular cover tiles. But the main reason was doubtless æsthetic, and ornaments of some kind are found in these positions in all styles. As to the triglyphs, the great insistence upon the corner triglyphs by Greek architects and the almost inconceivable trouble that their adjustment caused is an argument based upon what actually took place, and has at least as much weight as any armchair theory, of what might have taken place, by persons in practice unacquainted with building. A stone origin demands a triglyph at the corner, a wooden origin demands a metope, which in spite of its infinitely easier management does not occur, except once, until Roman times. In short there is a want of practical first-hand grip of the subject that shows itself particularly on the mathematical and constructive side. For instance, in such little points as the function of the sima, the whole significance is missed from a want of touch with roof-drainage questions, not only in classical architecture but also in mediæval or modern, or any other architecture whatever.

By far the most valuable part of the book is the methodical way in which the inter-relations of the various adjustments are set out. This has not hitherto been done, and should be of great assistance to the student who desires to reach the æsthetic quality of Greek architecture and Greek art. Professor Mar-

quand's own point of view is entirely non-æsthetic, and he wavers between a utilitarianism and an imitative naturalism, after the usual manner of the ordinary non-artistic modern. This is in spite of the fact that he himself notes that naturalistic ornament belongs to the period of decadence. It is this adjustment and readjustment that made Greek architecture a living style, which Vitruvius would have killed had it been truly alive in his day, and which the British Palladian so effectually murdered immediately upon its resurrection.

And so, my Lord, your just, your noble rules
 Fill half the land with imitating fools,
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
 And if they starve they starve by rules of art.

Who . . .
 Call the loud winds through long arcades to roar,
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door.

That the study of Greek architecture is probably the best key to Greek æsthetic does not seem to be sufficiently realized by any writer. With the ordinary observer it is impossible to discuss the feeling of a line in the human figure or a piece of drapery. The swing or rhythm of a pose is unintelligible to him. He can see whether the weight is upon the advanced foot or not; he can see whether drapery clings or flies loose, whether it be naturalistically treated or conventionalized, stiff or flowing, and so on, but not very much more. What he cannot see it is not much use to discuss. But the spacing of the mutules or the jointing of the stereobate is mathematically demonstrable, and each by a chain of reasoning can mathematically be shown to be interdependent. To explain the æsthetic necessity for this inter-relation may be a difficult matter, but at least we can make sure that the inter-relation is seen, however inartistic the observer, which we cannot at all ensure in the case of a lock of hair and the folds of a

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chlamys. Or, again, the possible range of variation can easily be discussed in the former case, but not in the latter. But not only does architecture offer abundant scope within the single work of art, it also offers opportunities of mathematical assessment in the development of æsthetic endeavour. An examination of the quality of curve used at different times in the echinus or the entasis of the column throws a flood of light upon the æsthetic quality of the sculpture of the same periods.

In any case, in spite of certain obvious limitations, the book is one with which the architectural student cannot dispense, and for which he has every reason to be grateful to the author.

A few small points may require attention in a later edition. The capital from Phigaleia, Fig. 257, does not remotely resemble Cockerell's drawing, and an explanation is necessary. In Figs. 180 and 181 the shading is all wrong. Of course, if a key be given, which is not the case here, any system may be adopted. But there seems no advantage in setting aside a system universally accepted throughout Europe since 1630, and familiar to every child on all but the recent coinage of this country. Perhaps it has not yet reached America. The tendency to spell Greek words correctly is as far as it is carried to be commended. The recent action of the Board of Education here will probably hasten the change. But why rise at least to "tympanon" in some places and fall to "tympanum" in others? We should have expected the correct spelling of the medieval word molding, to which attention is called in the review above, to have appealed to Professor Marquand. A grammatical error occurs on page 109, and it is quite clear that the author does not understand the nature of cloisonné enamel and the cloisons that are its distinguishing characteristic. A small historic point with regard to the *akanthos* is that its climax, in the sense in which Professor Marquand uses the term, was surely reached in Byzantine work, not in true Greek work at all.

J. B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN.

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PIERS PLOWMAN: SOCIAL REFORM IN FOURTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE¹

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THE second half of the fourteenth century is really more important in history than in literature. Several new social developments are consummated, and several new factors enter into political importance. The constitutional result of the three reigns that fill the fourteenth century is the growth of the House of Commons to its full share of political power, the recognition of its right as the representative of the mass of the nation, and the vindication of its claims to exercise powers which, in the preceding century, had been possessed by the baronage only. It is not without cause that Froissart notes that *Il fault que li rois d'Engleterre obeisse a son peuple et face tout ce qu'il voellent*.¹ Or, as it is put in *Piers Plowman* concerning the King:—

. . . Knyghthod hym ladde.

Might of the comunes made him to regne (Prol., 112).

¹ A Lecture delivered to the Fabian Summer School, Sept. 6th, 1909.

I have assumed, in this paper, the correctness of Professor Manley's theory concerning the authorship of *Piers Plowman*. Vide, *The Cambridge History of Literature*, Vol. II.

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Socially the great event is the gradual breakdown of the feudal system and the growth of free labour. Next, the substitution of money for labour rent, did much to modify the social condition of the country. The Black Death depopulated half the kingdom, and caused a rapid and strenuously resisted rise of wages. The Statutes of Labourers increased the general discontent, and everywhere men were ready for an excuse to rebel. Finally, in 1381, this discontent culminated in the Peasants' Revolt, which, though it failed to obtain the desired charters, struck a vital blow at villeinage.

These various events naturally enough influence the writers of the day: for the first time literature begins to concern itself with social and political problems, and it is possible to deduce the social needs and conditions of fourteenth-century England from the writings of contemporaries. Certain complaints occur again and again throughout the period—in the works of moralists, poets, and men of religion. The rich oppress and ill-treat the poor; wages are not paid; landlords are proud and covetous; labourers are insolent and insubordinate; they refuse to work; they demand too high wages; they are lazy and grasping. The Church is full of corruption: priests, friars, monks, nuns—all care only for luxury and power, while they forget their vows and their duties. The Church herself takes thought mainly for her temporal possessions. The King forgets the duties of kingship.

Not all that the King desires is expedient for him; he has a charge laid upon him and must maintain law and do justice (*Vox Clamantis*).

Instead he grieves his people. The end of the world is at hand.

Preachers and writers are singularly unanimous in their criticisms. Good-tempered Robert Brunn at the beginning of the century, writing for lewd men and sinners, harps upon the same themes as John Wycliffe selects at the close. The

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authors of *Piers Plowman*, inflamed with indignation, draw the same picture as Chaucer, the tolerant, broad-minded, humorous poet. "Moral Gower" is at one with his friend; the songs and lyrics of the time tell the same story, so do the chroniclers and historians. The task of tracing the various demands for reform is extraordinarily interesting, and brings the details of life in mediæval England vividly home to us. One of the first things to notice is the new attitude adopted with reference to the poorer classes. In Chaucer and "Langland" the peasants are recognized as an important factor in the State; the ploughman is not merely noticed; he becomes the hero of a poem, and at times, in *Piers Plowman*, is taken to represent the ideal type of human nature, even Christ in human form (B. XIX, etc.)

Never before had there been a literature of the lower orders, and this new importance is the result of social changes and upheaval. Not the least significant feature in Chaucer's Prologue is the mixture of all classes and degrees, and the importance given to the burgesses and men of lower social rank. In the tales of the middle-class pilgrims it is the Wife of Bath who gives the following description of the true gentleman, which bears out Gower's emphatic statement that no accident of birth constitutes a claim to "gentillesse":—

But for ye speken of swich gentillesse
As is descended out of old richesse,
That therefore sholden ye be gentil men,
Swich arrogance is not worth an hen.
Looke, who that is moost vertuouse alway,
Pryvee and rapert, and moost entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he kan,
Taak hym for the grettest gentil man.
Crist wole, we clayme of hym oure gentillesse,
Nat of oure eldres, for hire old richesse.
For thogh they yeve us al hir heritage,—
For which we clayme to been of heigh parage [dignity],—

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Yet may they nat biquethē for no thyng,
To noon of us, hir vertuous lyvyng,
That made hem gentil men y-called be,
And bad us folwen hem in swich degree.

Similarly, the Maunciple insists that a rich tyrant is no better than a poor thief; the Parson proclaims that "those that be clept thralls be God's people."

Generally speaking, however, mediæval writers seem to believe in the principle of gradation in human society. There are three main degrees—Clergy, Knighthood, and Peasantry, as Gower enumerates them in *Vox Clamantis*, each with its own special duties and privileges. Thus, in Lydgate's debate of Horse, Goose, and Sheep the matter is put in a nutshell. These three have been disputing the supremacy and their relative importance to the State. The judges—the Eagle and the Lion—see that none can be lost to the common weal, and pronounce accordingly :—

That noon of hem to othir shuld do no wrong
The ravenous wolf, the sely lambe t' oppresse;
And thouh oon be more than an othir strong,
To the febler do no froward duresse.
Al extorcioun is groundid on falsnesse;.....
.....Odious of old been all comparisouns,
And of comparisouns is gendrid haterecede;
Al folk be nat of lik condiciouns,
Nor lik disposid of thouht, wil or deede.....
.....Hed and feete been necessary bothe;
Feet beryn vp all, and hedis shal provide.....
.....Nature his giftis doth dyversly deuide.

The duties of the three orders are clearly established, and here again we may take Gower's account as representative :—¹

¹ Cf. P. P. B. Prol., 114 :—

And thanne cam kynde wytte . and clerkes he made,
For to counseille the kyng . and the comune saue.
The kyng and knyghthode . and clergie both

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The clergy are to follow the example of Christ, to preach His Gospel, to teach by precept and example. Knighthood was established to defend the Church, and for the good of the community, more particularly of the oppressed. Thus the good knight labours neither for gain, glory, nor love, but fights for victory over the enemies of the Church and of his country, and procures for us the blessing of peace. Lastly, the Commons in their several degrees are to provide sustenance for mankind ; the merchants and craftsmen by fair trading ; the peasants and labourers by cultivating the soil and working with their hands. Thus each order has its proper work, and the balance of the State can be preserved only if this is loyally carried out. (*Vox Clam.*)

This, too, is the view advocated in *Piers Plowman*. The authors wish for reform within the separate classes, but they do not plead for equality. The Government is to be purged within, not altered in its external conditions or primary character : men, not institutions, are what stand most in need of reformation.

But though fourteenth-century writers and thinkers for the most part do not desire a violent upheaval and change in the conditions to which they are accustomed, there is nevertheless a marked tendency to emphasize the equality of men in the eyes of their Maker. Though their several ranks are determined by nature, yet before God all men are equal.

When Adam delded and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman ?

This Socialistic doctrine was spread far and wide by John Ball and

Casten that the comune . shulde hemself fynde.
The comune contrevd . of kynde witte craftes,
And for profit of all the poeple . plowmen ordeyned,
To tilie and travaile . as trewe lyf asketh.
The kynge and the comune . and kynde witte the thridde
Shope law and lewte . eche man to knowe his owne.

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his followers ; and Wycliffe, by far the greatest and most independent thinker of the time, was himself strongly Communistic in his views, and quite as emphatic as John Ball in their expression. Indeed, the main difference between them in this respect is, that Wycliffe would not have wished to sow them broadcast among the people. But if we may judge from his writings, he would assuredly not have rejected Ball's text:—

At the beginning we were all created equal : it is the tyranny of perverse men which has caused slavery to arise in spite of God's law.

Or, as Froissart paraphrases one of his discourses :—

We be all come from one father and one mother, Adam and Eve : whereby can they say or shoue that they be gretter lordes than we be, sauynge by that they cause vs to wyn and labour for that they dispende."

It is not hard to conjure up a picture of the effect such words produced on the discontented, and to realize how—

They wolde murmure one with another in the fieldes and in the ways as they went togyder, affermyng how Johan Ball sayd trouthe.

Wycliffe's order of poor preachers was instituted to carry on the neglected duties of the begging friars ; they were to wander from village to village, preaching the Gospel and spreading their Master's doctrines. They maintained the theory of individual responsibility to God ; and that all temporal dominion and authority are founded not on right, but on grace. Sin destroys the right to such dominion, and no obedience to sinners is essential. The religious discourse, as preached in simple English by these children of the people, must often have developed into something very like a political appeal, engendering, according to the statute issued against them in 1382,

discord and dissension betwixt divers estates of the said realm, as well spiritual as temporal . . . exciting . . . the people to the great peril of all the realm.

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Wycliffe would have had his followers simply call the people to repentance, and, by their preaching, arouse a desire for moral rather than political reformation. But they did not limit themselves to one side of his teaching, and there is no doubt that it was largely by their means that the spirit of discontent and rebellion was fostered which culminated in the Peasants' Revolt. It was not difficult to stir up those, who were already on the verge of insurrection; and these priests, who were often sprung from the labouring classes, knew under what disabilities they suffered and what miseries they endured.

There were, indeed, many reasons for their discontent. Under the manorial system, by far the larger part of the rural population was in a state of serfdom. The villeins were obliged to render specific corporal service to their lords; they were bound, for instance, to plough a certain number of acres, to perform certain other kinds of manual labour in return for permission to live on an estate from which they could not legally run away. More than half their time must ordinarily have been spent in the lord's service: the wages claimed took the form of lands and of rights of common pasturage. The English serf was in no sense a slave. His privileges were as secure as those of his master: he could not be evicted: he could not be made to give more than the stipulated services, and he might cultivate his own land and spend the little money he could earn as he chose. On the other hand, he could not sell his cattle,¹ marry his daughter, educate or apprentice his son without paying for permission: he could not bring a suit against his lord, and, in the eyes of the law, he had no possession of his own, since his property ultimately belonged to the

¹ For may no cherle chartre make . ne his catel selle
Withouten leue of his lord . no lawe wil it graunte.
Ac he may renne in arrevage . and rowme so fro home,
And as a reneyed [abandoned] caityf . recchelesly gon aboute.

(B. XI, 122.)

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manor. In practice this system worked very well for several centuries, and caused comparatively little hardship, until in the fourteenth century the villein gradually discovered that forced labour was degrading, and that it was in his power to claim personal liberty.¹ The change came about very slowly, and at first almost imperceptibly. It began to suit the convenience of the lord, not of the villein, whose life, though hard, was not much more arduous than that of the rest of the rural population, and whose interests were closely connected with those of the manor to which he belonged. Very often, however, it had not proved easy to cultivate the land satisfactorily by forced labour: besides, ready money in the present was often more desirable than crops in the future. As a consequence the custom grew of commuting personal service for cash payments whenever this appeared preferable. What was at first an innovation, dependent on the lord's will, developed slowly into a precedent. Men who had for years been dispensed from forced labour, murmured when this was again demanded from them. Temporary expedients were thus converted into permanent privileges: it ceased to be unusual to pay wages for work that had to be done, and so there came into existence a new class of hired labourers. At the same time the larger tenants began to pay rent for their farms, not as a money commutation for services formerly rendered in labour, but as a fair proportion of the profit arising from the cultivation of the land leased to them. In this way the lord of the manor was relieved of the responsibility of farming the whole of his property, while at the same time the land was secured from deterioration and his income was assured. The growth of a class of yeomen-farmers was in every respect an advantage. In short, it seemed in the beginning that nothing but good was likely to be derived from all these changes. In the middle of the fourteenth century, how-

¹ Recent authorities dispute the importance usually ascribed to the substitution of money for labour rents in the fourteenth century.

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ever, new circumstances arose which altered the aspect of things. All Europe was devastated by the Black Death, and England did not escape the scourge. It has been computed that in a single year, 1349-50, more than half the population of East Anglia was swept away. And this was only one of successive visitations, which imperilled the welfare of the whole country and gave rise to many results. One of the most far-reaching of these was the scarcity of labour, which in consequence could be obtained only at a dearer rate. It was no longer possible to enforce previous scales of payment, nor to prevent labourers wandering from one part of the country to the other when their services were everywhere at a premium. A contemporary chronicler records that

labourers were so elated and contentious that they did not pay any attention to the command of the King; and if anybody wanted to hire them, he was bound to pay them what they asked; and so he had his choice either to lose his harvest and crops or give in to the proud and covetous desires of the workmen.

At the same time the value of land decreased, since everywhere it was to be had in plenty, and tenants could always obtain easier terms by the threat to give up their holdings. Legally, of course, they had no power to make use of their opportunity; but in practice it was found impossible to enforce the law.

Similarly, the Statutes of Labourers, which tried to prevent the rise of wages, proved quite inadequate as a means to cope with the new force which had arisen—labour for the first time at war with embarrassed capitalists. It was impossible to fix by law the conditions of employment or the price of provisions. Extortionate demands could only be met by increased supply—but this the Middle Ages had yet to discover. The Statutes were generally evaded, and resulted in little but increased discontent on the part of those whom they threatened with unduly severe punishment for disobedience. That the measures taken were unsuccessful is proved by the fact that the

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Statutes were re-enacted no less than fifteen times between the years 1349 and 1444, because, as the law of 1388 puts it,

that servants and labourers are not, nor by a long time have been, willing to serve and labour without outrageous and excessive hire.

The enforcement of the Statute in individual cases added to the general irritation and ferment. The labourers were embittered and grew more and more opposed, not only to their nominal masters, but also to the Government and the upper classes generally. One has only to glance at the literature of the time to see how widespread was the spirit of rebellion. The eager reception of the Lollard preachers; the glad acceptance of their doctrines of independence; the new attitude of self-assertion on the part of the people: all mark a new era. The unquestioning obedience of feudal times was at an end, and there was reason for the complaints of the upper classes that the improvement of the economic position of the labourers had produced more discontent than ever before. Resentment of the hardships which they endured increased rather than diminished when the removal of former burdens made those which remained still more intolerable. In *Piers Plowman* we have the steadfast upholding of the existing order of society, yet in it voice is clearly given—as well by protests against abuses as by reproofs to labourers—to the prevalent causes for discontent on the part of nobles and of people. In this work all the factors which helped to produce the Peasants' Revolt are depicted. Let us look at some of the pictures painted there in such lurid colours:—

The authors complain first of all, of the increased luxury of the rich, which results in pride and in lack of faith:

. . . so is pryde waxen
In religioun and in alle the rewme · amonges riche and pore
That preyeres haue no power · the pestilence to lette.

(B. X, 75.)

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The hall stands deserted, for lord and lady in their niceness must needs eat apart, where they are spared the sight of the poor, and can "carpe of Christ," and have him "muche in hure mouthe" :—

Elyng [desolate] is the halle · vche daye in the wyke,
There the lorde ne the lady · liketh nougte to sytte.
Now hath vche a reule · to eten bi hym-selue
In a pryue parloure · for pore mennes sake,
Or in a chambre with a chymneye · and leue the chief halle,
That was made for meles · men to eten inne.

(B. X, 93.)

The rich have

Gret lyking to lyue · with-oute labour of body.

(B. XIV, 129.)

In contrast with these, there is the picture of the poor man's cot—a lifelike scene painted with all the strength of sincerity :—

The most needy aren oure neighebores · and we nyme good hede,
As prisons in puttes · and poure folk in cotes,
Charged with children · and chef lordes rente,
That thei with spynnyng may spare · spenen hit in hous-hyre
Both in mylk and in mele · to make with papelotes [porridge]
To aglotye [satisfy] with here gurlles [children] · that greden [cry] after
fode.

Also hemselue · suffren muche hunger,
And wo in winter-tyme · with wakyng a nyghtes
To ryse to the ruel [space between bed and wall] · to rocke the cradel,
Bothe to karde and to kembe · to clouten and to wasche,
To rubbe and to rely [wind on a reel] · russhes to pilie,
That reuthe is to rede · othere [or] in ryme shewe
The wo of these women · that wonyeth [live] in cotes ;
And of meny other men · that muche wo suffren,
Both afyngred and afurst · to turne the fayre outwarde,
And beth abasshed for to begge · and wolle nat be aknowe
What hem needeth at here neighebores · at non and at even.

(C. X, 71, and cf. B. VI, 280.)

In contrast again with these "respectable poor," are the lazy

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louts who will not work, and for whom no food is good enough :—

And tho wolde Wastour nought werche . but wandren aboute,
Ne no begger ete bred . that benes inne were,
But of coker or clerematyn [fine bread] . or elles of clene whete
Ne none halpeny ale . in none wise drynke,
Ne of the best and the brownest . that in borghes is to selle
Laboreres that haue no lande . to lyue on but her handes
Deyned nought to dyne a day . nygt olde wortes,
May no peny-ale hem paye . ne no pece of bakoun,
But if it be fresch flesch other fische . fryed other bake,
And that chaude or plus chaud . for [fear of] chylling of her mawe.
(B. VI, 304.)

Such folk refuse to do anything unless goaded on by hunger and pestilence. They pretend to be diseased beggars :

. . . and feyned hem blynde
 Some leyde here legges aliri . as such loseles conneth
 And made her mone to Pieres . and preyd hym of grace :
 For we have no lynes to labour with. (B. VI, 123.)

Others become hermits and pilgrims :

For vnder godes secre seel . here synnes ben ykeuered,
 lewed eremytes,
 That loken ful louheliche . to lacchen mennes almisse, [look
 humbly in order to catch men's alms]
 In hope to sitten at euen . by the hote coles
 Vnlouke his legges abrod . other lygge at his ese.
 Rest him and roste hym . and his ryg turne
 Drynke drue and deepe . and drawe hym thanne to bedde
 and cast hym to lyue
 In ydelness and in ese . and by others traunyle. (C. X, 139.)

These are the false hermits who used to be, not clerks, but
workmen, webbes and taillours, and carters knaves
with
long labour and lyte wyninge.

Like other wastrels, they frequent the taverns of which such

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a wonderful sketch is given, with all the motley crew who assemble in such places (B. v. 305.), Cis the shoemaker, Watte the warrener, Tim the tinker, and the rest.

Reason shall reckon with these and with all unwilling labourers who demand high wages, rich food, a free life, and little work.

But equally, nobles who do wrong are vigorously denounced—the purveyors who borrow the peasants' goods, the merchants who forestall the markets, or "engross" (monopolize) or "regrate" (buy in a cheap market to sell in a dear one):—

And thanne come Pees into parlement . and put forthe a bille
How Wronge ageinst his wille . had his wyf taken . . .
He borwed of me bayward . he broughte hym home nevre
Ne no ferthyng therfore . for naughte I couthe plede.
He meynteneth his men . to morthen myn hewen [servants]
He forestalleth my feyres . and fighteth in my chepyng
And breketh up my bernes dore ; and bereth awaye my whete,
And taketh me but a taile [gives me only a tally] . for ten quarters of oats.

Money and goods are sent abroad to the Pope, all statutes notwithstanding. Priests fill secular offices instead of tending their flocks: they run off to London to sing chantries at Paul's: simony flourishes: the Pope maintains armies—

fynt folke to fyghte . and Cristene blod to spille. (B. XIX, 439.)

He cares more for temporal power than for peace and religion: friars and wandering preachers and pardoners are hopelessly corrupt, while

The cuntre is the curseder . that cardynales come inne.

It is only a pious aspiration, but one echoed by the whole of Europe, that God may

. . . amende the pope . that pileth [robs] holy kirke
And cleymeth befor the kyng . to be keper over Crystene
And counteth nought though Crystene . ben culled and robbed.

These protests remind us that the Good Parliament had

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complained that the taxes levied by the Pope were five times as great as those due to the King ; that in 1372 it was enacted that all prelates were to be deprived of secular office ; that Wycliffe wished to secularize the property of the Church ; and that Parliament, poets, and preachers were at one in thinking that rapacity and greed, rather than self-denial and good works, had come to be the distinguishing marks of Churchmen. What with ill-living, what with the actual superstitions fostered and encouraged by the more disreputable "men of religion," and the immunity to evil-doers afforded by the much abused rights of sanctuary, the sanctity of the Church merely served as a cloak for all kinds of lawlessness.

In short, all the causes which were operating in Court, town, or country to rouse the passions of the people are plainly depicted in the *Vision concerning Piers Plowman*. The authors are, clearly, men of the people ; they see the dangers that are abroad, and have no hope of remedy unless they can arouse all classes of the community to a sense of their collective and individual wrongdoing. They are afraid of the forces that have been aroused ; they have no trust in the root-and-branch changes that are advocated by the peasants and their supporters. We may feel sure that to them as to Gower, the Peasants' Revolt offered merely a sorry spectacle with no sign of hope for the future. So it is with all the thinkers of the time, though all see that change is coming. There are reasoned appeals in Wycliffe, kindly smiles in Chaucer, caustic comments in Gower ; while there are vague appeals to revolt and lawlessness in every doggerel rime or piece of formless prose.

Yet, behind all the storm and stress of conflict, it is easy enough nowadays to see signs of progress towards better things. In Parliament the Commons were gaining power, and the ability to use it for the public weal ; in the towns, corporate life was growing, and in the Gildhall, as in the Parliament, men were learning the great lesson of the Middle Ages—that only

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in union is there strength. In the country, the famous poll-tax was, as we have seen, but the immediate cause of a rebellion that had been maturing slowly, and was, apparently, to result in nothing but added misery and distress for its promoters. But in spite of what at first looks like hopeless failure, the Peasants' Revolt was the death-blow to villeinage in England. Though the charters of emancipation which promised to make the serfs "free from all bondage" were shamelessly withdrawn, and a reaction towards greater repression followed, yet the revolt marks the beginning of the end. The age of the birth of democracy was closing: with the new century was to come the beginning of that Revival which brought the Middle Ages to an end, and heralded the rise of a modern England whose dangers and difficulties, though no less real, were different from those of the fourteenth century. The day of democracy was not yet; but, at any rate, personal liberty was secured to the mass of the rural population. By the middle of the fifteenth century the foundations of that freedom were laid which broadens down so slowly, and yet so surely, from precedent to precedent.

UTOPIAN PAPERS¹

BY JAMES GLENDINNING

MR. V. V. BRANFORD describes his address on St. Columba as "a study of social inheritance." As such, and despite its brevity, it far transcends the limits within which biographers usually work. From the mass of fact and legend relative to the life and work of St. Columba, Mr. Branford has selected only those which throw an illuminating light upon the great subject of his inquiry and which, at the same time, make of St. Columba a human type and symbol of universal and permanent importance.

Those who desire to learn of the biographical data which retentive tradition and industrious research have accumulated must go to other pages. Here the particular is strictly subordinated to the general, the merely biographical to the social, the individual life and experience of the saint to certain fundamental problems in the individual life and experience of the race at large. Mr. Branford's method is thus very different from that of the ordinary biographer. It differs, too, from that which Taine used to such effective purpose; for while the latter used his formula of race, *milieu*, and time almost exclusively to explain this or that individual, or this or that movement, Mr. Branford uses that and other formulæ not only to interpret an individual life but to discover and to apply certain elemental facts of human life as a whole.

Mr. Branford states that he has depended in his method of

¹ *Utopian Papers*. Being Addresses to "The Utopians." By Professor Patrick Geddes, S. H. Swinny, Dr. J. W. Slaughter, V. V. Branford, Dr. Lionel Tayler, Sister Nivedita, F. W. Felkin, and Rev. Joseph Wood. Edited by Dorothea Hollins. (London: Masters & Co., Ltd., 3s. 6d. net.)—See *Saint George*, July, 1909.

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“reinterpreting old and familiar phenomena into the phrasing and form of current science, and thus relating them again to the elemental facts of life . . . (1) mainly upon what might be called the Comte-Le Play-Geddes formulæ, which resume the sociology of the past two generations, and (2) in less degree upon the Lange-James-Hall formulæ, which, in more empirical fashion, have done a similar service for psychology.”

The Comte-Le Play-Geddes and the Lange-James-Hall formulæ are probably here mentioned for the first time. It would have been, on the part of his readers, a reason for additional gratitude to Mr. Branford had he set forth, in clear and succinct form, his conception of these formulæ; perhaps wisely, however, he merely indicates the sources of them,¹ and allows his readers to judge of their value by the results of his application of them to the life of St. Columba. Let us see what these formulæ—and the living Saint—have evoked in Mr. Branford’s mind.

Stated in the briefest terms, the thesis which Mr. Branford sustains is that the individual life is essentially a Quest, a Mission, and a Pilgrimage—a Quest in youth, a Mission at maturity, and a Pilgrimage in old age.

Around this elemental conception of the individual human life the author weaves his proof and illustration with great and delightful skill and subtlety. St. Columba is allowed no monopoly as an exemplar. He is the central figure, indeed, for it is the history, and the inner and universal meaning, of *his* quest, *his* mission, and *his* pilgrimage that are uppermost in the writer’s mind—but he is surrounded by Apollo, Mahomet, Moses, David, and Paul, St. Brendan, Dante, Bruce, Columbus, . . . an apparently heterogeneous gathering which, if we

¹ Professor Geddes’s papers in *Sociological Papers*, vols. I, II, III, published by the Sociological Society; President Stanley Hall’s *Adolescence* (Appleton); and W. James’s *Varieties of Religious Experiences*.

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listened to all its voices in succession, must surely overwhelm us by its contrasted wealth of choice and experience—or convince us that quests, missions, and pilgrimages are but snares. Most formulæ are much akin to statistics. They have much the same defects. That the author's thesis emerges, from amid so much complex erudition, as an organic and convincing unity, fundamentally applicable to all of us here and now, is clear proof that his formulæ have the very stuff of life in them.

Before dealing briefly with the separate terms of the author's thesis, it will be well to understand something of the social inheritance of Columba. To understand that, we must not only go back to Colum O'Donnel, the shepherd boy of Donegal, but to the conditions and the individual and social significance of the pastoral formation. The author has stated these so well that we cannot do better than quote his own words :

"The biographers of St. Columba are fond of insisting on his royal lineage alike by paternal and maternal descent. We may take this to mean that he had good shepherd blood in his veins. The Celtic people who settled in Ireland found there grassy plains and valleys which permitted and even compelled some continuance of their primitive pastoral form of life. The people, in becoming peasants, of necessity remained half shepherds, and their tribal chiefs, in becoming territorial princes and petty kings, remained half patriarchs, and only partly degenerated into an aristocracy of war and sport. Thus geographical conditions determined the continuance of the shepherd occupation, with its necessary pastoral ideal of the perfect man as 'Good Shepherd,' and its corresponding and equally necessary pastoral Utopia of a perfect world in which loving-kindness universally prevails and the Shepherd is Lord Supreme who maketh man 'to lie down in green pastures and leadeth him by still waters' . . . As at another time and place, when idealism

was an effective force, no man could be a knight without being first a squire (i.e., a groom), or later could be a gentleman without being first a page (i.e., a servant), so it is likely that, in early Ireland, to learn to be a shepherd was part of the training for a chieftain. And in the long run, the chieftain is just the best shepherd of all the clansmen.

"In a wholly pastoral community—i.e., a community which lives and moves by, with, and for its flocks—the mental and emotional processes will be coloured throughout by the conditions of the shepherd's occupation. In such a community sheep are kept exclusively for their wool, and not for mutton. The welfare of a pastoral people depends, therefore, on the quantity and quality of the wool yielded by its flocks, and the skill and taste of the women in spinning it and weaving it into fabrics. The more numerous and vigorous the flocks and the finer the wool, the more prosperous the tribe. The selection and care of the best types for breeding, implies the scrupulous record and scrutiny of pedigree, and the progressive improvement of stock leads naturally to aspirations of an indefinitely perfectable type as a goal of achievement. Thus it is easy to see how, amongst pastoral peoples, the evolution of pedigree stock and pride of family pedigree are correlative. And it equally follows that, since economic success is, in a pastoral community, inevitably in terms of maximum and optimum of life, the human ideals which grow up in that *milieu* will be correspondingly coloured. The sentiments of the people will tend to shape their ideas of moral perfection towards the dream of an ideal type of the race, who shall come as a Redeemer. The Messianic hope is the poetry of pastoral maternity, renewing itself with each generation and in the elan of adolescence ; it is no remote and unattainable ideal, but may be a very present hope and a mainspring of conduct. And that being so, the presence and continuance of the ideal will tend to create the conditions of its own fulfilment. The tradition

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of the ideal will gradually build up a congruent moral discipline, under which an approximating movement is made towards its realization. Thus are kept alive the moral qualities of hope, which lights the adolescent flame, and faith (i.e., belief in ideal perfectability), which is the sustenance that keeps it burning."

The quest of love and adventure is normal to youth in all social formations, but if the quest is to eventuate in a mission, it must be inspired and guided by certain discipline and ideals. Investigating the shepherd formation, Mr. Branford sees in the pastoral caravan the source of the development of the youthful quest of love and adventure into the higher form of idealized romance, and also that discipline and development of body and character by which the later phases of the individual life are so largely determined. But personal honour and purity, care for the body, and an idealized romance do not of themselves constitute a quest. These may be purely egoistic in their aim and results ; egoistic passion must be transmuted into altruistic love, and for one of the social origins of this transmutation the author rightly considers that—

"we may go back to the shepherd's calling and find a germ of altruistic tendency in the capacity for tenderness and self-sacrifice which the constant reaction of sheep and shepherd inevitably develops."

There are other influences equally necessary, however. There is, obviously, the influence of the mother—an influence so fundamentally important—and not least so to-day—that we may again appropriately quote the author's words :—

"Adamnan relates, with great wealth of poetic detail, a parental vision of Columba's mother, in which she saw her son as a Prophet of God and a missionary of the Christian faith.

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Every mother has ideals for her son. Her idea of the perfect man and the perfect life to lead are just what her personality, her education, her rank prompt her to select from the inherited stock of ideals transmitted to her *milieu*. Combining this selection of social and customary standards into a unique personal ideal, she dreams of its realization in her son. And here in the maternal urge and impulse to vicarious realization, we are at the very fountain-head of idealism. For here, if anywhere, the altruistic element in idealism is irresistibly linked with a natural tendency to self-sacrifice."

Besides the mother's influence, there is the influence of the teacher—an influence, in Columba's case, both naturalist and humanist; and—since youth derives its ideals mainly through love of persons—there are the many influences radiating from actual personal contacts and from acquaintance with the noble types of the past. It is, indeed, peculiarly to youth that the heroes of the past appeal with all the force of living example, and, as our author shrewdly remarks with regard to Columba—

"the use of sheep, after all, is not to supply mutton or even wool, but to educate young men into reverence for Abraham, love for David, and understanding of Solomon. And if the young lad's admiration goes out to David, the slayer of Goliath, rather than David the poet and psalmist, that is all to the good in its season, and for the purposes, also, . . . of a season beyond."

But the adolescent quest is not only one of moral and physical development, of love and adventure, or even of idealized romance: it is an intellectual quest as well. To this further end Columba's social inheritance was eminently adapted.

"It is a re-discovery of modern psychology, that we think with our hands as well as with our brains. It follows that there

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are as many ways of thinking as there are elemental and diverse forms of labour. There is a shepherd way of thinking, a peasant way, a fisher way, etc. ; but though there is a shepherd religion, there can be no (adequate) shepherd philosophy, since philosophy is the unification of all ways of thinking. Whence, then, is the requisite guidance in the adolescent quest for intellectual unity? . . . The adolescent preparation of mind and hand for philosophy is to participate in turn in all the elemental occupations—gaining the aptitudes and experience of peasant as well as shepherd, of fisher and forester, of hunter and miner. Now, this to a large extent is just the discipline to which monasticism, and especially Celtic monasticism, submitted its novitiates.”

Into the important question of why monasticism did not produce a greater philosophy than it did, we need not follow our author, save to note, in passing, that one reason for this comparative failure was that monasticism used manual labour mainly as a repressive discipline. Modern industry commits the same tragic blunder, and it deepens the tragedy by substituting over-specialism for variety of craft.

Under the influence of such social inheritance and such training and discipline, Columba, at the age of twenty-five, entered upon the mission phase of his life.

Just as the Quest is the discipline of the caravan idealized by the romance of youth, so is the Mission the same discipline carried into mature manhood. The quest of the youth is mainly for concrete and personal objects, for the thoughts and feelings of youth are naturally directed towards concrete images and personalities. But there is a higher form of service than personal help.

“The missionary is the man who has seen that the world may be served most by general truths—more by doctrine than by doctoring ; and that there is more effective philanthropy in

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discovering and applying a general social formula than feeding the hungry and clothing the naked of a generation or an hour. Hence the missionary impulse is of high emotional intensity, even when it seems to know inhumanly little of persons. The mission is the romance of adult service, and the larger the ideal that is sought to be realized the greater the flowering of love and beauty in the achievement."

Columba's mission-field had already been prepared for him. During the three or four preceding generations the Pauline doctrine and ideals had been transforming Ireland, and the first mission of Columba was to continue and extend this Pauline work of regeneration. We should like to quote Mr. Branford's description of how this work had been effected; but we must content ourselves with a phrase or two which bear directly upon his conception of the mission phase as already quoted:—

"St. Peter, the fisherman and stern nautical disciplinarian, was the organizer of congregations and the founder of a hierarchized priesthood. St. Paul, the contemplative and passionate traveller, was the deliverer of a burning message—the shepherd's doctrine of love and the shepherd's philosophy of history. It would define the sociological status of St. Paul to say that he generalized Jerusalem; and to generalize dynamic truth is to democratize moral power and privilege. St. Paul's generalization transformed a cumbersome body of esoteric truths into a magic tool for all the world to use. Thereafter every one could, under certain conditions, be his own saint; every city, every village might be its own Jerusalem. The ideal of the saint, and the Utopia of the holy city, had become common human assets, for the secret of the process was revealed. The general social inheritance was enriched to that extent."

Columba founded not less than thirty-seven churches in Ireland, most of them with monastic institutions attached. But

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the following of a noble quest and the conduct of a great mission do not necessarily save a man. What were the reasons that determined Columba's entrance into the third phase of life, that of the Pilgrimage, need not concern us here. "It takes many causes to make one event." Each critical life-stage has its own perils, not the least of which is excessive subjectivity. It was not the least of the wisdom and the virtues of monasticism that its conception and practice of Quest, Mission, and Pilgrimage provided specialized correctives to these perils.

"The remedy consisted in giving the patient an increase of objective images, by sending him out to observe and travel in a new world, and to labour therein for a new ideal, one chosen in appropriate adjustment to the age, the powers, and the previous training and record of the patient."

The Pilgrimage is the discipline of Senescence—"the corrective of the old man's tendency to lapse into uninspiring, purposeless reminiscence." It is not merely a visit of reverence to holy places—for with Columba it was the making still holier a place already sacred, and the extending of its influence through space and time; while the long pilgrimages of Bunyan and Campanella were made within the four narrow walls of a prison; and the pilgrimage of Moses was the leading of the Children of Israel to the Promised Land. In his interpretation of the pilgrimage Mr. Branford brings us back once more to the significance of the shepherd formation, in which the pilgrimage normally arises and is maintained; but we have room for only one pregnant sentence:—

"With the pilgrimage, the cycle of life disciplines completes itself, when, at the holiest of places in the sacred city, the senescent pilgrim meets the adolescent journeying on his quest and gives him the final exhortation to pursue the ideal—the most effective transmission of ideals from the old to the new generation."

The theory and the meaning of pilgrimage as exemplified in the pilgrimage of Columba in Iona—as also, by subtle reference, in the pilgrimages of others—is one of the truest, sanest, most illuminating life-interpretations it has been our good fortune to encounter. Of the process by which Columba's pilgrimage realized the ideal of the Celtic abbot—"to be at once a priest and a philosopher, a statesman, and an educator"; of how he transformed his besetting defects of pride and vindictiveness into the virtues of humility and love, virtues without which all the practical virtues in the world will not make a man a saint; of these and other important matters the reader must go to Mr. Branford's pages for himself. He will find infinite matter for thought—and, it may well be, for practice.

Love is the source of all true idealism. It is also the basis of all altruism. It is, further, the culminating quality, the supreme secret, of sanctity. It is not merely the doing of good to our fellows because we love them, but in order that we may love them. "The will to love is the will to grow holy, i.e., to integrate into sanctity and stand righteous towards every human and divine relation." Here, then, we are face to face with one of the fundamental problems not only of religion, but of life itself—and therefore of adolescent education.

And it is of this problem that the old religions took firm hold and that modern education lets go. Mr. Branford's treatment of the problem, though brief and compressed, is clear and lucid. We can give here only a short paraphrase of it. The founders of the old religions utilized the exultation of love as a spring-board for religious idealism. In religious idealism the desired state of perfection is located in the remote future—it is something not to have or do, but to arrive at; and a prolonged discipline of self-sacrifice is exacted as the price of achievement. In the great culture religions, it was always the pure and beautiful woman and the venerable seer who evoked and directed the latent idealism of youth.

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"The hypnotism of sex is the moral agent of the cosmos for the transmission either of ideals or of sin. Whether it be efficient for the one or the other depends mainly on the previous education of the lovers"; hence the direction of the ritual of religion towards implanting and maintaining the image of an ideal lover in the minds of both sexes. The secular life was enveloped with a religious life which sought to harmonise cosmic symbols and human ideals, and so ensure, by this harmony, the social transmission of ideals. In this harmony, in this profound education, the venerable seer also had his personal place. Just as the adoration of an idealized woman may adjust the lives of the youth of one generation to the requirements of the next in succession, so ideals, transmitted through the saintly prophet, may shape a generation towards adjustment to a remote future, for "the prestige of the prophet, at once loved and venerated, gives him a hypnotic power of suggestion capable of realizing, in the conduct of his disciples and their successors, certain ideals by the mere prediction of them as coming events."

Never for two thousand years, says Mr. Branford, has Europe known so little of the quest, so many futile missions, so few pilgrimages. The cause of the malady lies in the prevailing incompleteness in the transmission of ideals; and for this prevailing incompleteness the divorce of geography—the synthesis of the natural sciences—from history—the synthesis of the human sciences—is very largely responsible. So long as this divorce is maintained, science cannot hope to understand religion, for religion deals with phenomena as holy, i.e., in their totality. History and geography must therefore each be synthetic; and as their greatest function is to promote the effective transmission of ideals, history must deal with the origin and development, the decay and the re-birth of ideals, and geography must include the mapping of Holy Places; and

they must be reunited in our seats of learning. Lest, however, there should arise—as with the meaning of science—any misconception of what geography and history mean, the author mentions Ruskin's *Modern Painters* as an inspired book of the one and Shelley's *Dramatic Poems* as the preparation for an inspired book of the other.

There is something vital beyond this, however. A malady diagnosed demands immediate treatment, and here we cannot do better than quote directly the passage with which Mr. Branford closes his remarkable study of St. Columba—and humanity; a study the insight and value of which, despite the frequency and length of our quotation, we have only imperfectly disclosed, and which cannot be commended too highly to all readers who are interested in the active world of life as well as in the world of thought and ideas.

“The hopeful factor is that there is always an oncoming crop of uncontaminated adolescents ready to be awakened to the inheritance of ideals. Postulate in every normal adolescent a potentiality of altruistic growth continuous throughout the life cycle. Postulate the saint as no fossil, but a type evolving towards such perfected altruism. The question then arises, Can we cultivate varieties of this type which shall have the qualities and not the defects of the mediæval saint? Of the conditions of such cultivation, some, we have endeavoured to show, are known. They are these: the awakening of love for known types of personality; labour in a known *milieu*; discipline by known spiritual exercises; incorporation of known ideals. Let us then apply these principles in educational experiment if we would evoke, develop, and utilize the latent idealism of adolescence. Let us send our youths to tend sheep on the hill pastures; let them sow and reap with the peasant in the valley; let them plough the seas with the captains courageous of the fishing fleet; let them range the forest with

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Diana (who was a woodcutter's daughter) ; let them cut stones with the quarryman ; let them build with the masons in the city ; let them cultivate flowers with Persephone (who was the daughter of a lady gardener) ; let them be exercised in all the available block and tackle of religion ; but let them not forget that, without history and geography, the incorporation of ideals cannot be complete."

SETTIGNANO

BY A. J. CLARK

FLORENCE is, alas! a disappointing place. The pilgrim goes there looking for quiet old streets, and that lavender atmosphere which should bathe the town with a great past—the quiet mellowness which gives such a peaceful tone to many of our English cathedral cities. He would stroll quietly round, eschewing guide-books and guides, and slowly absorb the culture which such a place must surely have for him. And then he goes to the great square of the Palazzo Vecchio, ready to people it in imagination with the excited, eager, riotous crowd which filled it on that strange day in 1498 when Savonarola was brought out from the grim, high-towered fortress palace to die. He finds now in the sun-smitten square the great bronze plaque let into the ground, eloquent with the ugly, powerful face, and with the tardy tribute of the laurel and the palm ; but rickety fiacres are ever rolling over the bronze, while the pilgrim is assaulted by vendors of picture postcards and metal reproductions of the monument at his feet. It is the same at the Uffizi. You may go there on students' days, and find every great picture half hidden by the canvas of artists striving to get as much as possible into the three weeks of grace allowed them ; while if you go on ordinary days, and sit down with a sigh of contentment before a picture of which you have dreamed for years, you will find that a caravan of American tourists, fifty strong, will take up its station right in front of you, while a hard, high voice describes it in a way which is reminiscent of the *mot* of Oscar Wilde : "To-day we have really everything in common with the Americans, except, of course, language."

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That is one reason for my coming to Settignano, which you can see from the top of the Campanile, or from San Miniato, looking just a patch of glaring white against the green hillside, with a touch of light blue in the spire of the church. One reaches it by one of the quaint little electric trams which start from the side of the Duomo and wind their way up into the hills, shrieking horribly as they turn the sharp corners. The road passes by small old-fashioned streets, out through a suburb which is itself more than half country, and comes out, a white and dusty streak, between stone walls that separate it from vineyards and oliveyards and cornfields. A steep, shady slope, many noisy corners, and the tram stops at its terminus—the little dusty piazza of Settignano.

In the daytime the piazza is merely dusty and sunbaked, with three forlorn statues and a touch of colour in the patched clothes of the sleepers in the shadow of the church. But at times it is filled with the brightness which only southern lands can show. Three weeks ago I saw here the procession of village children who had lately been confirmed. It was evening, and the sun was just low enough to give a certain softening, an exquisite refinement, as of age, to colours which otherwise might have clashed. In the background rose the great hills, dark green in the evening light, crowned with black cypresses which stood out majestically against the wistful blue of the sky. At the head of the procession walked a little child, delightfully unconscious and proud of her high office, carrying a large basket of white flowers which she strewed along the road. Then came the girls, two and two, in white dresses and white veils through which their candles shone on the splendid brown of their faces, and their dark, shining eyes. There was a great processional crucifix, and a priest with two acolytes bore under a great golden canopy the consecrated Host. Two Benedictine monks were there, and the Prior of Settignano with a touch of dignity as well as of colour in his

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scarlet cope. Then came the black-clothed, brown-legged boys, a trifle ill at ease, and a band brought up the rear of the procession as it marched, with the flickering gold of its candles, into the deeper gold of the west. And, crowding round it, almost surging up against it, was the village—the fathers and mothers of the children—clad in gay colours such as Italians love, adding a brightness and vividness to the black and white of the children, and the quiet tones of evening.

Of course, a procession is a treat of which the enjoyment must not be staled by too frequent repetition ; but even on the most ordinary Sunday evenings there are interesting things to be seen in the piazza. My friend the shoemaker, with the aid of a wife and several children, keeps the *Cafè Desiderio*, right opposite the church, and there, for a very few pence, you may enjoy that outdoor life of contemplation which is so hard to obtain in England. One sits on a Paris boulevard or in the Settignano piazza, sipping one's *caffè nero* or vermouth, smoking an excellent cigar which you may buy in Italy for the modest sum of three-halfpence, and watching the crowd of happy, chattering people pass, with a certain pleasant feeling of nearness and participation, and yet with an aloofness and a calm which is as the calm of the high gods. They walk along in rows, these splendid upright women, with their glorious development of figure and their easy, swinging grace. The sexes do not mingle as they do in England, but keep apart, apparently with hardly a word between them, so that one has to fall back on the old theory that marriages are made in Heaven, since there seems to be no possibility of courting on earth. But I am never allowed to watch for long, having many friends among the extremely wicked boys of the place, who come to supplement their scanty knowledge of life and manners in England and to add to my still more scanty knowledge of Italian.

And yet it is not all this which makes Settignano

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amoenissimus locus, as those old *incolæ* called it on the statue of the Emperor Septimius Severus in 1558, for it has a beauty of situation which it would need the most exquisite and delicately coloured prose to describe. Moreover, this beauty is vagrant and changing, so that one has to live here long to appreciate it fully. Every hour reveals some fresh perfection, some purple-golden shadow on the mountains at nightfall, some clarity of atmosphere and freshness of life in the early morning. But yet one may endeavour to express something of this beauty, to imprison it on the canvas of language, seizing a moment that must represent the whole. You may pass up the village street in the cool of a July evening and take the path that leads down through the valley and over the wooded spur of the mountains to the little village of Vincigliata on the other side. This valley is a veritable fairy-land. It is filled with corn and vines and olives, all growing together on the same patch of ground, with the vines climbing and sometimes crowning the olives, the golden-brown corn at this time of year cut and stacked at the foot of the trees. As you look up the slope you are only conscious at first of the shimmer of the olives, with their indescribable colour, now grey, now green, now silver, varying in different lights like the wonderful stained glass of the old Chartres workmen. Gradually you may distinguish the brighter green of the vines and the hint of ripe corn in the background. Beyond the cultivated fields the trees crown the high ridge, mounting up and up, till the tall dark spires of the cypresses stand out like the pinnacles of a thirteenth-century cathedral against the indescribable blue of the sky—a blue like that of the early Italian painters, the blue that had always seemed so lovely, yet so improbable, the blue of a hedge-sparrow's egg washed in dew.

One of the charms of the valley are the little unexpected footpaths that run through it. There is a certain piquant spice

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of adventure in following one of these to its end, wondering where it will eventually lead. It was in this way that I chanced on a delightful path which wends its way right up the valley by the side of a little ravine now filled with tall grasses and big boulders, where in winter a fierce little torrent rushes down to find its way at last into the Arno. The path finally leads to the top of the ridge that joins the two spurs of the hills together, and here, with the fresh clean scent of the pines in the nostrils, I turned round and looked down the winding white streak past the valley to the plain where Florence lies so quietly and peacefully, brown and white against her green setting. Beyond Florence—beyond the brown line of the Arno—the ground slowly rises to the mountains of the far horizon, and everywhere I saw little patches of white villages with their church towers and their shady trees. And as I looked and wondered, lapped in the peace and stillness, the bells of Giotto's wonderful pink and white campanile sent their softened message faintly up to the hills, and I said with Paul Verlaine :

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là
Simple et tranquille ;
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

There are evenings here, too, for one of which it might be well worth while to forego a year of ordinary life. Some days ago we had a rare and glorious shower of rain. At night I sat in the corner of the Canonica garden which overlooks Florence and the plain. Every flower had opened its soul to the rain, and was pouring out its choicest perfume. The garden was one mass of pink and crimson roses, with here and there a perfect Marshal Niel. I could no longer see their wealth of beauty, but the evening breeze was laden with their scent. The green-bronze lizards were asleep, and no longer chased each other's long tails over the old red-brown wall

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before me ; but the cigalas were awake, and singing like poets who have only three days to sing before they break through their hard shell and take to themselves their radiant wings. Far across the valley stretched the unbroken, undulating line of the dark, sleepy hills, and above all was the vast dome of the sky, absolutely cloudless, with the countless lights of the stars and the full cold moon "lamping San Miniato."

HARBOUR FLAT

BY EDITH E. MUMFORD

A PARTY of six set off in the early afternoon, three young schoolmasters, a lady, the doctor, and his boy—a keen adventure-loving lad of thirteen. Two of the party were dalesmen born; one of them, the guide, a broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, full-voiced and gentle-natured giant, well over six feet. We were in the mood for a long tramp. The day was cool and fresh, the air keen; and as we stepped out over the purple-clad moorlands, we rejoiced in the mere pleasure of active movement in such surroundings. At the start it was easy walking: over short velvety turf and springing heather and bracken; up hill and down dale, with the purple and green all around us. In the distance were the fells, here smooth and grassy, there of rough-hewn rock, ever changing in appearance as the cloud shadows passed across them. We left the moorland, and for a time lost sight of the fells as we descended into the woods of Ash Bank, woods dainty underfoot with ferns and moss, decked here and there with the crimson glory of the mountain-ash. The rushing waters of the beck—swollen with the summer rains—scampered along their stony bed. Silence reigned, save for the singing of the birds in the hazel trees and the mystic music of the waterfalls. We crossed the small bridge and, climbing the high ground opposite, made our way straight for Hycup Ghyll.

Harbour Flat, a long, white, low-roofed farm-house, stands on the hill-side at the entrance to the ghyll. This was our landmark, going and returning; we noted it with interest. We had planned to walk up the ghyll, climb the “Nik,” walk back

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along the top on the opposite side, then, steering for Harbour Flat, recross the valley on our return home.

The sky was overclouded, the mists were clinging to the top of the fells, it was beginning to rain : but no thought of turning back was in our minds. We had climbed before in the clear, bright sunshine : it would be a fresh experience to climb in mist. The expanse of view we should lose, but we should gain in a sense of mystery and awe. The trudge through mud and marsh along the bottom of the valley was weary. There was no lack of enlivening talk, for the party was a keen one and shared many common interests. We were wet to the knees ; there was no "thrill" to be got from tramping through damp, level grass ; we were all uncomfortable and some of us for the moment wished we had stayed at home—knowing not the glory that awaited us ! Some black specks in the distance were three men and a dog, rabbit-hunting, scaling the steep sides of the fell like flies on a wall.

The monotony of the level ground was soon at an end. We forgot wet feet as we stood at the foot of Hycup Nik and looked up—a climb of nearly over a thousand feet was before us, some of it steep. Instinctively our party divided. Two of the men went on ahead ; strong in nerve and muscle, they were the first to reach the top. One of the dalesmen had energy to spare to spring lightly from boulder to boulder, during the ascent, gathering roots of a rare fern which grows in the crannies between the rocks ! The guide and the lady came in second : in the steep and slippery places she needed his helping hand and his strong, buoyant spirit. The four of us who had reached the summit stood and watched the last two of our party ascend. It was a touching sight. The lad who could have beat us all in the climb had stayed behind to help his father. For him it was a hard pull, but the boy was a dear comrade with his helping hand and his helpful spirit, his "heart tender and true."

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On the top of the fell thick mists were driven across by the wind. Every now and again they cleared for a short time, the sky showed blue behind, and we could see away down and across the valley. The scene in mist was so wild and weird that we almost feared lest it should clear entirely and make the view a more ordinary one. The fells on which we stood were like a trackless desert—in the summer sun, blazingly hot; in the winter, bleak and terrible. The cruel "Helm" wind blows across them in the early part of the year for months at a time—a wind which bears the sheep and cattle resistless along and hurls them to death over the edge of the cliff.

Awhile we rested, drinking in the wonder and lonely majesty of the misty world: we were far away from man and near to the heart of the great God in Nature. But when once we started off again on our walk this feeling of silent awe was changed into a "wild joy of living." The keenness and exhilaration of the air, the reaction after the intensity of the climb, filled us with that sense of buoyant delight which has to be earned by struggle, and which one only fully realises in moments such as these. In spite of our moisture-laden boots and clothes, which really weighted down our feet as we walked, we felt as if we hardly touched the soil. I could have sung or shouted for joy in the fullness of life I felt! We waded light-heartedly through streams which rushed over the mountain-sides, streams which our guide had never seen there before in his more than thirty years' knowledge of those fells. Driving mist clung around us, everywhere about us was water.

On we trudged, but where was Harbour Flat? How far had we gone? When ought we to attempt to recross the valley? A thick white mist covered the whole world; we could only see a few yards ahead. In our perplexity we stood awhile, looking across the valley in the direction in which we believed Harbour Flat to lie, but blank nothing was

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before us ! Do miracles happen to-day ? Who can say ? Mist covered the whole world like a veil, when, from the far west, the setting sun gradually pierced through the dense whiteness, Unseen Hands drew aside the veil, and, like a far-off Promised Land, disclosed in the centre the white walls of Harbour Flat shining through a canopy of golden glory. It was only for a few moments. Gradually the vision had come : as gradually it had faded away. Not one of us spoke. Mist once again surrounded us ; but we had seen the vision ; we knew whither we ought to go.

As we turned to descend, suddenly a wind sprang up from a fresh quarter and the mist rapidly lifted. The mystery had gone. The rain had ceased. The cleared atmosphere revealed the earth in virgin colour and beauty. We could see for twenty miles or more, away to the Cumberland hills—purple moorland, green pasture, grey rock and shaded woodland lay before us. What an expanse it was ! Evening was drawing its mantle across the setting sun, and the clouds in the west were tinged with colour—crimson, purple, green, and gold. Darkness was coming on, and we were far from home. We stepped out briskly ; over stone walls we climbed ; over a river our strong guide carried us one by one. What a careful guide he was ! for in the field we had now to cross there appeared a bull—or was it only a cow ?—grazing alone in the far distance. A halt was called while he marched on in front to inspect the animal more closely. However, all was safe, and he beckoned us to follow.

Our adventures were now over ; even the boy was fully satisfied for that day ! Squish-squish went the water in our boots as we strode along. The exhilaration was gone, and we were beginning to feel hungry ! It was now nearly dark—twilight is always short in hilly country. Our further path lay through a dense wood. Our guide, seeing our fatigue, broke into song—

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“O’er the dewy green, by the glowworm’s light,
Dance the elves of night!
Unheard, unseen, dance the elves of night,
By the glowworm’s light!
Yet where their midnight pranks have been,
The circled turf will betray to-morrow!
O’er the dewy green by the glowworm’s light
Dance the elves of night!”

His voice rang out in the still woodlands. So apt was the song, so tuneful the voice, that we fancied we could discern among the trees gnomes, elves, and sprites ready to “mischief” us humans as we usurped their forest glades! “Know you what it is to be a child? . . . It is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear, . . . it is to turn nothing into everything, . . . it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space.” In that wood, with that music, we all for a time became as children.

Just three or four miles of steady walking along the high roads, to reach home with its dry clothes and bright firelight. Limbs were tired, but hearts were thankful!

As we fell asleep that night we echoed the first prayer of childhood—“Thank you, God, for my very happy day; please make everybody happy. Good-night. Amen.”

SECONDARY EDUCATION

THE responsibility of the State for secondary education must soon be faced in a more adequate way than has yet been the case. One of the saddest things about the political life of the last decade is that the word education has stood for a fierce and bitter contest between opposing religious bodies, of which one of many evil results is that the public mind has been diverted from the really vital problems of education. These have been neglected whilst the national energy available has been applied to lesser causes. The importance of the question and the need for action are both well brought out in a book which has just appeared under the title of *The Higher Education of Boys in England*,* by Messrs. Cyril Norwood and Arthur H. Hope. It is a book which is at once a history and a prophecy. It traces very clearly and without pedantry the history of secondary education not only in this country, but in France, Germany, and America, and then goes on to consider the lines along which future action should go in the matter of the organization of English higher schools. The authors press for State control over all secondary schools, including public schools. The proposal expressed thus briefly may fail to appeal to many people who would see in State control a dull level of mediocrity, the result of a cast-iron system. What the authors mean by State control is something very different. They seek, to quote their own words, "to encourage individual initiative inside a public system ; to foster local interest and patriotism without surrendering to amateurs the control over departments which belong to experts ; to

* *The Higher Education of Boys in England*, by Cyril Norwood and Arthur H. Hope. London, John Murray, 1909.

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guide the management and curriculum of our different types of school without tying up their administrators and teachers with needless yards of red tape ; to unite liberty of experiment with acceptance of methods of proved superiority ; to give each school its definite task and the means for its proper accomplishment ; to assist talent discovered among the poor without pauperizing whole classes ; by adapting our studies to life to produce an intelligent rather than an intellectual proletariat ; to develop together the body and mind and heart ; to introduce the spirit of modern science into a system inspired by what is best in the old English tradition." Though, therefore, the authors desire to see the State exercise a supreme effective control, it is to be an enlightened control, which whilst it will free us from the bad or the inefficient, will foster all that is good and great in the most divergent types of schools. One result of this would be that private schools would cease to exist except under the same guarantees of efficiency that are increasingly demanded in the case of schools under public or semi-public control. Thus we should profit by the example of all other European nations of the first rank. The control aimed at will concern itself with principles rather than with details. A framework has been solidly constructed in the establishment of the present Board of Education, but wise reforms are urged here, particularly in the spirit in which Whitehall should work. There is to be a great letting in of light, and the inspectorate is to be reformed.

It is good to see all through this book the realization of the fact that the kind of man to whom is entrusted the education of youth is of supreme importance. We endorse all that is said of the stupidly unjust policy which has characterized many public authorities and many head masters in their dealings with assistant masters. These have received totally inadequate salaries, whilst the tenure upon which they hold their offices is happily without a parallel in any other profession. Small

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wonder that in so many cases the best men are not available for the greatest of all work. In any scheme of national education worthy of the name the assistant master will be adequately, even generously remunerated. The conditions of his appointment will be equitable, and the certain result will be that the right men will undertake the work. Such a reform means, too, the supply of a greater number of men fitted to be head masters. These will retain personal leadership and responsibility for the success of their school, but inefficiency will not be sacrosanct, and a head master should not merely tolerate but should welcome intelligent inspection by competent experts. There is no more urgent problem in education than the emancipation of the assistant master ; it means more than his own ennoblement—it is the ennoblement of the nation.

One of the most interesting sections of this book is devoted to certain human things which are very often overlooked in discussions upon the improvement of our educational machinery. Such subjects as prefects, games, camps, excursions, societies, school libraries, the school magazine, and many others, are treated by various authorities, and emphasize methods of influence which in so many schools are inadequately tried. In the best public schools many of these things have long existed, but in the day school (and it is with this school that the work is specially concerned) there is still much to do. Let us take, for instance, the question of prefects. Many schools have no such system, others try it in a half-hearted way ; but whenever it has been tried on wise lines within proper limits and under due supervision, it has proved a great instrument for good not only to the school generally, but to the prefects themselves. In this connection we wish it were the custom for all prefects to be appointed publicly. One of the best customs that has come before our notice is that followed at a public school where the public announcement of the appointment is followed by the reading of a declaration which the prefect signs before the

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assembled school. The declaration includes a promise to reject no claim for sympathy or help. A simple ceremony like this gives an elevation to the office in the minds both of the prefects and of the other members of the school.

The authors' words on the relations which should exist between master and boy will, we think, receive general acceptance. The suggestion is made that, in addition to the form system that prevails at most secondary schools, the "house" system should be adopted so that a master would have a certain number of boys under his pastoral care during all their school life; boys would change their forms but not their houses. This system is, of course, already in operation with great success in some day schools. Equally sound is the section devoted to the home and school. The proposals in this section, if acted upon, would mean a far closer co-operation between the home and the school. Parents by receiving fuller explanations of the methods of the school would more readily join in promoting its ends, and they would be led to co-operation in such important matters as the securing to each boy of adequate sleep and the healthiest form of dress. It would be the special duty of the house master to be in personal touch with the parents of the boys. It is well said that the school should be "a centre of intellectual life and of energy, physical and moral; the home alone can be the nurse of individuality and the gentler human virtues. Apart each is incomplete and ineffective; working together, they can breed men in the fullest and deepest meaning of the word."

The book is dedicated to Professor Sadler in well-chosen words of tribute to the services he has rendered to the cause of education. Frequent reference is also made to the help given by Mr. J. L. Paton, the High Master of the Manchester Grammar School. The authors are fortunate in having had the help of his knowledge and counsel.

All who are interested in the problems of education will get

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help from this book. It is the outcome of experience and of study at home and abroad. It is constructive in its treatment, and seeks an ideal which may be best explained in the authors' own words :—

“On the playing fields which their own arms have levelled and keep in proper order, the boys will learn to play straight and to lose manfully, fighting for their side, not each for his personal glory. In the class-room they will learn to work keenly, for the sake of home and school, and to work gladly, not unwillingly, since they will be taught the noblest thoughts of man and led to discover for themselves the method and the laws of nature.

“The task of the school will be great and its labour unending. For it will not rest content until, as far as its own effort may avail, it sees all its boys, big and little, rich and poor, facing life with sturdy limb, clear brain, and generous heart, and with the brightness of the morning on their brow.”

THE BOY SCOUT

BY J. H. WHITEHOUSE

THE rapid development of General Baden-Powell's scheme of Boy Scouts has brought with it its own difficulties, and in many quarters there is a disposition shown to examine points of weakness in a movement which contains so many potential forces for good.

The foundation of the scheme of Boy Scouts is little more than a year old. It was elaborated in the General's book *Scouting for Boys*, and it made an immediate appeal to that spirit of romance and adventure which every lad possesses. There was more than one reason for this. A picturesque though simple and healthy dress was suggested. If the movement had no other claims upon us we should be grateful for the impetus it has given towards a healthier dress for lads. The conventional knickerbockers, fastening below the knee, are very unhealthy for growing boys. "Shorts," leaving the knees bare, and a flannel shirt (without tie) leaving the neck free, form an ideal dress that is within the reach of the poor. It is the dress which Almond of Loretto made compulsory upon his boys, to their immediate comfort and lasting good. But what attracted the average boy most was the new world of adventure which scouting suggested to him. He could go out into the open country to track imaginary enemies or to play novel and exciting games; he had visions of camp life on a new method, where he might even kill his food before cooking it; he was to learn about birds and animals and to be taught the imitation of their cries. The world of romance which had existed for him only in the pages of *Crusoe* or *Stevenson* (or in the crude literature provided for him to-day)

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was to become a reality in his own life. And the entrance to this world was easy. He might become a Boy Scout by joining a patrol (i.e. six to eight boys) already being formed, or he might raise a patrol himself. One of the boys in the patrol was to be appointed patrol leader, and all was complete. Such an appeal was irresistible, and only joy need be felt that it was, for nothing but good could come of the new life if wisely organized and kept on right lines.

The value of such movements had already been discovered in America, where there exist a far greater number of associations for boys and youths than in any other country. Such movements as "The Knights of King Arthur," and Mr. Seaton Thompson's "Indians," which have both attained wide popularity in America, have made that appeal there by means in part similar to those employed in the Boy Scout movement. In this country we have been slower in experimenting, and associations for boys outside lads' clubs and purely religious societies have taken the form of some kind of boys' brigade. For the most part these, like the clubs, have been confined to working boys, but their work has been magnificent, and no doubt much of its success has been gained by its method of working, its uniform, its marches, and its camps. But scouting offered a yet more varied and attractive life, and appealed not only to the poor boy, but equally to his well-to-do brother.

In his early writings on the subject of Boy Scouts General Baden-Powell seemed to be content to suggest the idea and outline the possible activities of those who took it up, without seeking to establish independent machinery for organizing the movement. His publishers, Messrs. Pearson, provided office accommodation, and also began the publication of a weekly paper for boys called *The Scout*, which is now the official organ of the movement. As, however, the movement grew there was a greater attempt made to establish a head-quarters which would

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control the movement, and it is to be assumed that this headquarters is responsible for recent developments, such as international visits for Boy Scouts, the great public rallies in London, the seeking for permission to send Boy Scouts to the army manœuvres, and other methods which would appear to be promoted largely for their advertising value.

It is now that public criticism begins to be generally voiced, nor do we think that such criticism is unjustified. The movement may be one of the best things for boys that has yet been tried, but if it is to become this it must be kept a boys' movement with no ulterior object. It should be a chivalry in which not only are the boy's powers of observation and endurance drawn out by the life led, but in which, too, all the highest possibilities of his nature are cultivated, in which he is taught that he is one of the great brotherhood of boys all the world over, and that the highest life is to fit himself to serve others. But the whole spirit of this boy chivalry is lost if it becomes tinged with militarism in any form, or if the boys are used in undesirable ways for advertisement purposes. The idea of attaching boys to the army manœuvres was unspeakably foolish. So, too, are the messages constantly being sent by generals and others to gatherings of scouts urging them to fit themselves for the defence of their country. This is not the message that boyhood wants. The ideal to be held before him (though it is to be shown to him rather than preached) is to become healthy and vigorous in mind and body; noble, reverent, and unselfish in character. If the movement is to be built on these greater lines the men who take charge of the patrols as scout masters must be men of the right type, who will bring reverence and discipline to their work and who will keep the larger purpose in mind. They will seek to produce noble men, not because we have colonies, or rivals, or armies, but because it is good that the nation should consist of noble men.

The writer doubts whether a head-quarters such as that

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which has been founded to control the Boy Scout movement is adequate. It is also open to grave doubt whether a movement such as this should be run at all for its commercial value. This remark particularly applies to the publication of *The Scout*, a paper not widely different from the cheaper class of boys' papers already so numerous. It is not satisfactory for workers in a great movement for boys to have to receive whatever a commercial firm thinks is the right kind of literature for the movement. It would be difficult to condemn too strongly the coupon competitions organized by *The Scout* to secure admission to the summer camp. No experienced worker amongst the young can support such methods, even though they are used to extend a good movement.

The difficulties of the present position are great ; they will probably be best solved if local councils representing boys' clubs, boys' brigades, scout masters, and others interested in work amongst boys take the idea which General Baden-Powell suggested, and of which he offered them a free gift, and develop it in their own way. The new movement need not then clash with older institutions. It may well be that it will prove an invaluable extension of their work, for all institutions have a tendency to grow stale if they are too long sheltered from the inspiring influence of new ideas and new methods.

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